Liberty

JAN. 27, 1945

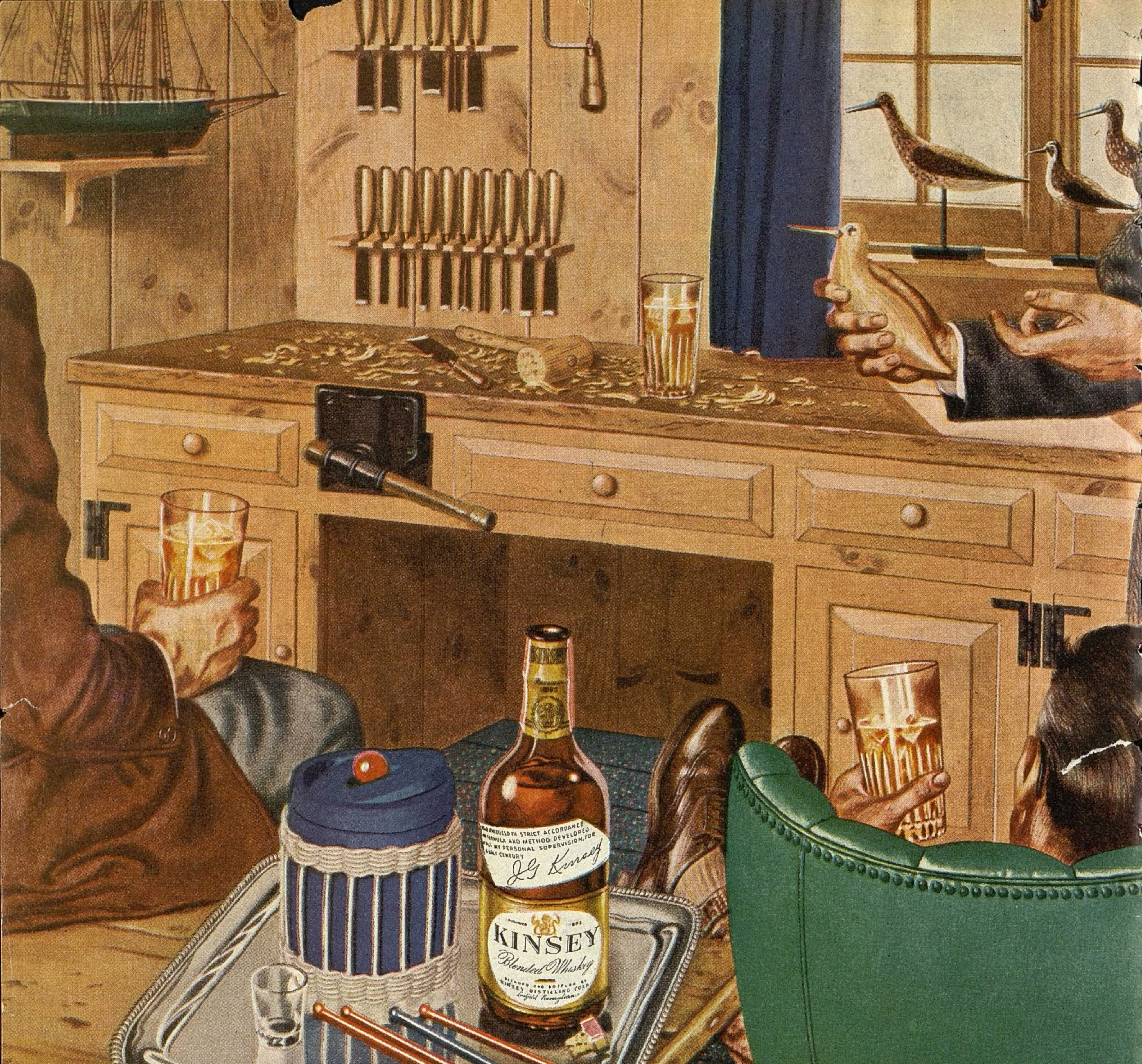
10c

Book: LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

BY BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ARGENTINA HAS AN UNDERGROUND

SCHLAIKJER



We get the nicest complaints!

We never heard of Ken Johnston until he sent us a complaint. And now he's one of our favorite people.

Here's the story, in Ken's own words:

"My workshop has always been a favorite hangout for the boys. But recently, they've taken to coming more often, and staying longer.

"Maybe it's coincidence, but this happened at just about the same time as I started to make my drinks with your perfectly grand-tasting Kinsey whiskey.

"Don't get me wrong—it's a pleasure to serve my friends with such a smooth and satisfying whiskey. But now I'll always wonder—is it me or my Kinsey they love?"

Well, folks, that's the story. If *you* start serving rich, mellow Kinsey (remember, 52 years of "know-how" goes into every bottle!) *you'll* probably become a more popular host, too.

Don't say we didn't warn you!

For Unhurried Moments
KINSEY
The Unhurried Whiskey

A Blended Whiskey • 86.8 Proof. 65% Grain Neutral Spirits • Kinsey Distilling Corporation, Linfield, Pa.

The Journey Back

Many thousands of our fighting men, wounded on faraway fields and beaches, are today sailing homeward to renewed health on ships converted into efficient, up-to-date floating hospitals.

They're triumphs of planning and outfitting, these modern 500-foot hospital ships. A fleet of thirteen of these vessels, former trim passenger liners, cargo vessels and troop transports, were converted into "mercy ships" by Bethlehem's Shipbuilding Division. They're redesigned for extra strength and stability in rough weather, and for the utmost in safety.

The hospital ships are built to accommodate conveniently 1,000 persons (including 600 to 700 patients) on as many as nine deck levels, with 300 separate living, service and storage areas. More than 4,000 items of equipment are installed, in wards, operating rooms, laboratories, sterilizing units, kitchens, refrigerating rooms, elevators, recreation areas--in short, everything needed for a well-equipped modern hospital.

To our American fighting men these gleaming white vessels, whose broad green bands and giant red crosses proclaim their errand of mercy, mean rest, comfort and new life. Workers in Bethlehem repair yards have a part in supplying the ships that will carry so many of our wounded men on the welcome journey back to home and health.

Bethlehem Converted These Hospital Ships

St. Olaf · *Repose* · *Wisteria*
St. Mihiel · *John J. Meany* · *Comfort*
Chateau Thierry · *Charles A. Stafford*
Louis A. Milne · *Acadia* · *Shamrock*
Ernestine Koranda · *Consolation*

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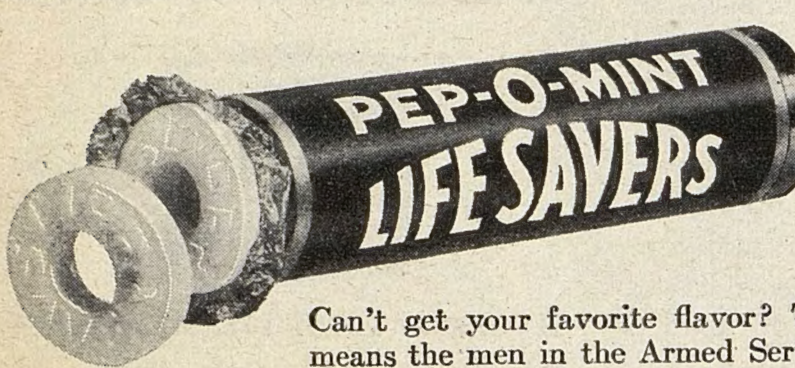
If HE wants to dodge like this...

When YOU want to dodge like this...

TRY THIS

MORAL: *Everybody's breath offends sometimes. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath—after eating, drinking, and smoking.*



Can't get your favorite flavor? That means the men in the Armed Services are getting all *they* want! We know you'll understand. Please try one of the other Life Savers . . . they're all swell!

In This Week's Liberty

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Cover: O'er the Ramparts We Watch
Painted by Jess Schlaikjer
Official Army Air Forces Poster

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

"Frankly, this was written for lazy people
—who *want* to get slim
—who *don't* like to exercise
—who *do* like to eat!"

Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days Yet Enjoy Glowing Health,
3 Delicious Meals a Day—No Exercise or Drugs!

HERE at last is the pleasant, sensible, scientific way to REDUCE. To see those unattractive bulges of fat "smooth out" and disappear as if by magic, at the rate of a pound a day. To enjoy the frankly admiring glances that a slim figure always attracts. This slenderizing miracle can be accomplished quickly, safely, comfortably—whether you are a man or woman, young or old. And, best of all—

WITHOUT starving yourself! (You'll eat three delicious, satisfying meals a day, including a big breakfast.)

WITHOUT the drudgery of exercise! (You can be as lazy as you please.)

WITHOUT drugs, pills, or compounds! (They can definitely hurt your health and appearance.)

WITHOUT steam baths or massage! (So *often* they don't work—and they are usually terribly expensive.)

How then? *By simply knowing certain newly-discovered scientific secrets of food-selection!*

It's Easy—Once You Know THIS Fact!

"Oh, of course," you may reply. "It's just a matter of calories." But IS it? Suppose you had to choose between a large glass of orange juice and half a sirloin steak? You would probably reach for the orange juice. Actually, *the steak would give you 15 times as many precious ENERGY* calories. Yet the total *number* of calories in each is roughly the same!

So you see, it ISN'T "just a matter of calories." It's the KIND of calories that make the big difference!

Calories, Yes—But Which KIND?

Some foods are high in *fat*-producing calories. Others are high in *energy*-producing calories. Science has discovered that if you eat the first kind of foods, your body produces LESS ENERGY and MORE FAT. But if you eat the second kind, your body produces MORE ENERGY and LESS FAT!

This simple scientific secret explains why most ordinary "dieting" fails . . . and why *"The New Way To Eat and Get Slim"* (as explained by Donald G. Cooley in his new book) produces such amazing results.

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You get a "10-DAY MIRACLE DIET," by which you lose a pound a day for ten days; a diet for losing 10 pounds a month; and a "stay-slim" diet, so when you *reach* alluring slenderness, you can *stay* there. You don't have to stick to each day's menus either: Substitution Table gives you dozens of other meats and foods you may eat instead. These diets give you a slimmer figure, and also (for definite scientific reasons) greater health and beauty! Skin becomes smoother, clearer . . . your hair softer, more lustrous . . . you have more pep, "ginger," zest for living! Partial Contents on this page can only suggest a FEW of the *many* ways this book goes about improving your figure, health, appearance.

Examine It 5 Days FREE

It costs only a stamp to examine this book FREE. No money need be sent now. *"The New Way to Eat and Get Slim" (in a plain wrapper)* will be sent with the understanding that you may keep it 5 days. If, even in that short time, you are NOT convinced it offers you the quick, safe, lazy-way to reduce—return it without obligation. Otherwise, keep it for only $2.00, plus few cents postage.

A body that is slim, healthy, and *alive* will win admiration the rest of your life. Take the first step toward lovely, alluring slenderness *now*. Mail Free Examination Coupon at once. WILFRED FUNK, Inc., Dept. R91, 354 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

What This Book is Doing for Others

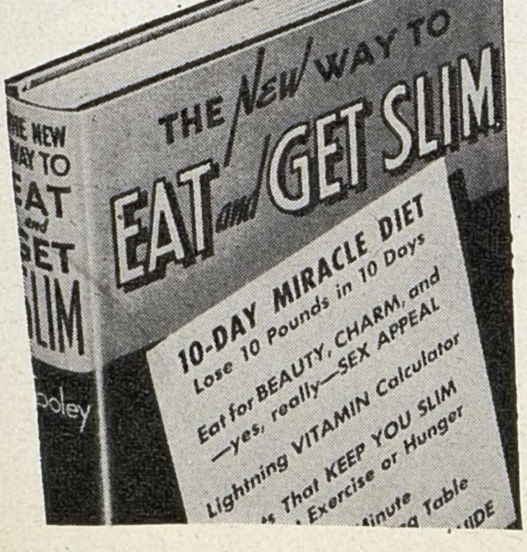
"Lost the specified 10 lbs. in 10 days. Feel better than in years."—**Wisconsin.**

"My sister is very short, weighed 196. Was so thrilled to be losing weight, would even get up in the night to weigh herself. Now weighs 120, is healthier, happier." —**Michigan.**

"Kindly forward me the book. Have a friend who lost 34 lbs., is now ever so much better in health, appearance." —**California.**

"Most sensible way to reduce I have seen yet. I'm a registered nurse and can fully appreciate sensibility of this means."—**Massachusetts.**

"Lost 35 lbs. in 41 days. Compliments to your book." —**West Virginia.**


THE NEW WAY TO
EAT and GET SLIM
10-DAY MIRACLE DIET
Lose 10 Pounds in 10 Days
Eat for BEAUTY, CHARM, and —yes, really—SEX APPEAL
Lightning VITAMIN Calculator
That KEEP YOU SLIM
Exercise or Hunger
Table
THE NEW WAY TO EAT and GET SLIM
Cooley

PARTIAL CONTENTS
Showing HOW This Book Takes Off the Pounds and the Bulges

I. THE SURE WAY TO REDUCE

The "Lazy Way" to Lose Weight. How you can reduce quickly and safely—no exercise, no hunger pangs, no drugs, girdles or gadgets.

How Much Do You Want to Reduce—How Fast? Your choice of diets that reduce you rapidly or gradually, as you wish.

Exercise Is a Practical Joker. Why exercise alone is a poor way to reduce.

No Drugs- No Sweat, No Charge. Why you can ignore costly sweat baths, reducing drugs, dangerous fasting, etc.

Counting Calories Isn't Enough. "Galloping calories" that slim you faster.

II. WHY YOU DON'T GET SLIM

Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Milk, Water, Soft Drinks. How beverages affect weight control—with some surprises!

Cocktail Calories. The strange role of alcohol in building fat.

III. YOU CRACK DOWN ON CALORIES

How Proteins Help You Get Slim. Reducing without hunger or sacrificing vitality.

The Simple Arithmetic of Reducing. Easy way to set your calorie quota whether you're a housewife, war plant worker, stenographer, etc.

10-Day Miracle Diet. Safe, easy way to lose a pound a day for 10 days. Daily menus.

Heartier Diets. 3 daily diets for losing 10 pounds a month. How to substitute other foods you like better. 2 "STAY Slim" diets.

The Fastest SAFE Slimming Program. Diet safeguards that make speedy weight reduction safe.

Two - Minute Calorie-Counting Table. At-a-glance chart showing kinds of calories in 26 meat dishes, 4 kinds of milk, 13 fish, 10 cheese and egg servings, 41 vegetables, 29 fruits, 19 breads, cereals, 16 pies, pastries, 17 fats, sugars, syrups, 7 nuts, 11 soups, 18 "little things", 15 beverages.

Eat as Often as You Want. Exploding the no-food-between-meals myth and the nothing - but - coffee - for - breakfast error.

IV. YOU COUNT YOUR VITAMINS THE EASY WAY

You Needn't Pay Extra for Vitamins. How to get all you need from foods alone.

Your Daily Vitamin Needs. Complete table showing units of A, B1, C, G, D needed for Adults, Adolescents, Children, Infants, Pregnant Women.

Lightning Vitamin Calculator. Vitamin units in 78 common foods in handy chart.

Cook Them Kindly. 9 simple rules to preserve vitamins in preparing foods.

V. EAT FOR BEAUTY, CHARM AND—YES, REALLY—SEX APPEAL

No Pep, No Joy, No Friends. Is this you? How you can remedy it—at the dinner table!

Gray Hair, Baldness and the Diet. What science has learned about diet effects on hair.

Skin You Love to Touch. How Vitamin A and other elements promote clear, beautiful skin.

Teeth You Love to Brush. Food, for healthy teeth.

Diet Cure for Constipation. "Scare" warnings vs. truth.

VI. EATING FOR "OOMPH"

Food and Glamour. Relation of what you eat to personal appearance, vitality, sex appeal.

Anemia Wins No Love Prizes. Red - blooded "romance" minerals: how to get them.

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The Watch of Railroad Accuracy
A WATCH WORTH WAITING FOR

Hamilton Watch Company, Lancaster, Penna.

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WHY NOT help yourself to the year-round "flower-garden" climate at SAN DIEGO, the up and coming city in the Southern California of your dreams? ¶ Why not live on a land-locked harbor on the blue Pacific where supreme living conditions will combine with the greatest prospective after-war growth in the United States as population again swings westward?

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SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

SPELLING BEE

Fort Jackson, S. C.—I just read the article Roadblock, by Lt. James N. Alsop (December 16). In black letters underneath the heading, it stated that Lieutenant Alsop was with the American Infantry Division. It should have said the Americal Infantry Division. The word Americal is a contraction of the words America and Caledonia. This division was formed on New Caledonia from units of one of our task forces.

A MIRACLE
INF. DIV.
FC

The Americal did a swell job in the Solomons and deserves credit. Those boys have been in the jungles hunting down Japs for almost three years, so give them a break; they'll feel better. I know, because I was one of them.—*Cpl. L. K.*

REHABILITATION

Galesville, Wis.—I thought Paul Hunter's editorial Self-Reliance for the Disabled (November 18) was grand. It is my belief that this ever-expanding program has untold possibilities. I hope the general public soon reaches a better understanding and appreciation of the word rehabilitation. Certainly this editorial should shake up some people.—*Florence M. Lucas.*

JIM-CROWISM

Camp Lee, Va.—This is in reply to Mrs. Albert, who advocated that Americans practice at home what they preach abroad—democracy (December 2 Vox Pop).

I'm a colored soldier. I've only been in the Army ten months, but her letter did more for my morale than any USO show. That's the real way to fight this thing we're fighting.

My home is in Brooklyn, but I'm stationed in Virginia, and I'm meeting Jim-Crowism for the first time in my life. I don't mind being Jim-Crowed; it's what it stands for that I don't like.

For example, in the movies here on the post one day, I was standing in the entrance, waiting for a seat. A white soldier and his girl came up the aisle, and as they neared me, the girl drew in her breath quickly and shrank away from me as if passing me would inflict some horrible malady on her. That hurt, and such hate welled up in me that I was ashamed of myself.

I'm married and have a wonderful wife. I've never hurt anyone and never hated anyone. To be treated like dirt is new to me. I've lived a normal life—good home, school, a happy marriage, and a government job. (I'm a postal clerk.)

If my life were unfolded before a Southerner, with no mention of my race, he'd never know what I was. Yet Southerners take one look at me and I'm trash.

Contrary to its content, I didn't write this letter as a gripe. I just want to thank Mrs. Albert for her letter.—*Cpl. S.*

ARMY ETIQUETTE

New York, N. Y.—In regard to Liberty's December 23 cover, Artist Jay Nourbel should read up on uniform etiquette which includes information on how to wear decorations and service ribbons. Being the proud possessor of the D. S. C., I am a little mad that he should put it last. Decorations come first, then service ribbons. Therefore the soldier on the cover should have his D. S. C. first.—*Gene Nightingale, Ex-Master Sgt. Ret.*

ON GOLD AND GLACIERS

Juneau, Alaska—In reference to your article Alaska Beckons—or Does It? by Peter Wood (December 9), I would like to clear up a few things. As an Alaskan by birth, and a graduate mining engineer, I wish to state that none of our famous gold fields have been glaciated—therein lies their success as producing mines. Ground that has been glaciated has the gold content strewn throughout the gravels. It is only in certain parts of the interior of Alaska, protected from the ravages of glaciation, that gold has achieved the proper concentration on bedrock so the miner can mine the gravels profitably. —*A disgruntled mining engineer, E. L. F.*

ALASKA BECKONS?

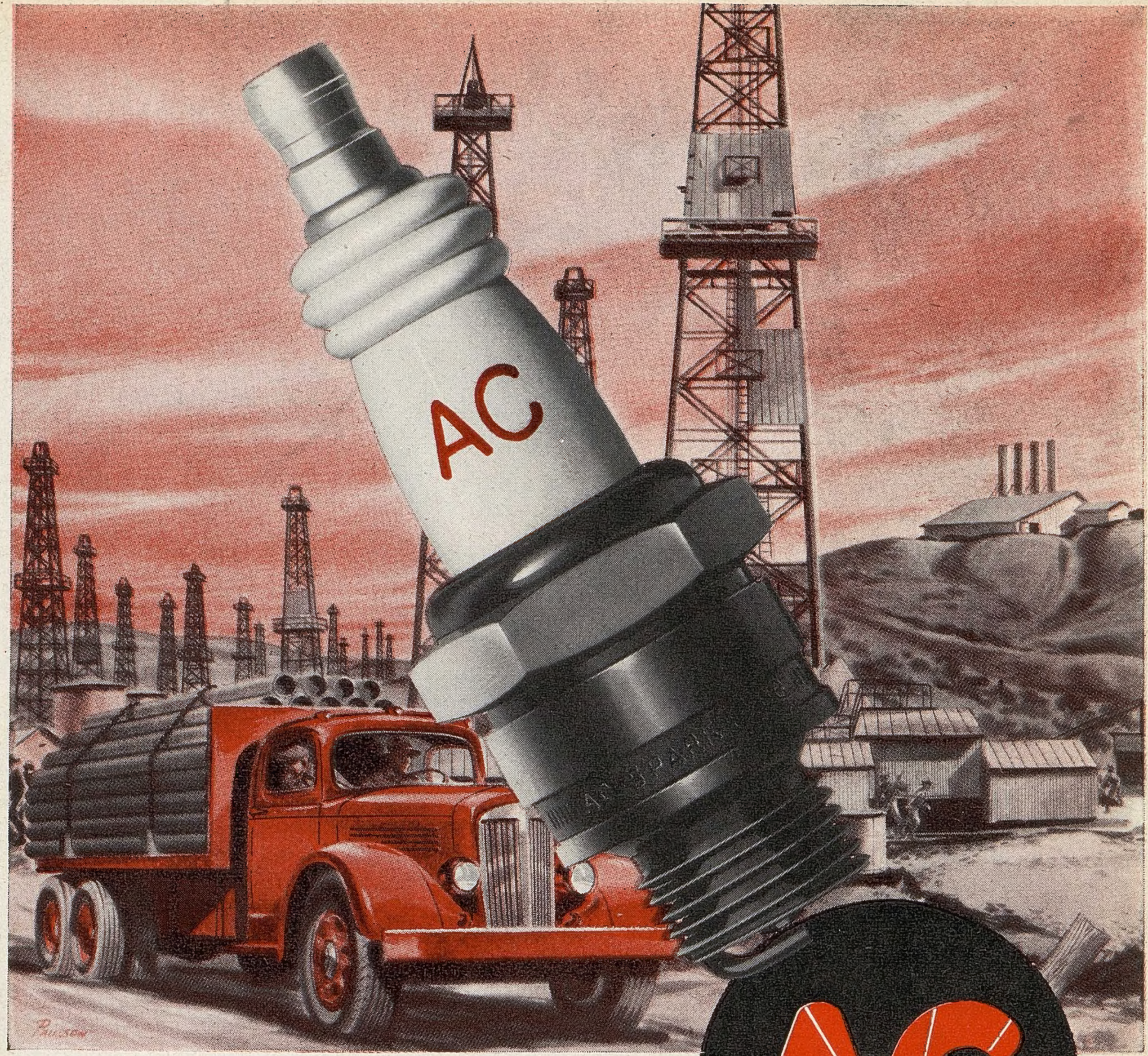
Inyokern, Calif.—I returned to the States last April after having spent two years in Alaska, engaged in airway traffic-control work with the Civil Aeronautics Administration.

Peter Wood's article is intelligent, truthful, and very much to the point. It made very enjoyable reading.

He might have added, however, that as much as the Department of the Interior is unpopular, the Civil Aeronautics Administration (a division of the Department of Commerce) is liked and respected.

The CAA has taken tremendous strides in the past few years in the developmen of airports, airway facilities, etc., as everyone from General Simon B. Buckner, Jr. and the governor to the native well knows.

On leave from the Department now, I hope to return to Alaska, come V Day.—*M. C. Montgomery, USNOTS Harvey Field.*

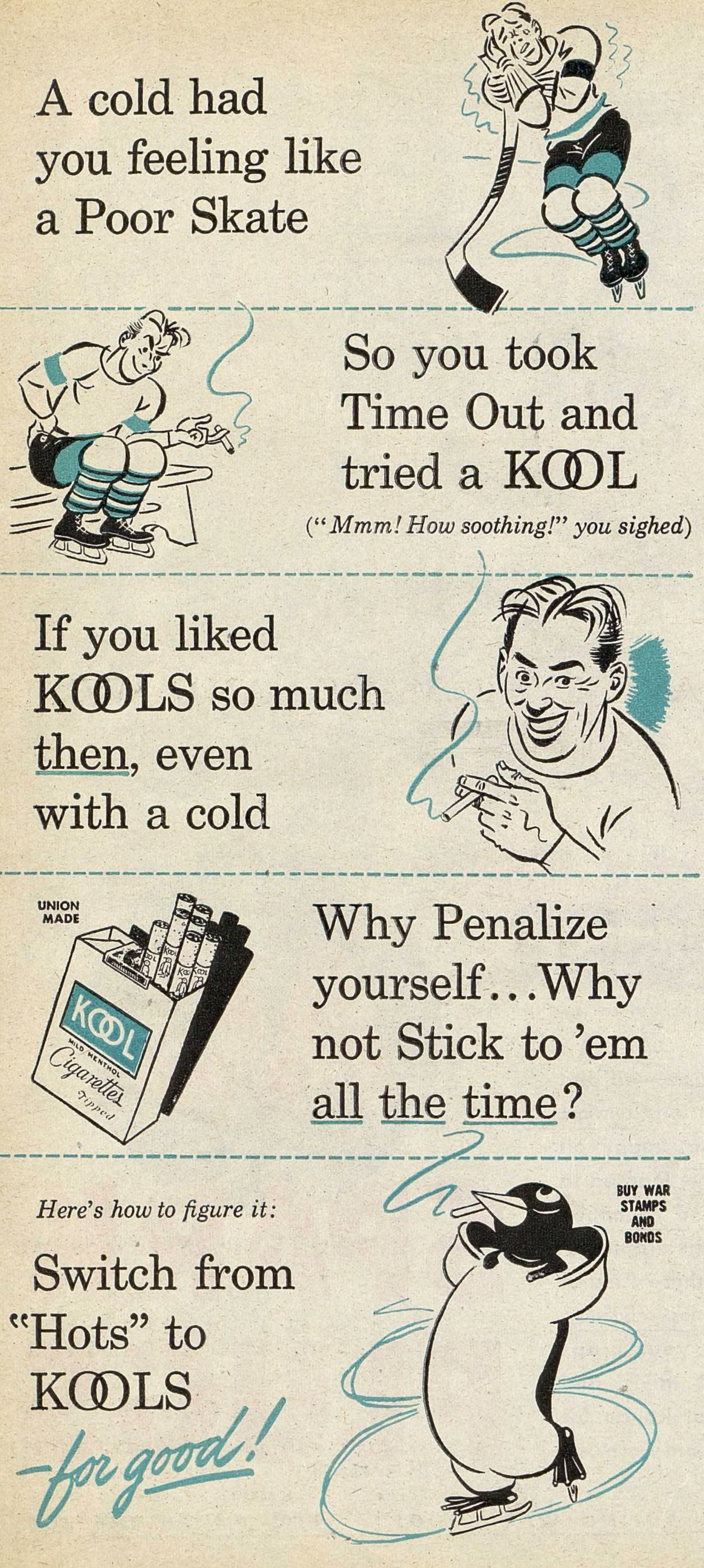


CLEAN SPARK PLUGS SAVE UP TO ONE GALLON OF GAS IN TEN

Workers arrive at the oil fields, on time—oil and gasoline are trucked to their destinations, on time—one important reason being that many oil men, like other spark plug users, have learned to have their *spark plugs cleaned and regapped* regularly. And when new spark plugs are necessary, a very high percentage of these "motor wise" people insist upon AC's, for *utmost reliability*. For your essential driving, have your plugs cleaned and adjusted every 3,000 miles, and install new AC's—of the right Heat Range for *today's* driving—when your old plugs are worn out.

AC
SPARK PLUGS

DON'T LET UP NOW • KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS • LET'S FINISH THE JOB



A cold had you feeling like a Poor Skate

So you took Time Out and tried a KOOL

("*Mmm! How soothing!*" you sighed)

If you liked KOOLS so much then, even with a cold

UNION MADE

KOOL MILD MENTHOL Cigarettes Tipped

Why Penalize yourself...Why not Stick to 'em all the time?

Here's how to figure it:

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS —for good!

BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS

NEXT WEEK

✓ **HARD FACTS**

By Howard Spring

Liberty's Book Condensation

The attraction that drew Theo Chrystal and Elsie Dillworth together spelled danger for both of them. He was a handsome young curate with a bright future; she, in spite of her youth, a girl with a past. This dramatic and sensitive romance is a Literary Guild selection, and a worthy successor to Mr. Spring's My Son, My Son!

✓ **OUR NEWEST PROBLEM —GERMAN CIVILIANS**

By Erika Mann

A Liberty war correspondent learns something of what is ahead of us in governing German territory as she visits the U. S. First Army's new school for retraining Nazi cops.

✓ **MIRACLE AGAINST INFANTILE PARALYSIS**

By Ruth McCoy Harris

How the people of North Carolina—doctors, nurses, plumbers, carpenters, parents—fought the plague of '44; and a summary of what we have learned about infantile paralysis to date.

✓ **BARNUM OF BOXING**

By Paul Gardner

In fifty-two years Jimmy Joy Johnston has managed 10,000 boxers in wholesale, retail, and job lots. His quick tongue i a weapon as potent as any of his fighters' punches.

✓ **BOMBERS OVER JAPAN**

By Morris Markey

A clear-cut opinion of what bombing Japan's vulnerable cities to ashes can contribute to victory—and also what it cannot contribute.

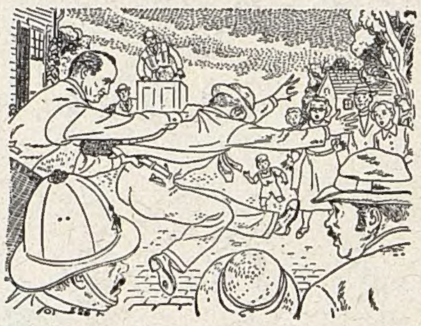
✓ **SUSY KNEW THE ANSWERS**

By Faith Baldwin

Proper young Susy had the most proper young fiancé you ever saw. Why an where she disappeared every week-en no one knew—until Red, who was not so proper, trailed her one fine day.

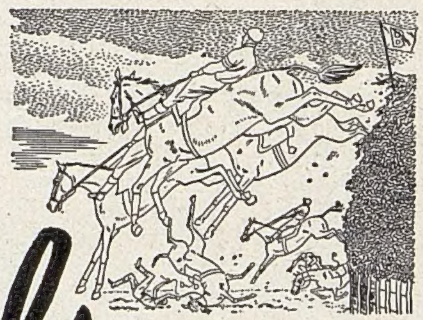
HERE AT M-G-M, WE SINCERELY BELIEVE

"NATIONAL VELVET" IS ONE OF THE FINEST



PICTURES WE HAVE EVER MADE...AND WE'VE

BEEN MAKING THEM FOR TWENTY YEARS.



National Velvet

in TECHNICOLOR

A CLARENCE BROWN Production
Based on the Novel "National Velvet" by Enid Bagnold
STARRING

MICKEY ROONEY

with

DONALD CRISP • ELIZABETH TAYLOR

ANNE REVERE • ANGELA LANSBURY • JACKIE JENKINS
ARTHUR TREACHER • Directed by CLARENCE BROWN
Produced by PANDRO S. BERMAN • Screen Play by Theodore Reeves and Helen Deutsch • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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Mail is loaded into a four-engined Douglas R5D transport plane operated by NATS, to be whisked to forward areas thousands of miles out in the Pacific.

ON THE BEAM

BY WAYNE PARRISH

So You're a War Correspondent

Perhaps you'd like to know how a war correspondent goes about covering a section of the Pacific war, especially as regards air transportation.

First of all, it's necessary to be accredited by the War Department, and if you're going under Navy sponsorship you have to obtain credentials from the War Department saying that you are a recognized correspondent, and then become accredited to the Navy. All this requires filling out forms and being thoroughly investigated and vouched for. A correspondent in the Pacific usually carries both Army and Navy credentials. In due course you find out that one can never have too many credentials or papers—and woe unto him who doesn't have the essential ones at the right times.

Correspondents being civilians, a passport is strongly advised. In fact, a passport is essential in most parts of the world.

The Navy has no uniform for correspondents, so the procedures call for the wearing of the regulation Army officer's uniform with a naval insigne patch on the left sleeve. And when you're out in the forward area you wear a very attractive metal pin insigne on the collar and on your hat.

Since there are many more correspondents accredited to the Army than to the Navy—at least, so far in the war—the Navy insigne is somewhat of a novelty to many Navy men, and the "C" on the pin which stands for Correspondent is likely to be taken by some high-ranking Navy officers as meaning "Chief."

They'll Be Calling You "Chief"

You're likely to be called "Chief" much more often than not. At Saipan I was standing in the tent which served as the "office" of Naval Air Transport Service when a high-ranking Navy officer arrived with his luggage to board a plane. "Hey, Chief, give me a hand with this gear!" he yelled to me before the NATS officer in charge introduced me to him as a war correspondent.

Once you are fully equipped with all the necessary papers and uniforms, you proceed to the port of embarkation, and it is here that you get your first travel orders. Then you head out to Honolulu and report to CINCPAC, Commander in Chief of the Pacific, about whom almost everything in the Pacific revolves.

It helps considerably if you have friends or acquaintances en route, especially until you learn the ropes. The Pacific operation is so vast, and there are so many services and units of services involved, that few people can give you all the answers you need.

It's quite essential to stick to channels and to follow orders. Most men in the service don't have to worry too much, because they travel with their own units, but war correspondents are among the few who can travel alone. They are entitled to food and housing on a par with medium-rank officers, they are responsible to the theater command, and yet they are civilians with certain privileges.

You Don't Have to Salute—But—

War correspondents are not required to salute anyone in the service. Yet, because they wear officers' uniforms, they are constantly saluted. You soon learn to accept it and return the salutes, even though men in the service are not required to salute you. Especially in the Hawaiian Islands the saluting is done all the time; in the forward areas it is done infrequently, except on boarding and leaving ships.

At Honolulu CINCPAC discusses what you want to cover in the way of news and stories. In my case the Naval Air Transport Service was anxious that I give it my major attention, which was most agreeable to me. CINCPAC then issued orders attaching me to NATS, and from then on NATS was in charge of me and I was responsible to NATS. All this was arranged by Commander John E. Harlin, veteran pilot and superintendent of flying for TWA, who is now chief of staf for the widespread NATS system in the Pacific.

Honolulu is still "civilization," in tha

(*Continued on page 12*)

* Imagination in Methods

Super-Sandwich! Joining thin, flexible metal and a light insulating material, Chrysler's *Cycle-Weld* method makes a "sandwich" of great strength. Here it holds nearly 400 pounds of husky men, but note how easily women can bend or break the materials *separately*.

BUY MORE WAR BONDS!

IN WAR—IN PEACE, IT HELPS CHRYSLER BUILD BETTER PRODUCTS FOR YOU!

Imagination upsets all the rules; it travels roads as yet unbuilt — to discover better ways to produce cars, trucks — or war equipment.

Imagination at Chrysler invented Cycle-Weld, a "magic glue" that joins different materials with a lasting bond, producing new strength, beauty of design.

This new Cycle-Weld method joins such materials as metal and glass, rubber and plastics and wood more firmly than ever before possible—and without bolts, rivets, screws or conventional welds.

New methods, developed and put to use with imagination, helped build Chrysler's record for car improvements. They contributed to Floating Power and Fluid Drive, the unique Chrysler Corporation combination of features that gives you such effortless, economical car performance.

All through this organization, men with imagination constantly hunt new ways to add to the service and performance of our products. And *each* of the Corporation's Divisions shares in the discoveries of *all*.

Chrysler imagination applied our new methods to improve production of tanks, guns, other war equipment. After the war, the same imagination will help make better cars and trucks for you.

*** IMAGINATION IS THE DIRECTING FORCE AT**

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

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YOU'LL ENJOY MAJOR BOWES THURSDAYS, CBS, 9 P.M., E.W.T.

20
8
9
5
Earth has not known their like before . . .

From the Eighth, the Ninth, the Fifth . . . the Twelfth, Fifteenth, and other veteran AAF . . . they have been drawn to staff the Twentieth—first independent Air Force of global commands.

Operations wise, combat crafty, trial tested by English winters, sub patrols, Pacific distances, desert drought, tropic jungle . . . these men are schooled in strategy and surprise, tactics and individual action. Stranger still—each is the cherished child of Luck, surpassed the grim statistics of his trade, survived all dangers hostile skies can show.

Now in great new gleaming bombers, these sons of Fortune can bring home to Nippon a boxcar load of bombs . . . and say with Scriptural certainty, that the Lord hath delivered their enemy into their hands!

In all the legends of fighting men, the rosters of the Caesars and Genghis Khan, the scrolls of Charlemagne and the Crusades, the shining chronicles of courage . . . Earth has not seen nor History known their like before!

These are the Great Inimitables . . . incredibly of our day. Watch for their shoulder patch with the "20" and honor them for what they are!

So much have these airmen given—and so much still is theirs to give—that not one of us can match their gifts, even in gratitude.

For the huge training program of the AAF and our Allies, this company has been privileged to make more than 20,000 Jacobs engines and over 10,000 of another make, for use in twin-engine planes used to school bomber personnel.

In training use, getting the hardest wear known to plane engines, the Jacobs engines delivered far beyond specification or expectation . . . increased their rated service period between major overhauls from 350 to as high as 1,200 flight hours . . . served well the student airmen, saved money for the taxpayers, and established a record for performance and stamina that, to our knowledge, is unmatched by any other engine . . . For transports, feeder, freight and lighter planes, there will be Jacobs engines suited to postwar needs, capable of continued performance, minimum maintenance and low costs . . . Jacobs Aircraft Engine Company, Pottstown, Pa.

JACOBS • **Pottstown, Pa.**

(*Continued from page 10*)

you can still stock up on supplies to take with you. But it's best to do some planning, for there are no drugstores or clothing stores to walk into on the Pacific islands. The Navy's ship stores and the Army's post exchanges always have shaving cream, razor blades, and such essentials—but not much else.

Since you haul your own gear around, it's wise to take as little as possible with you. The limit on transport planes is fifty-five pounds, but even as little as fifty-five pounds can get mighty heavy after hauling it around for a while. NATS has a forward area depot in Honolulu and issues individuals such as war correspondents some G. I. shoes, a knife in a leather sheath, a flashlight, a sun helmet, and a handy parachute bag that holds everything.

How to Be Well Dressed

You leave your States-side uniform behind, or put it in the bottom of your bag for use in Australia and New Zealand, for you certainly don't need it in the Pacific proper. You are well dressed if you have G. I. shirts and slacks. You never think of putting on a tie. On your head may be an overseas cap, a sun cap, or a sun helmet. Your G. I. shoes can take a lot of deep mud. Enough shirts and slacks are needed to last a while, since laundry is impossible, unless you stop somewhere long enough to get it done (about ten days) or do it yourself, and the facilities are somewhat meager. But in any event it's better to pack up for the long pulls. Keeping clean in the Pacific is only a relative matter, anyway.

Correspondents generally eat and sleep in the regular Army and Navy transient officers' quarters, unless they find a friend who has some spare room. The quarters may be very good or they may be rugged. The farther forward one goes, the more rugged they are; but there are exceptions. The closest I got to Tokyo was being quartered on a Navy ship that had tiled bathrooms and excellent food. But the day after I left this unexpected luxury I felt I was lucky to get a blanket for my cot in a tent right behind the mess hall, where the odors were not of the purest by a long shot.

Ground transportation is hit-and-miss. Here, again, knowing friends is a great help. But there's always a jeep or a truck going your way. Everybody's friendly and everything's very informal.

When you haul your gear into a cargo plane in the tropics loaded with mail and the cargo door is shut, the heat is terrific. You sweat as though you were in a Turkish bath.

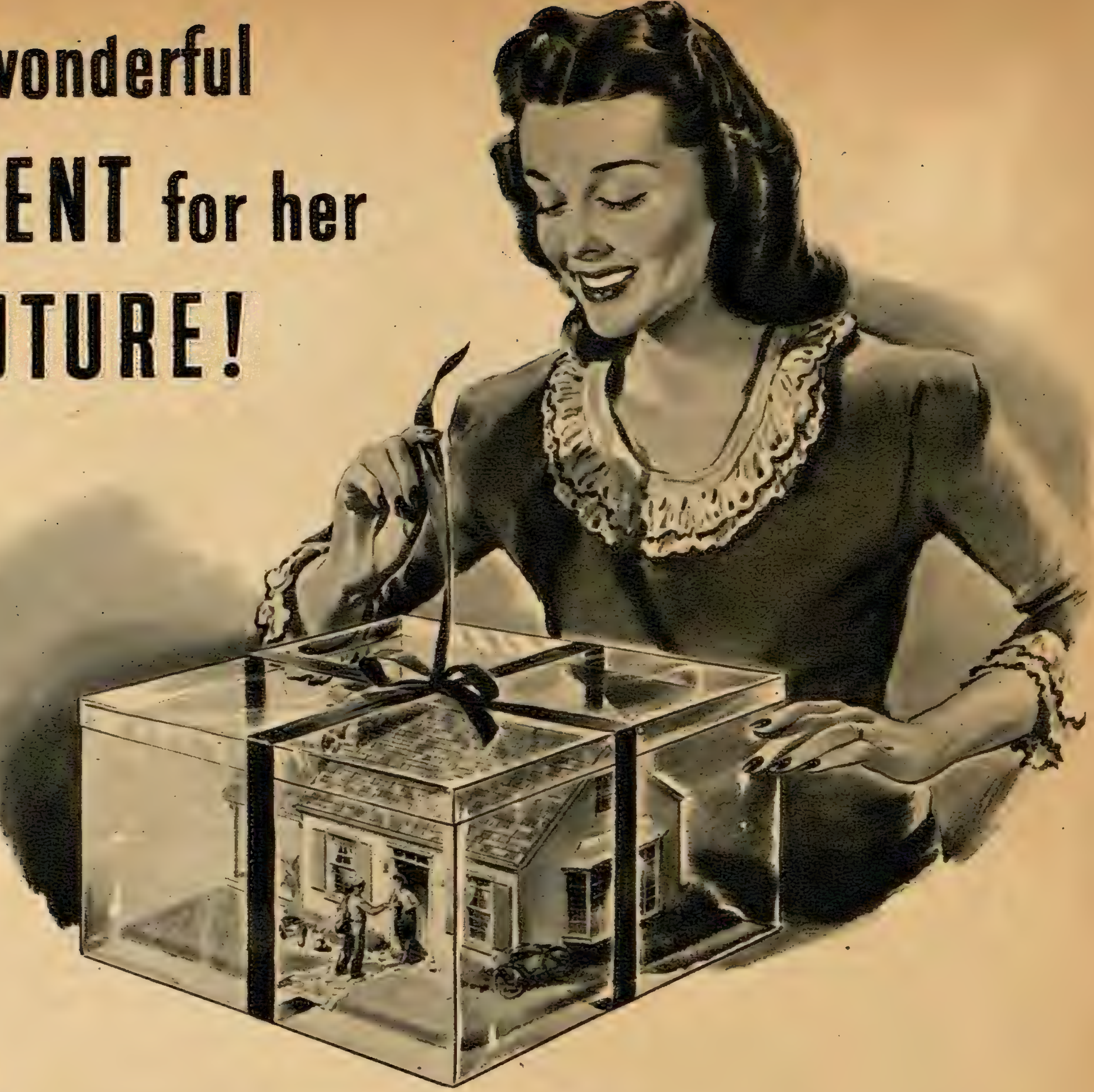
After take-off the plane reaches cooler air and in a short time you are ready for a blanket. It is surprising how cold it is at 8,000 feet over the equator.

These are a few passing observations of Pacific air travel, and I'll give you more in early issues of Liberty.

Neither Little nor Too Late

The enormousness of America's aircraft war production is shown in WPB Chairman J. A. Krug's announcement that so far we have built 240,000 planes, 25,000 of which were four-engine bombers. He tempered this encouraging note with the warning that the output of B-29 Superfortresses is still behind schedule, but changes in production methods are expected to correct the lag. The big B-32 Denominators, another superbomber, are under construction, but real production will not appear for some little time to come.

A wonderful PRESENT for her FUTURE!



HER home and yours, the home you two together have made the center of your life. And if some day it should be hers alone, let it be *all* hers, free and clear. It *will* be if you earmark a Penn Mutual policy to pay off the mortgage.

A wonderful present, truly, well calculated to give you nights of peaceful sleep. For though she may never actually receive this gift, you know it is there, ready for her, if the emergency should arise. The home she loves will *always* be her home. Mortgage insurance is easily overlooked when a man is planning his estate. But it may well be the most important item. Penn Mutual Underwriters are trained to help you see your financial picture as a whole and bring all parts of it into proper relationship one to another. They are prepared to discuss your inheritance taxes and Social Security as well as the more obvious matters of an adequate income for your wife and a guaranteed college education for your children. A quiet conversation with a Penn Mutual representative may change your whole view of life insurance and make a big difference some future day both to you—and to your loved ones.

BACK OF YOUR INDEPENDENCE STANDS THE PENN MUTUAL

THE PENN MUTUAL
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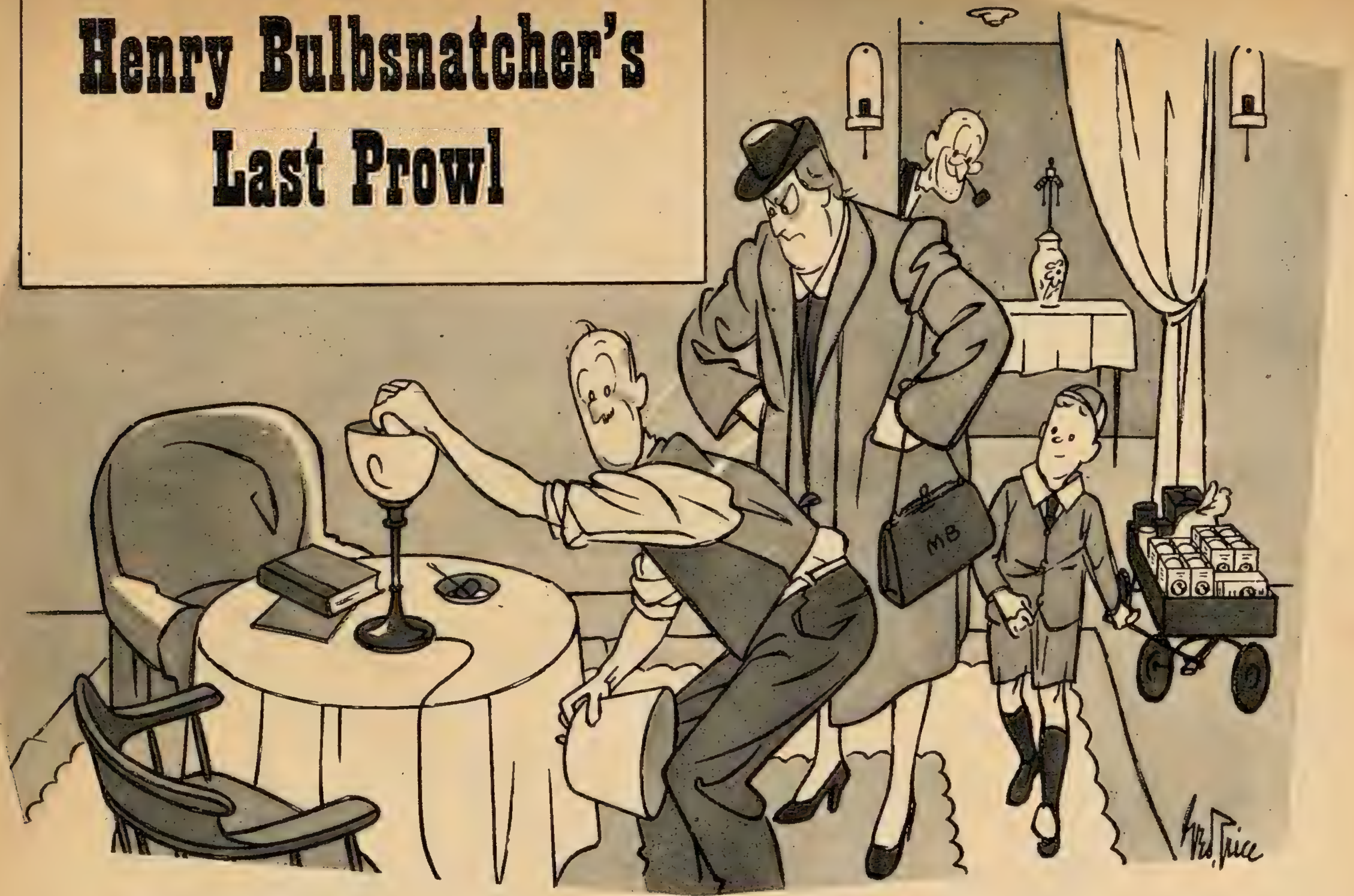
FOUNDED AT PHILADELPHIA IN 1847

Your Life Plan deserves the expert guidance of a Penn Mutual Underwriter

Henry Bulbsnatcher's Last Prowl



POOR HENRY! Caught in the act of bulb-snatching just at the moment when the family is arriving with a fresh supply of G-E Mazda lamps! What Henry doesn't realize is that G-E lamp dealers now have ample stocks of these good G-E lamps—and there's no more need to rob one socket to fill another nor to get along with empty sockets or wrong size bulbs. For the sake of your family's eyes, see your G-E lamp dealer *now*—and get the right size lamps you need. See the suggestions below and consult the right size lamp chart at your G-E lamp dealer. Remember, eyesight is precious. One word of caution, electricity is a vital war weapon. Don't waste it.

BULB SNATCHING DAYS ARE OVER—GET RIGHT SIZE G-E BULBS TODAY!

CHILD'S STUDY LAMP. Young eyes are too precious to risk. Be sure you have a 150-watt G-E bulb for your child's study lamp. Price only . . . . **20¢**

LADIES' DRESSING TABLE. New 60-watt G-E bulbs in those twin lamps will brighten up that dressing table. This size only . . . . **10¢**

LIVING ROOM. 100-200-300-watt bulb for your 3-light lamp only . . . . . **55¢**

100-watt bulbs for small reading lamps. Only . **15¢**

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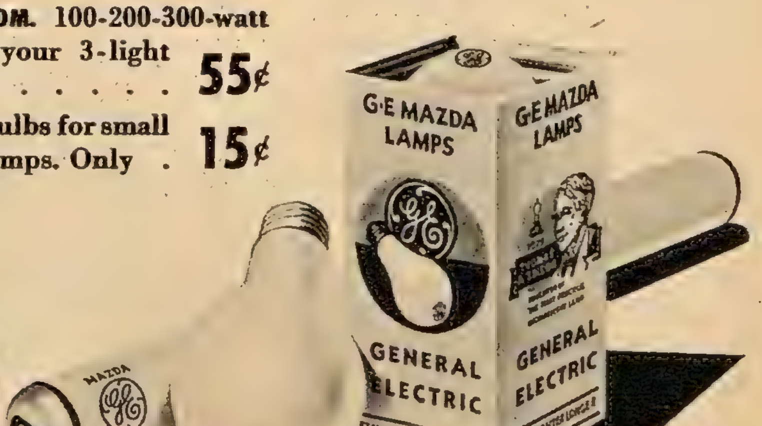
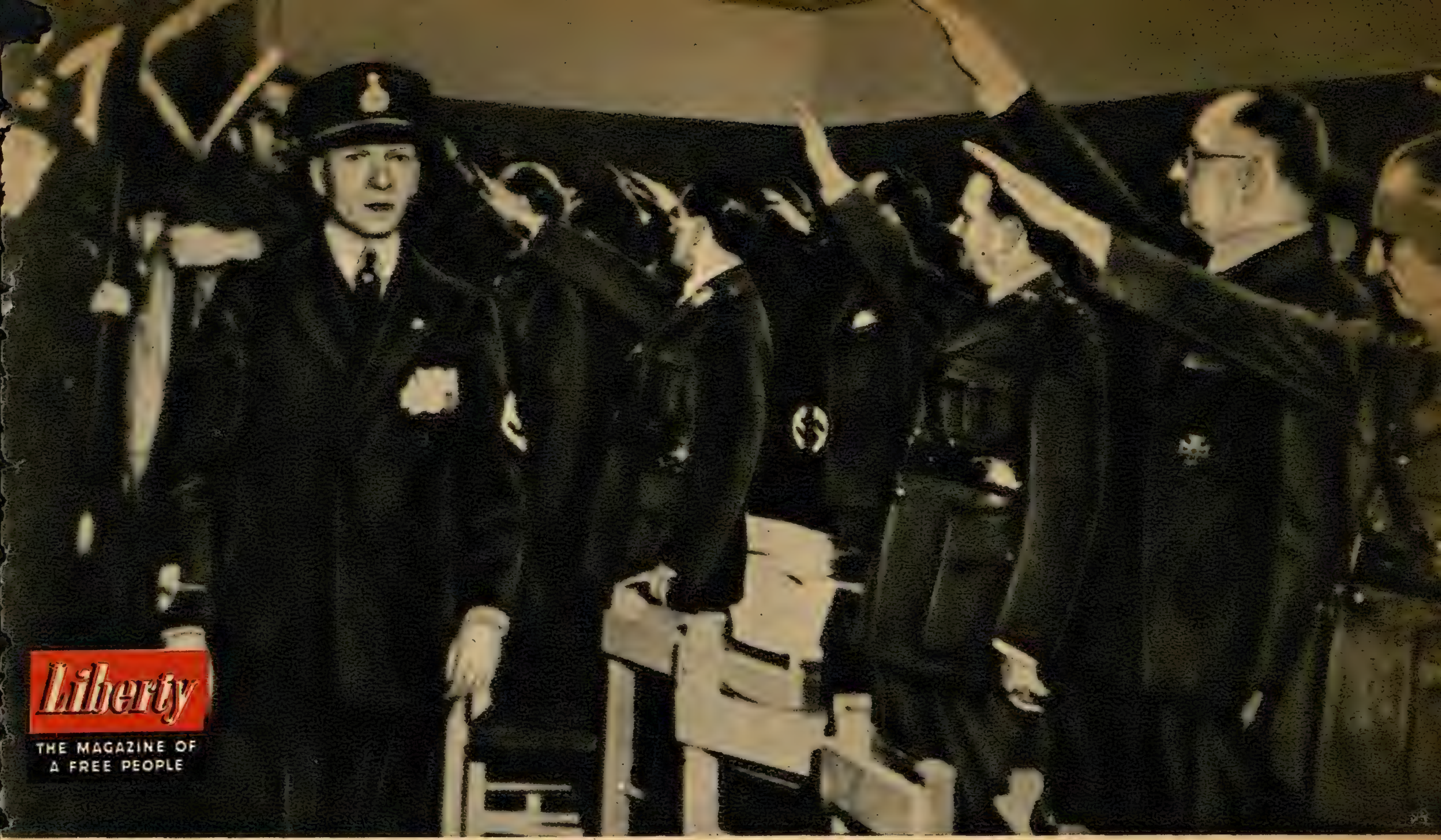


KEEP BUYING WAR BONDS



Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

The Argentine underground gathers such evidence as this picture, taken in a Buenos Aires cellar. Three Argentine generals join the German ambassador in welcoming the commander of the Graf Spee with a Nazi salute.

Argentina Has an Underground

The only Yankee ever to be a member of it tells how a growing underground army is fighting to restore democracy in Argentina

BY STANLEY ROSS

ONE day General Edelmiro Farrell, President of Argentina, reached into his overcoat for a cigarette and pulled out instead a small crudely printed four-page newspaper. Sweat stood on his brow. *Patria Libre*, Argentina's vast pro-Allied underground organization, had extended into the President's very pocket and deposited there one of its clandestine newspapers.

Throughout Argentina thousands of people of all classes and political beliefs have formed a resistance movement which will either lead to the overthrow of the Fascist military clique which seized the government June 4, 1943, or to a bloody civil war.

I know. I have been a member of *Patria Libre*, the only "Yankee" admitted to its secret conclaves.

Argentines have never paid much attention to who ran their rich young country: revolutions are born of hunger and misery, and Argentines are well fed. But *Patria Libre* has proved that Argentina's present rulers are the agents of a fantastic plot to transplant Fascism to the Americas at a time when it is being torn out by the roots in Europe, and that the plot is stimulated by the very same international warmongers who nursed the totalitarian movements in Italy, Austria, and Germany.

Patria Libre, which means Free Fatherland, considers the Argentine military clique "an army of occupation." It is preparing to restore self-government to the people through armed action by the masses, the students, labor, and within the Army itself. Until it is ready to strike, *Patria Libre* is sabotaging the government's plans to embroil South America in war, exposing the government leaders' connections with the Nazis, and driving police and Army officials to distraction along a dozen different roads.

The Army had to stop antiaircraft blackout tests in Buenos Aires because every time the lights went on again, the city was plastered with antigovernment posters. Fifty clandestine newspapers goad the Argentine people into fighting the Army, and tell them the Allied side of the argument which has plunged their country into diplomatic quarantine.

The clandestine newspapers relate the tortures to which 2,500 pro-Allied prisoners are subjected by Argentina's police, notorious for their brutality. They even publish confidential documents of the "lodge" of officers which runs the government—to the amazement of its members.

When the U. S. State Department criticized Argentine War Minister Colonel Juan D. Perón for warmongering, he loudly protested he'd been misquoted and misunderstood. Next day, *Patria Libre* published parts of a forgotten text written by Perón after the military revolution of 1930 in which the colonel called upon Argentina to prepare for "war, an inevitable social phenomenon; not for war in general, but for a particular war. It would be ridiculous," Perón said, "to have ambitions which we couldn't realize with arms when the moment comes for changing diplomacy for war. . . . Argentina must have the Army of its policies or the policies of its Army."

Perón found a copy of this issue of *Himno Nacional*, organ of *Patria Libre*, atop the papers of his desk.

Another time, when Perón was trying to wheedle recognition of his government from U. S. Ambassador Norman Armour with sweet words, *Patria Libre* published the minutes of a military lodge meeting in which Perón referred to Armour as "that sinister person," and threatened to throw the U. S. ambassador out of the country.

How *Patria Libre* does these things is something the Buenos Aires police would do many things to learn. They spend 50,000 pesos a month to bribe members

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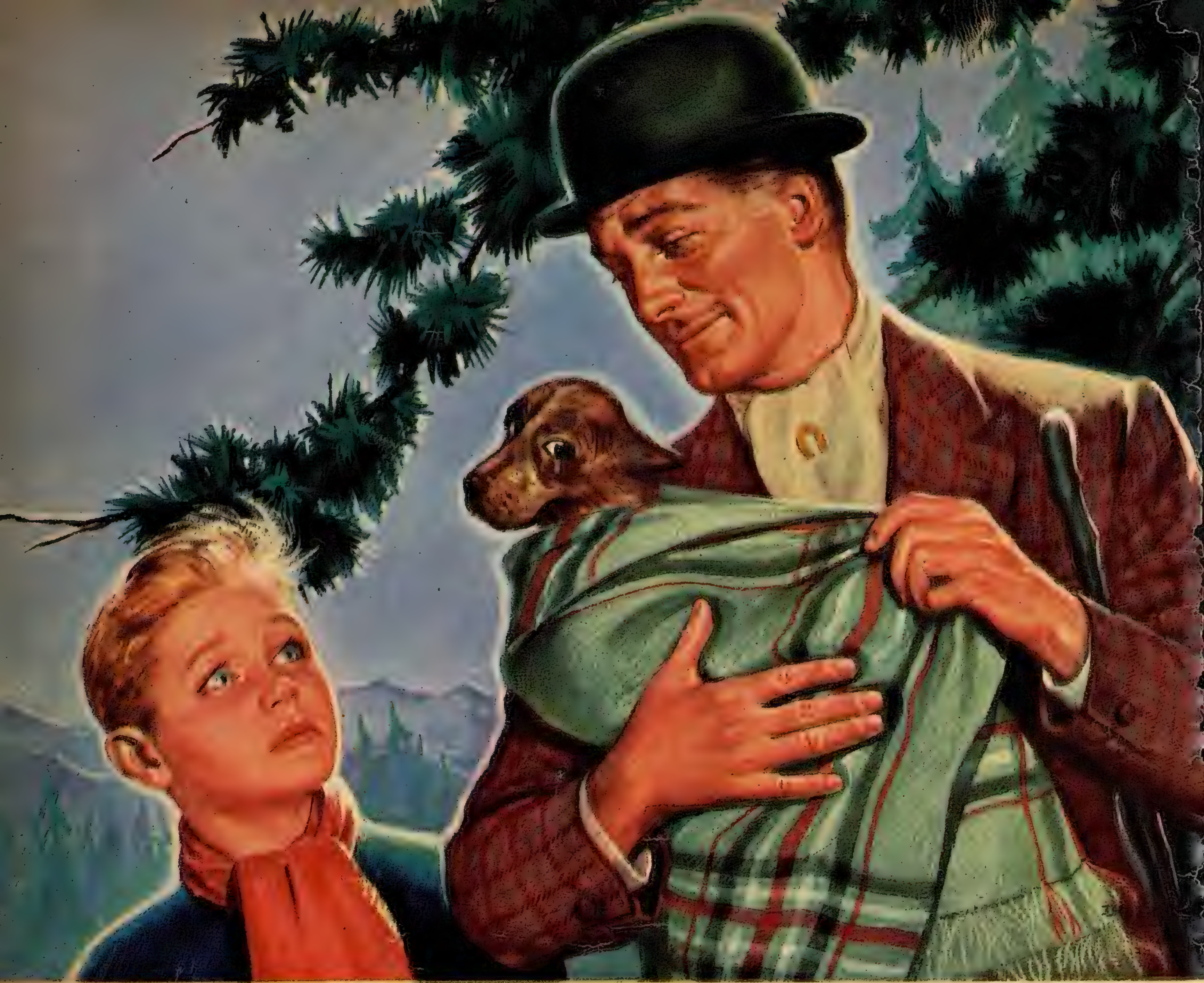

Mr. Clayton Williams picked up Daniel Boone and wrapped the blanket around him. "I think I'm going to have good luck," he said.

First-Class GENTLEMAN

BY FREDERICK FAUST

ILLUSTRATED BY RAPHAEL DE SOTO

THE only first-class gentleman that we ever saw in our town was Mr. Clayton Williams. On May 14, 1903, he arrived, and he remained for nine long years of my boyhood, not a figure frequently seen but something that we all had in mind. On Sunday morning his entrance into the church was the high point of the week. The men used to bet on whether or not he would show up drunk or sober.

Actually, it was said that he was never quite himself, but the betting would be on whether or not he could steer his way to a seat without wavering. Just as the choir finished the first hymn, while our eyes were straining sidewise to watch the door, always at that moment Mr. Clayton Williams walked in, wearing narrow-striped trousers and a morning coat. He carried with him a smoked Malacca walking stick, also a complete novelty to the village, and as he stood in the open doorway of our church, usually wavering a little, he first removed his hat and then hooked the cane over the bend of his arm. Then he proceeded toward a seat, drawing himself up a little and smiling and walking as slowly as though he were leading a bride to the altar.

He never joined in the singing and his prayers were silent, not the half-vocal mumbling which most of us went through. His pale face was so seriously intent, that as I watched the slight movement of his lips, I used to wish I could write down the words of his thought, because I was sure that they must be eloquent enough to save almost any soul except his own. When the collection was taken, he always had a big bright silver dollar that he took out of a waistcoat pocket and laid in the plate without making a sound among the nickels and dimes; but if he were very far gone, it was this finding of the dollar in the pocket that caused him most trouble.

Maybe Mr. Clayton Williams was hiding from the law and maybe not. Anyway, he could have remained hidden—and let a boy die

When he first came he seemed to me a very tall man, but before the end I had grown up several inches above him, and then I realized that his stature was not a matter of feet and inches but a thing of the spirit. I remember that we read in the history class: "Charles I ruled like a bad king, but he died like a great gentleman," and ever after that moment I thought more and more of poor Charles Stuart, because I endowed him with the figure and the face of our own great gentleman, Mr. Clayton Williams.

Reading about Charles I helped me to a larger conception of the former life of Mr. Clayton Williams. The king had deceived his people; he had lied to them; he had let men go to their death; and I spent hours imagining crimes somewhat similar that must be chargeable to the account of our gentleman, because it seemed clear to most of us boys that he must have done some very bad things before he came to our town to repent and waste his life away.

The girls, however, had other theories about him, and their favorite romance was that he had been thwarted in love and had stolen into the wilderness with his broken heart.

When I speak of the bets that were laid on the state of his Sunday-morning sobriety, I don't mean to infer that he was joked about. As a matter of fact not even the hardiest of our young men laughed at Mr. Clayton Williams, partly because we were so proud of our mysterious sinner, and partly, I think, because rumor stirred through our streets to say that Mr. Williams was a man of deadly accuracy in the use of firearms. Sometimes his self-exile was attributed to a deed of violence which he never could forget.

No one in the town, I believe, was ever able to discover the slightest history of Mr. Clayton Williams' past life. Some declared he must have come from New Orleans; others imported him from London, or he was given to New York, and a few even cheapened our legend by attributing him merely to San Francisco. But no matter how vain all these rumors were, the whole town agreed that in the end Mr. Clayton Williams would appear as the central figure in some unhappy story.

BEN LUMAS, who owned the saloon in the north wing of the hotel, liked to tell of the first appearance of Mr. Clayton Williams on that 14th of May. It was middle morning and the shadows of the trees still were lying across the village, because we were in the area of the high slopes and the deep soil where the sugar pine grows. The wood is as white as moonshine, without a flaw, without a falter, all the way from the ground to the nearest cloud, and the foliage throws out a fine mass of green, not like the sequoia, merely a scalp lock at the top.

There is an excuse for talking so much about the sugar pines because they were what took the mind and dazzled the eye of Mr. Clayton Williams that May morning. Ben Lumas had just repaired his front porch and put up two columns of sugar pine that were as bright as stone. Presently Ben saw a man standing on the porch admiring the columns and it was such a man as our town never had seen before, dressed in riding trousers that pinched his knees, with delicately tailored boots, a hard hat on his head, and a riding crop in his hand. Ben came to the door to observe this distinguished stranger, and Mr. Clayton Williams nodded to him with his pleasant smile and said, "It's so soft that even my fingernail marks it."

"It's sugar pine, sir," said Ben Lumas, and pointed toward the big trees.

Mr. Clayton Williams turned to admire those trees and had to look up almost to the middle of the sky. He took another good deep breath of the air at the same time, and I must say that no place on earth ever had such air as flowed over our town on a May morning, with the snow still lying in ledges under the pine needles and lodged thick in banks that faced the north. The sun was warm and the wind was just properly chilled and sweetened by the pines. Besides, we were high enough up so that one could hardly drink in enough of that air in a single draught, and so kept on enjoying it all day long.

"This isn't like anything else, is it?" asked Mr. Clayton Williams with a rather childish and direct appeal. "I've been riding quite a distance through the mountains and I haven't seen anything quite like this."

He seemed anxious to have Ben praise our town, but Ben is honest, for a bartender, and he stepped out onto the porch to think the thing over for a moment. The wind at that moment stood as still as a hunting cat, says Ben Lumas, and the near sound of a woodpecker sounded far away because of the thinness of the mountain air; and down the valley Charlie Bennett was knocking up a lot of echoes with his hammer, because he was building a house on a new clearing.

Ben Lumas says he looked into the west, and down on the edge of the horizon he made out the tops of the Coast Range mountains, so that it was only a step more to imagine himself down there, beside the Pacific, listening to the barking of the sea lions on the San Francisco rocks. It seemed to Ben that with his own natural eyes he was seeing halfway around the world and into the truth of things.

So he said to the stranger, "No, sir, there's nothing that's quite like this, no matter how far you ride."

Mr. Clayton Williams introduced himself and shook hands; then he went into the bar and drank a double whisky with a splash of water on the top of it. Ben Lumas said that he seemed to breathe in that drink as though he needed it all over, and all at once Ben knew that it was not the first whisky he had had that day; also, it would not be the last.

BEFORE that morning ended, Mr. Clayton Williams had bought the new cabin that Charlie Bennett was finishing. There still were a good many things to do to it, but Mr. Williams was satisfied with the job just as it stood. He took off the pack from behind his saddle, heavy with books, and installed himself in the house by buying a plain deal table and a pair of straight-backed kitchen chairs.

Of course a man like that couldn't come to our town without starting all the tongues chattering, and after he showed himself in the church on the first Sunday every girl that was nearing or passing the age for marriage began buying new clothes. Jessie McAllister, my mother said, went all the way down to Sacramento and got herself up brighter and fluffier than a feather duster. But that was no good. For the nine years he stayed among us, not a soul ever entered Mr. Clayton Williams' cabin and he never put foot in any other house. The only reason I got to know him was because I had a sick dog named Daniel Boone.

He was a mongrel pup about six months old, brown with dirty-white markings, and when I first got him, the biggest of the old hound's litter, with wise wrinkles between his eyes, I expected a great future for him and foresaw myself ranging around through the woods and shooting treed bears and mountain lions that he had cornered for me. But Daniel Boone was the most unlike his name of any dog I ever

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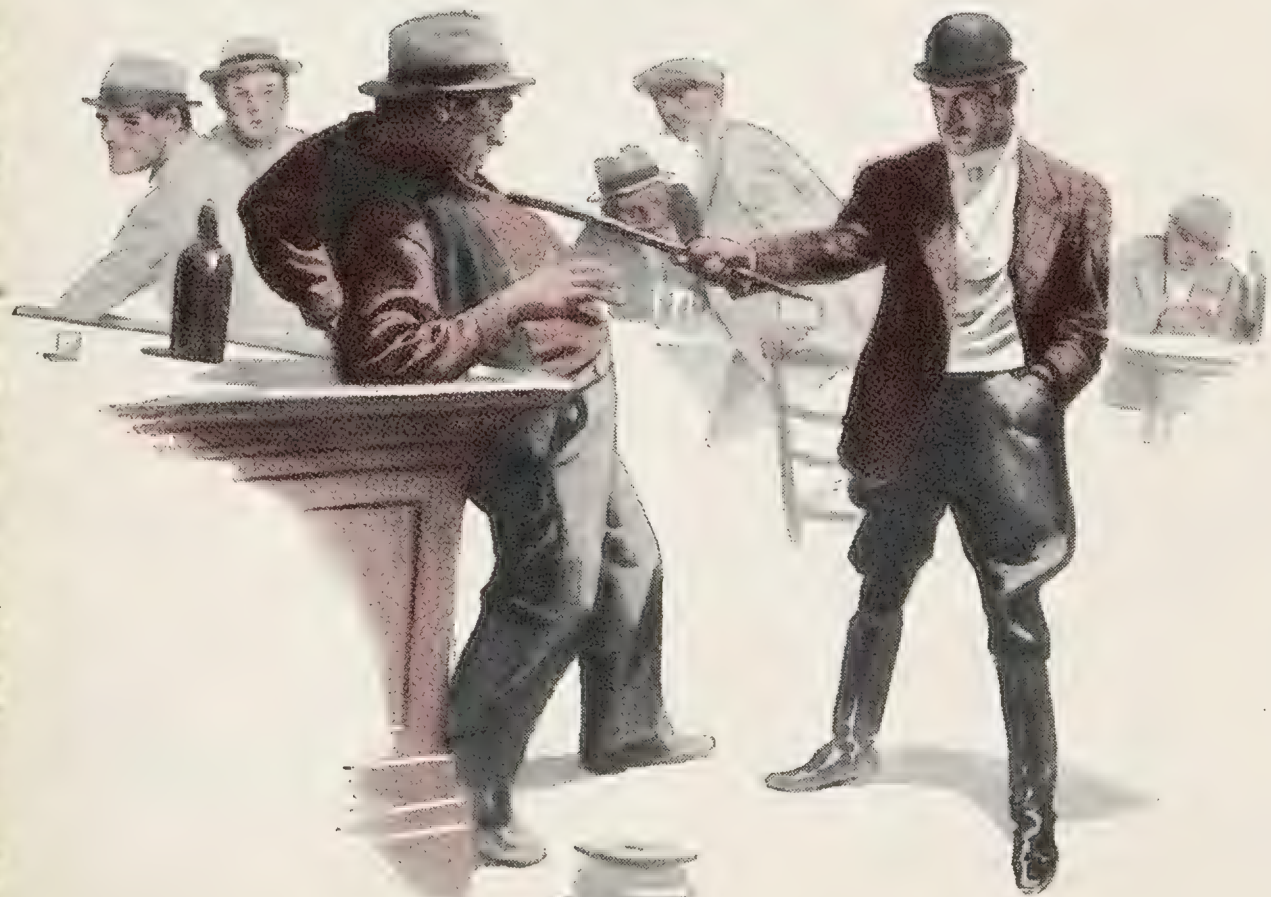


Mr. Williams touched him with his cane and said, "I understand you know me, sir?"

THEY KEPT 'EM FLYING AT TACLOBAN

BY LUCIEN HUBBARD

The air strip on Leyte was only well begun when planes from our crippled carriers showed up, desperate to land. Quick thinking turned a threatened wholesale tragedy into disaster for the Japs

STAGING an invasion, like cooking a dinner, is largely a matter of timing. The dishes must come along together, neither too soon nor too late. Someone has to figure all that out in advance and start things at various precise moments, in order to come out even.

In cooking, let us say, everything is timed to the turkey; in an invasion, such as that of Leyte, to the air strip. Until you have a landing field from which you can operate combat planes, you have not established an invasion.

The timetable of the Leyte landings called for the air strip on Calaisan peninsula (on the east side of the island, five miles from the capital city of Tacloban) to be ready for use as an airdrome on A plus 5. That is, five days after the first assault troops were scheduled to go ashore.

It was A plus 4 when I arrived at Calaisan. I could not know that I was settling into a ringside seat at one of the most dramatic and crucial episodes of the entire Pacific war—an action which, had it turned out otherwise than as it did, might have brought disaster to the whole Philippine adventure.

There had been a small civilian airport at Calaisan. The Japs had extended the runway to 4,700 feet, about 3,000 feet of it coral. The water table lies only eighteen inches below the surface, so that if you dig a two-foot foxhole you soon have a six-inch well. An air strip on Calaisan could at best be a thin slice of coral or metal laid upon a jelly mold. At its worst it could be the jelly.

I found an Engineers construction battalion wrestling with this problem, which presented itself now in the form of a sea of thin black mud into which they were pouring endless truckloads of crushed coral. The earlier blobs had already disappeared. Those just deposited looked like chunks of vanilla ice cream in a sarsaparilla soda.

Major Richard P. Davidson, graduate in civil engineering of the University of Alabama, is the commanding officer of the battalion. He considers himself fortunate that all his officers are also graduate engineers, most of them from Texas A. & M. and Oklahoma A. & M., competent men and used to rough going.

BESIDES being well officered, the outfit was experienced. Since February, 1942, it had built thirteen strips in Australia, then moved northward, dropping airfields here and there as if sowing them out of a sack.

It had been especially chosen from all the available engineer units to undertake the Philippine job.

Specifications for the Tacloban field called for a fairly long strip that could handle transports and fighter planes. Later the field was to have another strip, 1,000 feet longer, suitable for medium bombers. The first strip would be in operation while the "D" strip was being built. That would be when we were getting around to bombing Manila or Formosa as the next objective.

The Engineers unit landed soon after the assault troops, and by ten o'clock that night had all its equipment safely ashore. Shortly after daylight on A plus 1, bulldozers, trucks, and rollers were at work, sometimes stopping and sometimes not when the Jap planes came over. The night shift worked under lights whenever a raid was not actually in progress. The first strip by A-5 seemed a moral certainty.

Then late in the afternoon of A-3 an order came from Group to hold everything. They wanted a longer strip at once; they wanted a sand base and three to four inches of coral impacted on that, and a metal landing mat on top of it all.

It was impossible to extend the shorter runway on which the battalion had done all its work, because it ended in a swamp. The supervising engineers cut through this difficulty by directing that a long strip be put catty-cornered across both sites.

"You realize, of course," said Davidson quietly, in his Alabama grafted-on-Texas drawl, "that you have thrown away practically everything we've done except getting our equipment ashore. This way you won't have *any* strip by A-5."

"When will we get it?"

"It'll still take five days—starting from now. A-8."

"Well, Air Force wants it."

Davidson did his swearing inwardly, turned away, called his operating staff. Within an hour trucks had changed from hauling coral to hauling sand. They continued all night, and next day switched back to coral, rolling a hard surface over about half the track. During the night of A-4 they began bringing in more sand for the other end.

By morning of A-5 about 3,000 feet of the runway had been rolled. The north end was six inches deep in loose black sand.

That is how it was when a nondescript aggregation of planes suddenly appeared out of nowhere and began circling the area.

We thought this was really it, the first mass air attack by the Japs. Some tentative ack-ack h-r-r-rumphed and reached long graceful fingers upward, then stopped. The gunners saw what we all saw now. These were American Navy planes, and they wanted to land.

They *had* to land—as we learned afterward—on that strip, or in the swamps, or in the sea. For the great naval battle of the Philippines was on. These planes, from four small carriers, had been attacking the Jap fleet. They had no more gas. One of their carriers had been sunk, and the others were under attack by a vastly superior Jap force. They were coming down *somewhere* in a very few minutes. The pilots wanted to refuel, grab some heavier bombs, and go back. They knew Tacloban field had not been opened, but there was no choice.

Now, planes can't just settle down on a military airdrome like ducks on a pond, and take off again. They must have Airways Communications to guide them in; Service Squadrons to refuel them, reload machine guns and bomb racks, make quick repairs, give first aid to the wounded; and an Airdrome Squadron to operate a control tower and designate where planes are to park. None of these had been set up.

The planes overhead quickly formed a landing pattern and the first in line came in to land. It settled swiftly, touched its wheels daintily to the hard portion of the runway and sped toward the soft end as watchers ran out and tried in vain to flag it down. The pilot saw the sand before he hit it and gave his plane the brakes. The plane slowed a little. Then it tore into the soft stretch, somersaulted heavily and came to rest upside down, with its wheels spinning.

The next plane in line, already dropping for a landing, buzzed the field instead, and with roaring motor zoomed up out of harm's way. Then the whole pattern broke up, like a flight of birds at the first crack of a shotgun. There was a babble of questions and orders over the radio. Chance it again, and land despite the wrecked plane now blocking the runway, or hit the drink, or make a last desperate effort to find a carrier? The choices were all bad.

SUDDENLY a new voice boomed in on the wave length:

"Navy planes. Navy planes. This is Tacloban air strip, beneath you. Can you hear me? Come in, please."

"Yes, yes. Go on. Go on. Over."

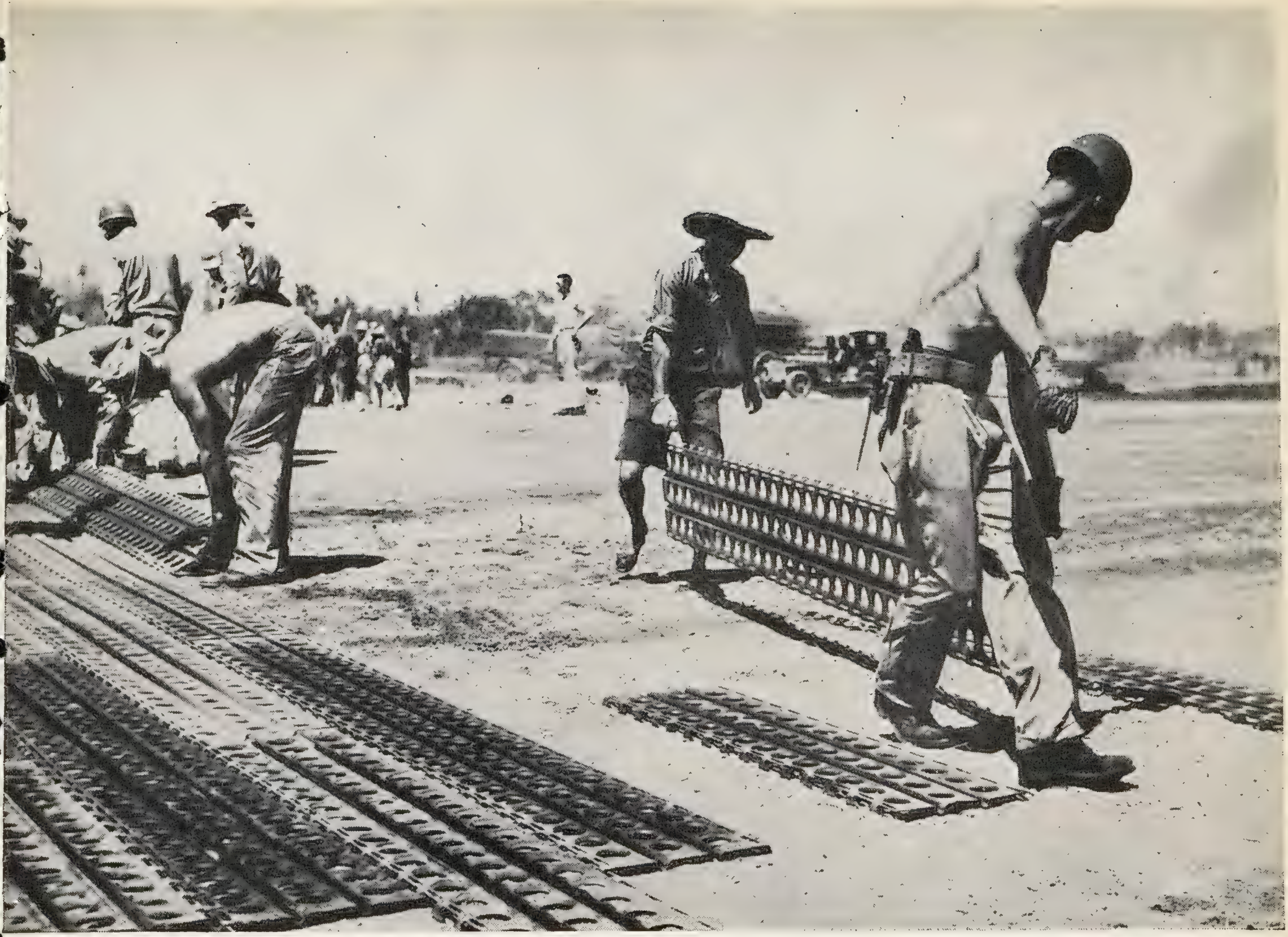
"Continue circling field. Continue circling field. Identify yourselves as you pass over."

The clear deliberate voice went on with technical landing instructions, warning of the soft sand, laying out the best course. The pattern quickly re-formed and the first plane in line was called in. A C2 wrecker dragged the damaged plane from the runway just in time. Before this new arrival had cleared the end of the runway, the next in line was hitting the ground. Others followed in swift succession, the voice over the radio guiding them in.

The voice belonged to a young Air Forces officer, Lieutenant Edward Worrad of Sayville, Long Island, whose presence on the field at that time was sheer good luck. Lieutenant Russell Forrester of the Navy, from Austin, Texas, also happened to be on the field at the same time. Between them they converted what might have been a disaster into a major factor in the ultimate rout of the Jap fleet.

Lieutenant Worrad was attached to the Fighter Control. Later on, when the field would be in operation and the Army fighting planes had come in, it would be his job to help direct by radio their interception of the enemy. On this morning he was just hanging around to see how the field was getting on. Luckily, he had come in a radio jeep.

Lieutenant Forrester had been sent ashore as a radio liaison officer, to function after the field was in operation and communications had been set up. For three days he had been biting his finger-



When the Navy planes quit dropping in, they were able to fix up Tacloban with landing mats for the Army traffic.

nails and cursing his luck at being marooned ashore when things were happening on the water. He had driven *his* radio jeep down just to take a wistful look at the transport fleet dotting San Pedro Bay, and maybe to see a Jap plane or two get dunked by ack-ack fire.

Now Worrad and Forrester put their jeeps and their heads together. Worrad took the planes in the air on his radio. Forrester got the Fleet Control ship on his.

A sergeant they had never seen before ran up—Sam Halpern, Service Squadron, from Brooklyn. He had been to Air Operations school and knew the ropes. They took him into the firm.

One by one the planes landed as Worrad guided them and Halpern checked them. In all, several score planes came down. Some crashed, some burned. Some banged into wrecks already on the field. But most of them got down safely. Only eight were completely wrecked. Not a pilot was killed, and only one was badly injured.

MEANWHILE an impromptu organization had sprung up, no one knew just how. Whenever a plane turned over, men rushed in to lift the tail and get the pilot out. When a plane caught fire, they dashed in to put out the flames.

But those that landed did not come to stay. As fast as a quickly improvised Service Squadron could gas them up and hang bombs on them, they took off. There were no bombs ashore when the planes came in, but within two hours an LST brought in a load. Halpern lost all count of take-offs and landings as the planes sped away again and again to resume their pounding of the Jap fleet. These were Navy planes, serviced off the cuff by Army units utterly unfamiliar with them, put into the air by an Army officer, then directed by Navy Fighter Control through Lieutenant Forrester.

By now the Jap fleet was heading back through the Sibuyan Sea. And it was these planes from Tacloban that kept on the Japs' tail and guided other striking forces to them.

A Jap battleship and a cruiser were reported in sinking condition, and others were damaged—the work solely of the planes from Tacloban.

In the haste to be in at the kill, planes took off upwind or downwind, depending on which end of the field happened to have a wreck on it at the time. Once a torpedo bomber landed from one direction just as a fighter zoomed over it in a take-off from the opposite end of the field.

Gas and oil trucks and ambulances kept up a steady grind, the drivers leaping out to hit the dirt whenever Jap strafers and bombers came in or out. During the day there were a dozen enemy raids. Once three Jap fighters came over so low that Halpern gave them the green light from his improvised tower, thinking they were ours.

For a breathless half hour just before noon all planes were flagged off and an echelon of tractors—eight graders and four rollers—stalked slowly down the field, flattening out the furrows plowed up by crashing planes. Then they wheeled off with parade-ground precision, and the planes whizzed past again.

Through it all, and until midnight, Forrester and Worrad never left their jeeps. As the day wore on, a lot of Army rank wanted to take over. Forrester called the Control ship and told the admiral's aide about it, and asked for orders. By now his jeep had been officially christened "Base Forrester" and there wasn't a plane or ship within fifty miles that had not picked up some of the "hot" messages between Base Forrester and Hercules, the Control ship station.

A LITTLE later Hercules gave the admiral's reply:

"Calling Base Forrester. Calling Base Forrester. This is Hercules. This is Hercules. You are in control. Repeat: You—are—in—control. That is all."

"Sorry, sir," Worrad, the young Army lieutenant told an indignant colonel. "I'm just working for the Navy. They're Navy planes, sir."

The firm of Worrad, Forrester & Halpern kept shop until four thirty the next afternoon. Then the First Team took over at Tacloban, with standard airdrome staff and equipment, and Base Forrester folded up forever. The last message that came over the loud-speaker was this:

"Calling Base Forrester. This is Hercules speaking. Lieutenant Forrester, the admiral sends his commendation. You and those with you have undoubtedly saved many lives and many planes. That is all."

It was enough.

THE END

IT'S TOMORROW HERE

By Corey Ford

How you feel about celebrating victory in Europe depends on where you are and what day it is. When it's V-E Day at home it's still tomorrow in China

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN

EVEN by short wave direct from San Francisco the reception was not very good. The radio crackled and exploded, and they could pick up only occasional snatches of the announcer's voice through the shrill of static: ". . . crowds filling Times Square . . . all traffic has stopped . . . torn-up newspapers and ticker tape are still falling, the streets look like a veritable snowstorm . . ."

"Fifteen," one of the cribbage players said, flicking a card down. He had peeled down to his shorts in the steamy China night, and his bare feet were stuck into a pair of fleece-lined flying boots. One boot was propped against the edge of the empty ammunition crate that served as a card table.

"Six makes it twenty-one," the other player said. He had to raise his voice a little above the blast of the radio.

"And ten is thirty-one," methodically pegging two more holes in the cribbage board.

THE broadcaster was saying: ". . . and storekeepers along Fifth Avenue have boarded up their plate-glass windows. All business houses shut down when the Armistice with Germany was announced two hours ago . . ."

"That's fourteen hours ago," the player in shorts said, drawing another card. "We're twelve hours earlier."

"Later."

"Earlier. It's still yesterday home, isn't it, Jim?"

Jim Hendricks said, "It's today home. It's tomorrow here." He was the squadron C. O.; he was a little older than the others, with a square grave face and a thin mustache that made an inverted V on his upper lip. His double-tracked captain's bars sagged from his open shirt collar. He sat tailor-fashion on his cot, looking at a picture his wife had sent him. It was a picture of his wife standing in front of their house holding the baby. The baby was blurred and the lawn tilted at a forty-five-degree angle; her mother wasn't very used to a camera, Edie said. She was going to have a regular picture taken as soon as she could get the baby to a photographer's, and then he could really see how much Jimmy looked like him. Jimmy certainly had his daddy's appetite; he had gained almost a pound last week, and the way he was growing every day, why, he'd be a man before his mother.

". . . all the church bells and air-raid sirens are blowing, some one has started a victory bonfire in Times Square, the crowd is snake-dancing up and down and blowing horns . . ."

The screen door slammed and a naked flier shouldered into the hut from the showers, running a towel diagonally across his wet back. His big unlaced G. I. shoes scuffed across the floor to his cot, and he kicked them off and climbed inside the mosquito netting tucking the net in around him. The cot squawked protestingly as he settled himself and grumbled, "Even the blankets are all moldy."

Everything was clammy in the humid heat: the sweat ran down the foreheads of the cribbage players, their faces shone metallically in the lantern light. At the far end of the hut a lone pilot sat hunched over a writing tablet propped on his knees, licking beads of moisture from his lip, and scowling at the paper. It was hard to write a letter. It was hard to find what to say.

". . . all the liquor stores have been sold out, the night clubs report record reservations. It's just like New Year's Eve here . . ."

Jim Hendricks remembered the last time he had been in a night club. Edie shouldn't have tried to go out in her condition, but it was the last night he would have home and she had insisted. "Just to celebrate your being back again soon," she'd said. She had said it in the form of a question; she'd wanted him to tell her that it wouldn't be long, that he would be with her when the baby was born. They had danced slowly, and his lips had almost brushed her ear, but he hadn't answered; he hadn't told her that he had just learned today he was being sent to China, and it might be a couple of years before he would be back again. He'd held his arms around her, protecting her from the jostling crowd, with his silver pilot's wings pressed cold against her heart.

". . . where a gala program is being arranged tonight in Carnegie Hall. Prominent stars of stage and screen . . ."

The pilot with the writing tablet ripped off a half-finished sheet of paper and began again:

"Dear Mrs. Johnson, I want to write you on behalf of all the squadron to express our deepest sympathy . . ." He held the pen, frowning. "Your son was one of the finest men I have ever known."

He tore off the second sheet and crumpled it in his fist. What could he say? How could he explain to her that the squadron had been flying without adequate fighter protection? The new replacements hadn't arrived from the States; the factory hadn't met its quota last month. There weren't enough fighter planes to cover them yesterday when the Zeros attacked. How could he tell her that?

". . . will declare a holiday tomorrow. War plants and factories are all shutting down in celebration of V Day . . ."

The hut smelt of stale hay and burlap and mildew. It had been a storage shed of some kind; the squadron had moved into it hurriedly after they evacuated the airfield at Kweilin. They had worked all week to destroy the airdrome, demolishing the buildings, blowing up the installations, digging deep trenches to render the strip useless for the Japs. They had sweated a whole year to build that airfield, and now they had to destroy everything they had built as they retreated.

". . . the Victory parade is coming now, folks, it's quite a sight, our sidewalk microphone will try to pick up the sounds of the band . . ."

The static growled and snapped, and suddenly they heard a babble of voices, taxi horns, wooden rattles, drunken shouts and whistles, laughter, the approaching thump and blare of brass.

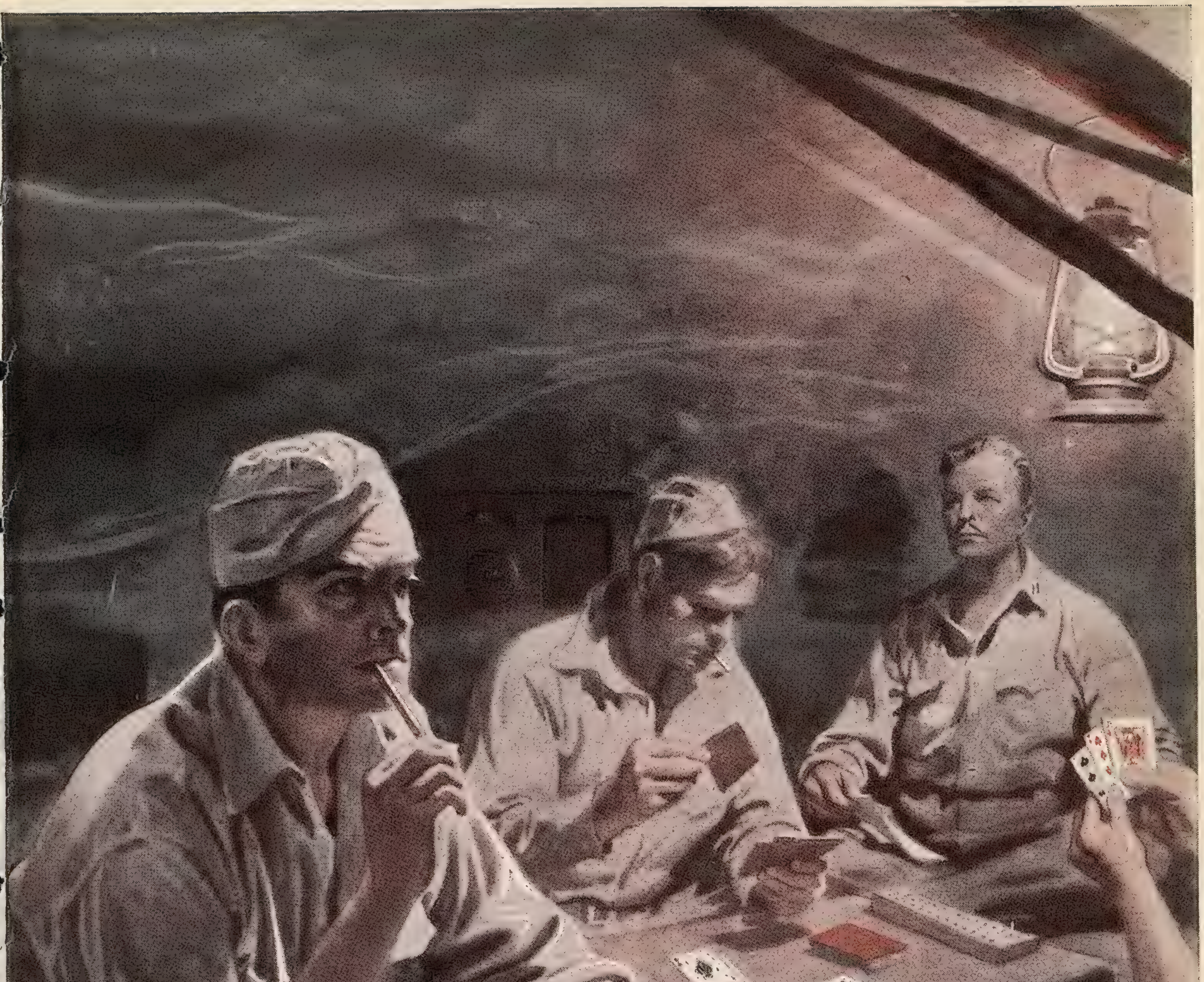
"SHUT that damn radio off and let's get some sleep," the pilot inside the mosquito netting called. "We got a mission tomorrow."

One of the cribbage players reached behind him and turned the button; the abrupt silence was like a concussion. "Tomorrow," he yawned, shoving back his chair. "What day will that be back home?"

"It'll be today," the other player said as he swept up the cards. "Tomorrow is today there, and today is still yesterday. Isn't that right, Jim?"

"That's right," Jim Hendricks said. "It all depends on where you are." He put the picture into his wallet and began to unbutton his shirt. Another mission tomorrow would make thirty-eight missions. Maybe they would let him go home after fifty missions, unless things got too tough. Maybe in another six months or so he would get to see the baby. Anyway, it was something to think about, lying in the dark and waiting.

THE END



There weren't enough fighter planes to cover them yesterday when the Zeros attacked. How could he tell her that?

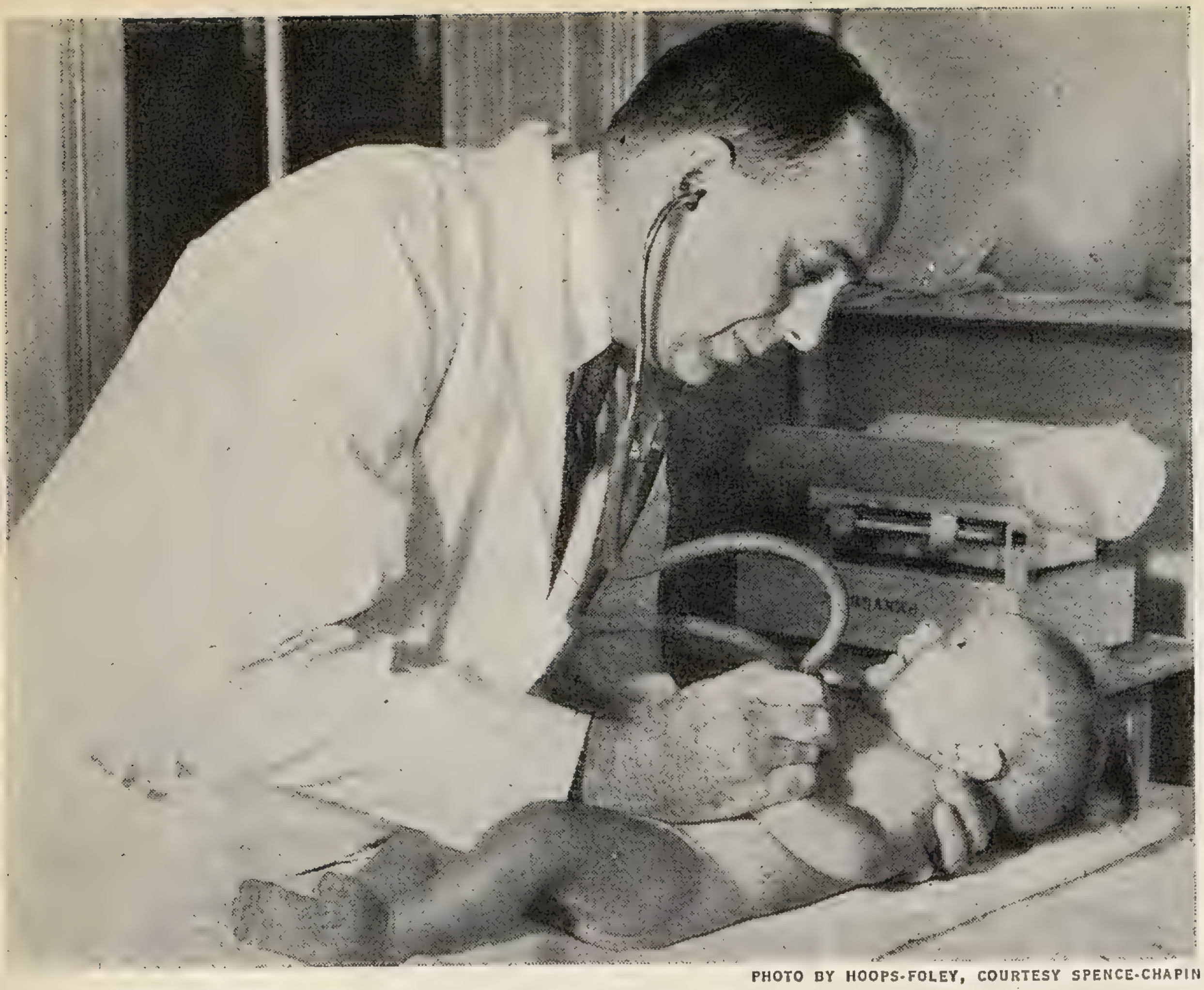


PHOTO BY HOOPS-FOLEY, COURTESY SPENCE-CHAPIN

Spence-Chapin keeps babies at least four months to make sure their health is perfect.

Babies Are Their Business

BY RUTH MOORE

Matching healthy babies to just the right new homes is the business of this conscientious adoption nursery where you have to meet rigorous specifications to qualify as a foster parent

When a woman says, "I'll take it," no salesgirl in her right mind is going to object—not even if the taker has flaming red hair and selects a pink velvet hat. The customer's personal tastes, motives, or morals aren't questioned in any ordinary across-the-counter exchange.

But there's a concern in New York City where neither customer satisfaction nor the dollar is of prime importance, where the shopper's stipulations of quality, color, and design are only incidentally considered, and where her habits and her way of living are minutely examined before she is allowed even to touch the merchandise.

It's the Spence-Chapin Adoption Nursery in Manhattan, and its business is babies. It has plenty of them on hand—babies homely and beautiful, cranky and placid, representing an endless variety of racial stocks and religions. What's more, Spence-Chapin is as anxious as any retailer to ensure a steady turnover.

Every crib in the scientifically-equipped nursery on East Sixty-second Street is occupied. As fast as one is emptied, a new baby takes possession. And Spence-Chapin has thirty-five infants farmed out in boarding homes—private families, selected by the agency and licensed through the Department of Health. Many other small children are temporarily being cared for by organizations like the Sheltering Arms and the Children's Aid Society, pending placement through Spence-Chapin. And the agency has thirty babies yet unborn on its waiting lists.

On the surface, it sounds like a baby shopper's paradise. But don't rush to the nearest phone booth if you're in the market for a baby; that is, not unless you're pretty certain you can measure up to the standard specifications set up by this agency for all prospective customers.

Spinsters and bachelors need not apply. A baby needs both a mother and a father in the Spence-Chapin code. Age is an important factor, too. Spence-Chapin handles babies under one year, and these it prefers to place with couples between the ages of twenty and forty.

A slight heart murmur, a spot on the lung, diabetes, or other physical defects may disqualify an applicant. Spence-Chapin is interested in securing parents who have a reasonable life expectancy.

The financial security of the would-be parents is, of course, taken for granted, but a farmer with a three-digit annual income or a salaried white-collar worker often has more of a chance than a buyer of yachts. Far more important than an imposing bank account are qualities like emotional stability, outgoing personality, and, above all, a deep and sincere desire for parenthood.

Recently an extremely wealthy woman applied for a baby. In the storybook tradition, this should have been a marvelous opportunity for any little Orphan Annie. Naturally the woman was taken aback when Miss Lena Cochran, the young social worker who interviews all newcomers at the agency, gently but firmly refused her application.

Miss Cochran, skilled in sizing up personalities, knew almost immediately that the woman didn't really want a child. A fashionable friend of hers had adopted a baby and this woman thought it a "charming" idea. When Miss Cochran tried to outline some of the problems involved in raising a child, the woman exclaimed, "Oh, come now, little children don't have problems!"

It's precisely because little children do have problems which can turn into man-sized ones that Spence-Chapin is so exacting in the standards it sets for parents. An adopted child, by virtue of the unnatural separation from his own mother, has one strike against him to begin with, and unless he gets the best of all possible breaks on his second try, he's apt to become a social liability.

The hyphen in the concern's name signifies a 1943 merger of two of New York City's (and the nation's) oldest adoption services: the Spence Adoption Nursery, organized by Clara B. Spence in 1895, and the Alice Chapin Adoption Nursery, founded by Dr. Henry Dwight Chapin, one-time president of the American Pediatric Association, and his wife in the early 1900s. They were pioneers in a field that was honeycombed with fear and prejudice.

An illegitimate child in those days, often enough, was looked upon as a damned one. Adoption was considered a terrific risk on the part of the foster parents: no telling what kind of monster they might be harboring. If a homeless waif was lucky enough to be adopted, he was supposed to be everlastingly grateful.

But Miss Spence and the Chapins felt that parents were a child's right, not an act of Providence. By careful study and supervision of children, they took the risk out of adoption. And they can take some of the credit for a steadily-expanding adoption market in the United States.

According to the latest estimates of the Children's Bureau in Washington, nearly 17,000 children a year are now being adopted in the United States. Yet today there are far more people seeking to adopt children than there are children to adopt. That's in spite of the fact that since 1941 the number of babies born out of wedlock, chief source of Spence-Chapin's supply, represents an increase of at least 25 per cent over peacetime estimates. But the rise in demand has been even sharper.

If Spence-Chapin were interested in making money, it would take advantage of the current trends. A lot of unlicensed agents are. At least 50 per cent of the adoptions in the New York area, for example, are handled by unauthorized agents. According to recent reports, some baby peddlers are getting as high as $1,000 a baby in the wartime black markets.

But Spence-Chapin isn't a cash-and-carry concern. It is a tax-exempt organization, operating for charitable purposes, and it is supported by voluntary contributions and gifts. Parents pay no fees, although satisfied customers frequently make donations.

Miss Dorothea Coe, executive secretary of Spence-Chapin, says that more than 600 applications for babies were placed in its files last year. She estimates that at present it is receiving about 200 requests a month via telephone, letter, and personal calls. But only seventy-five babies

(Continued on page 72)

GRAPEVINE for OPA

BY LOUISE DICKINSON RICH

Meet a lot of plain people who were asked to do a job and are doing it the best they can. By the author of We Took to the Woods

At the OPA board in Rumford, Maine, Louise Rich learns how Community Service Panels get rationing and price-control news to people who live in isolated spots.

IF I should ride up to you in a hack—or to a fisherman's wife in some little coastal village, or to the man who brings our mail in here to the remote backwoods twice a week—and ask, "How many points is a pound of butter worth now?" you'd be able to tell me without even stopping to think.

But if I should ask, "How'd you find that out?" I doubt very much if you'd be able to tell me exactly. You'd probably say, "Oh, I read it in the paper, I guess. Or maybe it was on the radio. Or—oh, I don't remember. What does it matter, anyhow, as long as I know?"

It doesn't really matter, of course, just as long as you do know. But the fact that you do know is about the best tribute that can be paid to those friends and neighbors of yours who are serving on that part of OPA War Price and Rationing Board called the Community Service Panel. Recognition of their efficiency is all the pay they will get, too.

In the early days of rationing and price control, the information service was very badly handled. That isn't a statement that I made up myself. It is generally admitted by administrators of the OPA to be true. The result was that none of us knew quite what was expected of us, or—even more important—why it was expected.

This was a situation that had to be remedied before the rationing system could possibly operate with anywhere near the degree of success that was vitally necessary. So, about a year later, the Community Service Panels were organized.

I myself am not particularly enthralled by anything that goes around calling itself a bunch of letters, like CSP. There is a certain inhuman, dry-as-dust quality there that leaves me unmoved. It wasn't until recently, when Catherine Jacobs, who keeps house for me, announced with every appearance of authority that the blue tokens were no longer to be used that my natural curiosity began to percolate.

How in thunder, I wondered, did she know that? Neither of us had been Outside—that is, across the two lakes and five miles of tote road that separate us from the dead end of the road that leads fourteen difficult miles to the fringes of civilization. No one had been In—In is the deep woods where we live—to tell her. The radio had been busted for three weeks, and we take no paper. I could see why she, as housekeeper, might make more of an effort to keep abreast of rationing affairs than I. But the most passionate interest and the best will in the world couldn't, I was sure, enable her to go into a trance and pick a thing like that out of the air. So I undertook to investigate.

Maine is a very good state in which to carry on an investigation of this sort. We have cities and farms and forests, and islands out at sea. Any information system that will work in Maine will work anywhere, I verily believe. You can't use the same methods everywhere, of course. But Americans from way back are old hands at cutting the coat to fit the cloth, and that, after all, is the working principle of the CSP. If you've got a local radio station, use it, is the idea. But if you haven't—well, there are other ways of getting word around.

Bangor, for example, has everything, including a Community Service Panel right out of the book. Radio is represented by Mr. Edward Guernsey, the manager of WLBZ, the station to which everyone in Maine who has a radio listens. The press is represented by Mr. Palmer and Mr. Morgrage from the two Bangor dailies. Through the superintendent of schools, Roland Carpenter, and the Rev. John Feaster, the facilities of the schools and churches are made available. And Mrs. John Quinn, the only woman on the Bangor CSP, represents the Catholic women's groups of Bangor. There isn't anyone who can't be reached, the Bangor chairman, Mr. McManus, assures me, and I believe him.

The papers give free space for the spreading of information. If pork is point-free this week, you read about it there. If you happen to miss it in the paper, you hear about it during the fifteen minutes of free radio time given the panel by WLBZ on Friday nights. If you miss it there, having gone to the movies instead, your child will come home from school with a little mimeographed note for your attention.

The Community Service members will catch up with you somewhere along the line, and don't think that they won't. And, mind you, these people aren't professional advertisers. They're just people, serving free. They all have other jobs to hold down—except maybe Mrs. Quinn. She says all she does is keep house. But she has five children, including a pair of twins, so I think she doesn't sit about the house

(Continued on page 60)

THREE YEARS OF OPA

By Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt

THERE is no one in this country who remembers the last war who does not recognize that something really tremendous has been accomplished in keeping down inflation during this war. This has been done largely, of course, through rationing and price control, and the successful carrying-out of these programs has been almost entirely accomplished by volunteers.

Patriotic men and women, 200,000 or more, have served their friends and neighbors and made a tremendous contribution to the war effort on the home front.

Ours is the only nation in the world in which volunteers are doing this job, so it really is "Democracy in Action" in a total war.

Our sons are fighting in faraway places, and we know the anxieties, the dread, and the sorrow that can come to those whose families are actually on the fighting fronts. We have, however, been spared the physical horrors of war within our continental limits. We do not know what it is to be refugees from our own homes, to be driven like cattle and strafed by enemy airplanes as we struggle to find a way to move along the roads; so we have much for which to be thankful. Yet perhaps it has been harder for us for this very reason to face the shortages and to deny ourselves the recreations which we could have if we did not live under the restrictions and controls of the OPA.

Therefore the civilians who have worked as volunteers in this program have had a hard time in many cases in their own communities. These boards were organized, managed, and opened for business in less than a month after we went to war, and they have functioned ever since. These volunteers, our neighbors, deserve our gratitude and respect and congratulations on this, their third anniversary of service.

The Rationing of R.P. Hume

BY ROBERT CARSON

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

THE Hume Unit moved into Fairmount in early June. They took over the old Nason glove factory building, unused for five years, and enclosed the whole thing and a big stretch of ground behind with a high fence. Men with revolvers belted on them took to patrolling the confines. What went on in the old glove factory was strictly the government's business. Visitors were not welcome.

Fairmount, a farming community of a few hundred people, was a little excited at first. Fifty assorted men and women descended upon them and overflowed the Halsey House and had to be lodged wherever a bed could be found for them. The two drugstores and the movie theater did more business. A man named Frank Shepp visited the city fathers and showed them a small but impressive badge, said the unit was doing some highly important research for Mr. Whiskers, didn't want any publicity, and hoped nobody was going to get nosy.

Fairmount was not nosy. The new people worked long hours, and lights burned through the night in the factory. The town knew vaguely that something connected with electronics was being done and that was all. The unit people had absolutely nothing to say concerning their work. If asked, they said they made gloves.

On one matter the citizenry was pretty well informed. The head of the Hume Unit stayed in a house on Oak Street belonging to young Mrs. Terence Smith, whose husband had received greetings from the President. The head's name was R. P. Hume, and he was a tall thin youthful man with slightly baggy pants and a tie that was permanently cockeyed. He wore horn-rimmed glasses, his face was handsome, innocent and rather blank, his hair was thick and mussy, and he had a habit of mislaying everything but Frank Shepp, who rarely left him. Frank Shepp also stayed in the house on Oak Street.

Mrs. Smith was able to be quite informative to her intimates. Mr. Hume, she reported, was a nice man who ate very lightly and couldn't recollect who she was. He was a physicist and didn't seem to know what he was doing. Mr. Shepp, she said, knew what he was doing all the time. She was sure he carried a *gun*.

ORDINARILY, nothing could have happened in Fairmount, except enemy agents blowing up the glove factory, some fresh discovery in the field of physics, or a new secret weapon. But it did, and it was connected with R. P. Hume, Frank Shepp, a pool hall, a girl, and a dog.

One evening R. P. Hume was sitting in Mrs. Smith's sitting room. Across from him was Frank Shepp. Mrs. Smith was in the kitchen doing the dinner dishes. Frank, a burly and unconcerned man, was in excellent health, but he thought the Brain, as he privately referred to R. P. Hume, looked a little pale and listless. The government had charged him with Hume's safety, and he presumed that included health.

"I would offer you a penny for your thoughts," he said, "except I know I haven't got the kind of money they are worth. What is cooking with you, R. P.?"

Hume started. "Cooking? Did you mention cooking? Mrs.—ah—ah—"

"Mrs. Smith. That's the name you were trying to think of."

"Oh, yes," R. P. Hume said. "Mrs. Smith."

"She does the cooking here."

"She does?"

"Nothing like having a little chat together, is there?" Frank said. "Listen, R. P. Have you got any vices you would like to indulge?"

"None right at the moment," Hume replied cautiously.

"You've had quite a grind here lately, and you look peaked. You ought to get out and amuse yourself. It might bring the roses to your cheeks again."

"I never had any roses in my cheeks, —ah—ah—"

"Frank," Frank said. "My last name's Shepp. Well, now is the time to get them, out here in the country. How about going for a walk with me?"

"I don't believe I'd care to."

Frank removed his cigar from his mouth and gazed patiently at R. P. Hume. "R. P., have you ever gone in for sports?"

Hume shook his head.

"What did you do when you were a kid?" Frank asked.

"Mathematics," R. P. Hume said.

"You must have played some. I mean spinning tops, for instance."

"As I recall, I did play with tops. However, it was more in the nature of an experiment in equilibrium with me, and—"

"Speaking of tops," Frank said, "here goes mine. . . . No, that won't do. We'd look funny going out and spinning tops. R. P., you should have a hobby. You'll have to become a man among men."

"If I had a couple of cathode-ray tubes," R. P. Hume said then, "and perhaps a—"

"You'll have to be satisfied with ordinary toys," Frank told him. "Let's go out for a while. It'll do you good."

He got R. P. Hume up and handed him his hat and set him in motion.

They walked down Oak Street, across Sage, and turned onto Commercial Street, which was the main stem. There weren't many cars out because of gasoline rationing, but plenty of people on foot. The bowling alley was doing a good business. Adjoining it was a pool hall. Frank paused with a reminiscent expression.

"These joints are a home away from home for me," he remarked. "Ever shoot any pool, R. P.?"

"No, I haven't," Hume said.

Moved by a powerful compulsion, Frank led him inside. They selected a table and Frank fitted Hume with a cue. He explained the game briefly. If there was one thing Hume did well, it was picking up information fast. He understood the rules of the game instantly.

A long time was consumed playing the first game. Frank was rusty and Hume had a beginner's awkwardness. They tried again. Both improved.

A fat man eased himself out of a chair and came over to them. He had a calculating look and Frank knew what was coming, but he wanted Hume to win friends and influence people. The fat man thought a small wager would make the game more fun. They settled on a quarter apiece and played call shot. Frank won, which did not surprise him. He was also not surprised when the fat man wanted to raise the ante to a dollar the next round. Then the fat man proceeded to win. They paid off.

"I WANT to go up to the drugstore and get some razor blades," Frank said. "You want to keep on playing, R. P.?"

"I believe I will," R. P. Hume said.

Frank was pleased that his charge had a gleam in his eye. He left him with the hope that he had found a new diversion that was healthful and inspiring.

After Frank had gone, Hume held up the game a while, measured the table, studied the circumference of the balls, traced angles with his cue, and did a series of rough calculations. The fat man was annoyed by the delay. He was still more annoyed when R. P. Hume won the game.

"Let's play for a sawbuck this time," he said. "I want to see you do it again."

R. P. Hume had no idea of the value of a sawbuck, but he did it again. The fat man's face grew cerise.

"A double sawbuck!" he said. "If there is anything I hate, it is a slick character."

The ivory balls moved in their courses as immutably as the stars, and R. P. Hume had determined those courses accurately enough to relieve the fat man of his dough.

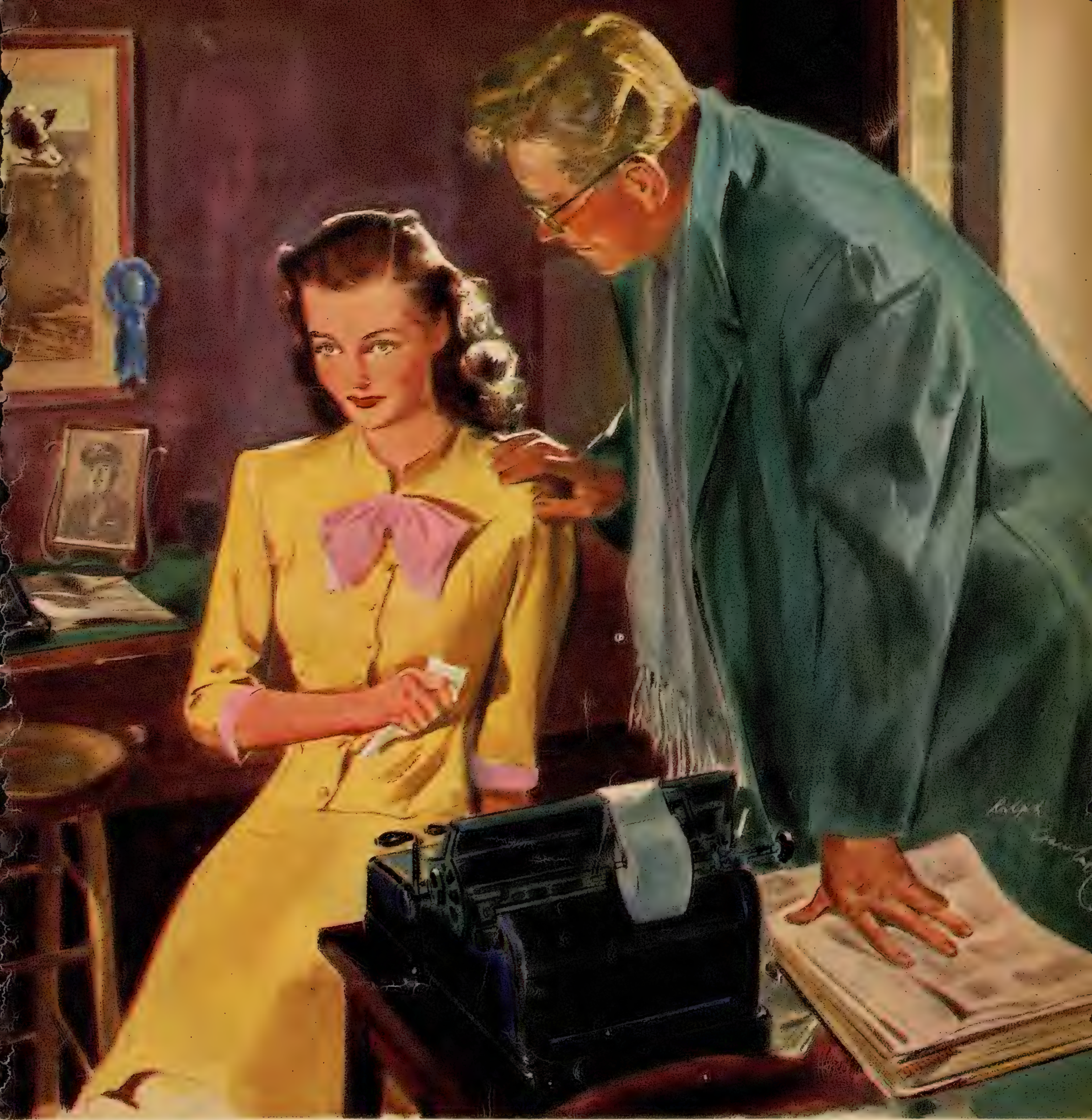
"This has been pleasant," R. P. Hume said as he racked his cue. "Perhaps I'll see you in here another night."

"You may see me," the fat man replied, "but you won't be playing with me."

R. P. Hume wandered vaguely out, the episode already forgotten. He intended to look for Frank Shepp, who had not returned, but he forgot him too.

He walked a considerable distance, thinking of the number of molecules in a gram molecule. Before he knew it, he

"Love," scientist Hume told the lovely Alison, "is an electrical impulse." Whereupon Alison pulled the switch, unloosing complications which threatened to get in the way of the war



"How can I forget?" Hume demanded. "I don't remember a face or a name, but I never forget a problem. You're a problem to me now."

was lost in the rutted darkness of a country road. There was a dim glow of light to his left. He stumbled in that direction, eventually coming to a wire fence. Feeling his way along it, he arrived at a gate with a sign overhead. The lack of illumination made the sign impossible to read.

A building was dimly visible in the background.

Hume opened the gate and entered the yard. A large object, hurtling through the air, hit him and knocked him flat. He lay dazedly, his breath gone. A big dog stood over him, growling quietly.

"Nice doggie," R. P. Hume said. "Go away, doggie."

The dog snarled menacingly. When Hume attempted to move, the dog snapped at him. He had to lie perfectly still.

A flashlight beam fell on both him and his attacker. Hume blinked incredulously at the dog. He was one of the biggest and most unpleasant German shepherds he had ever seen. A girl walked up to them and left the beam on Hume's face.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded.

"Fighting a large dog," R. P. Hume said. "I would rather not fight unless he insists. Do you have any influence with him?"

"Why are you in this yard?"

"I lost my way and was trying to get directions."

The girl put a choke leash on the dog and helped Hume to his feet. His back hurt and he walked with a limp as she led him to the building. Inside was an office—a couple of chairs, a desk, a typewriter, and an adding machine. Hume sat down with a groan. The girl tied the dog to a leg of the desk.

"You look quite harmless," she said.

"I assure you," R. P. Hume said, "that I am not a thug or housebreaker."

"Wait a minute," the girl said. "Aren't you the head of that Buck Rogers outfit over in the old glove factory?"

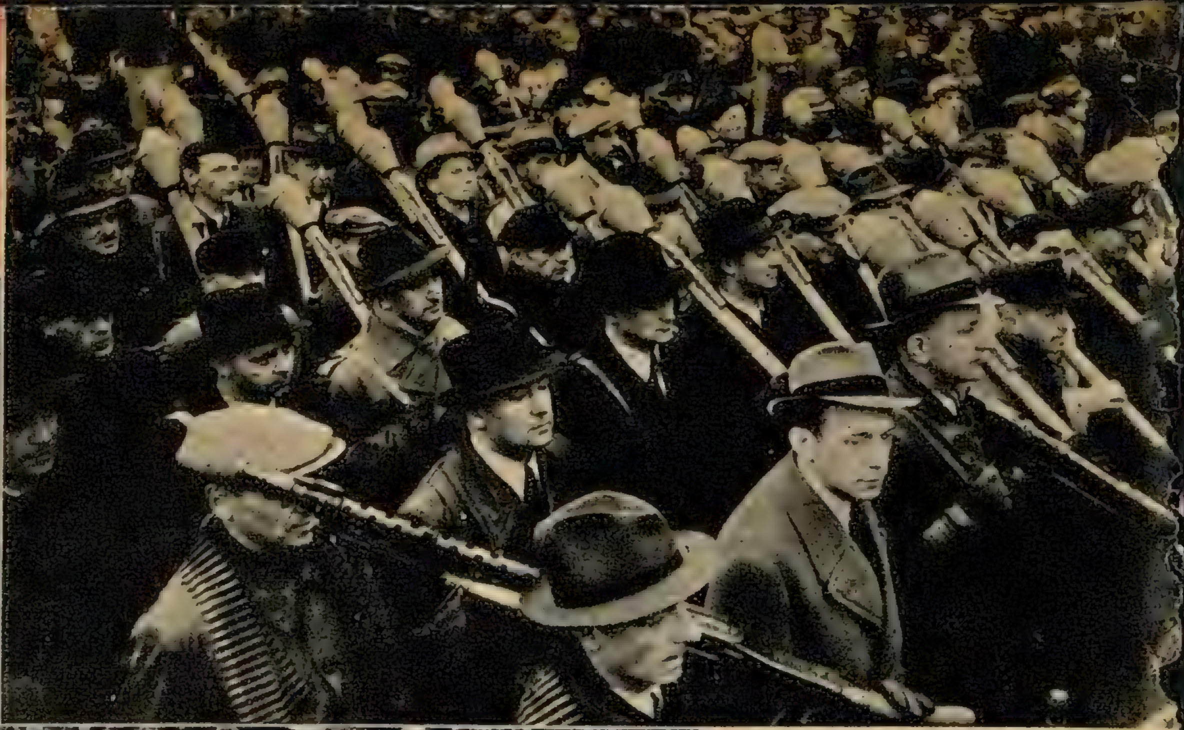
"That's right—although there is no one named Rogers connected with our unit."

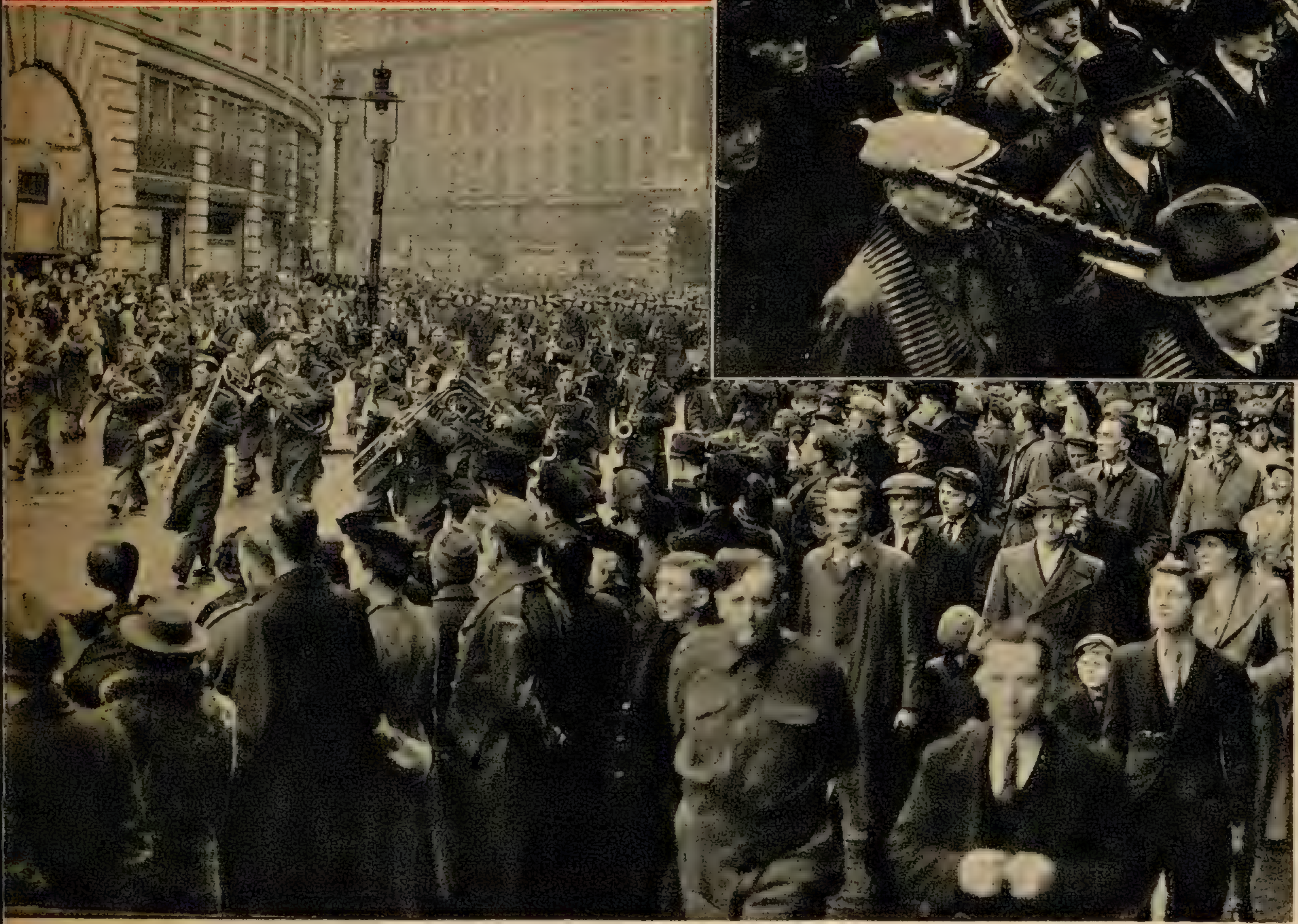
The girl smiled. "Your name is Hume, isn't it? I thought I'd seen you before."

(Continued on page 48)

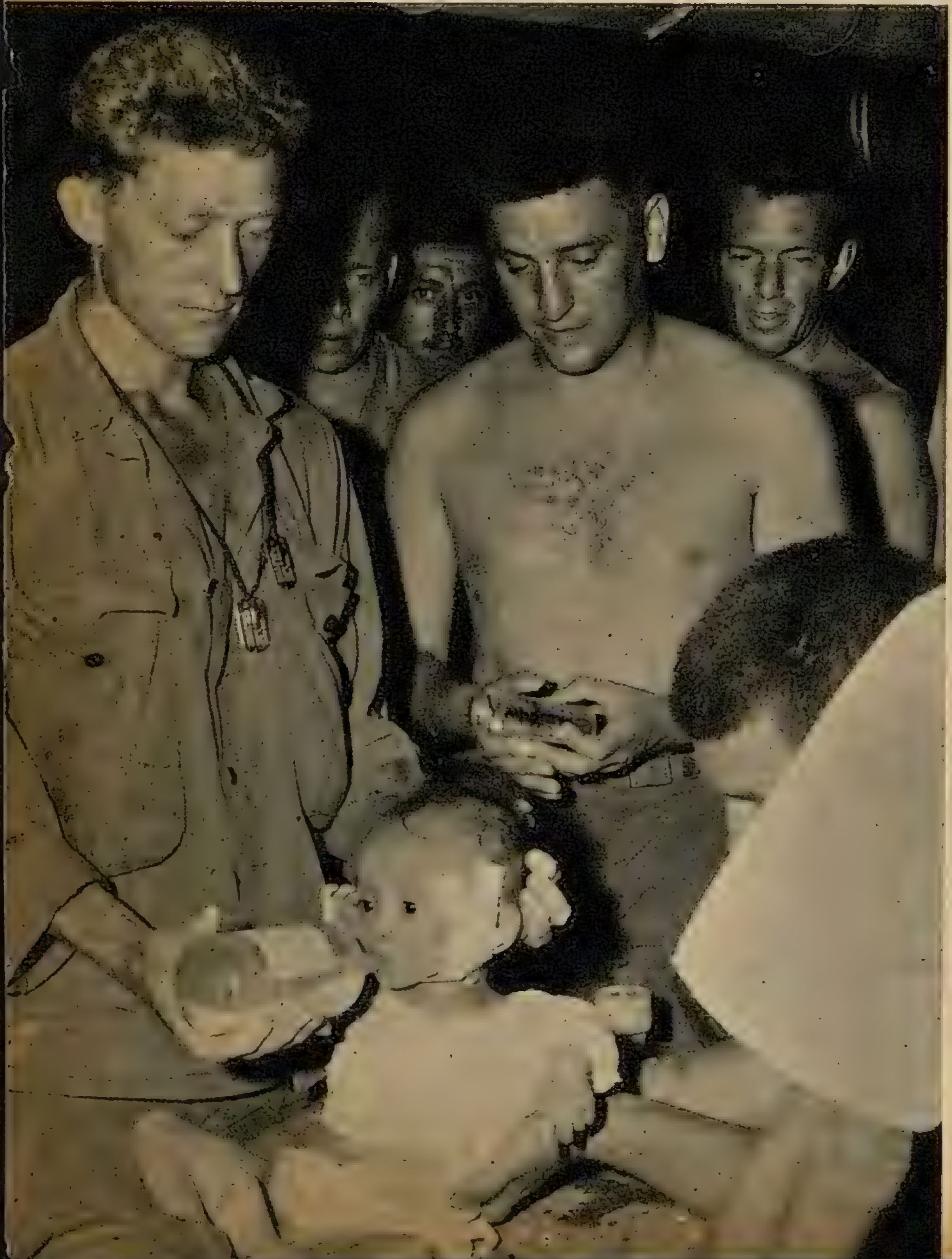
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

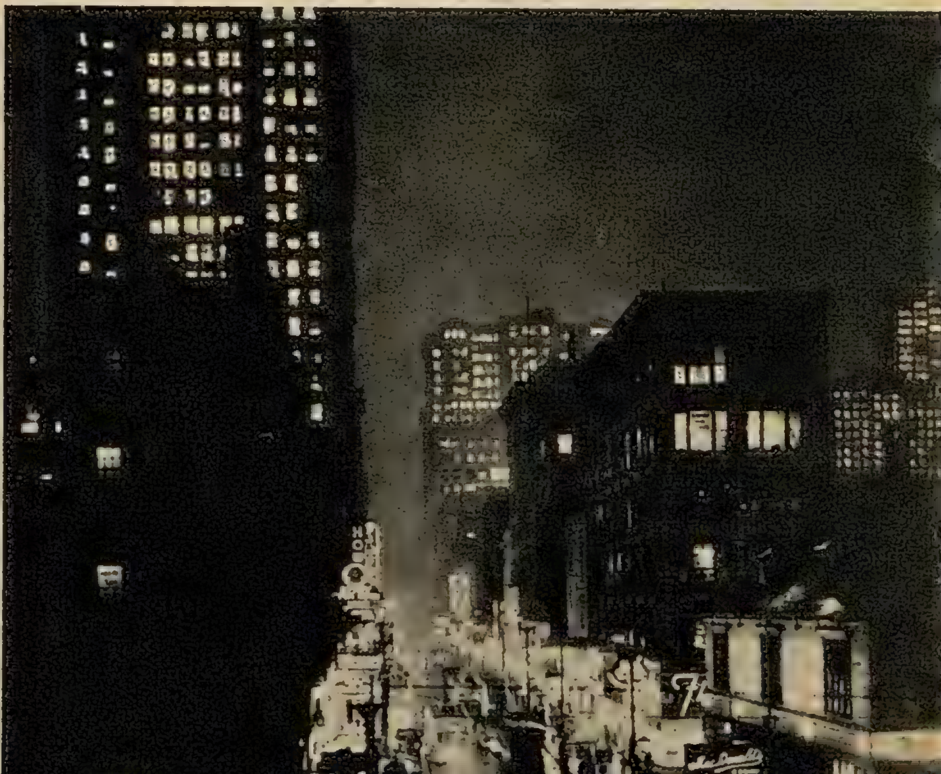




TWO HOME GUARDS— A good deal of the progress of the war is told in these two pictures. In 1940, with invasion seeming imminent, England organized her Home Guard. No longer needed, it came to an end last month with a triumphal parade (left). And now that it is Germany that is in peril, the Volkssturm marches (above) in Berlin, carrying oddly-shaped rocket-launching weapons.

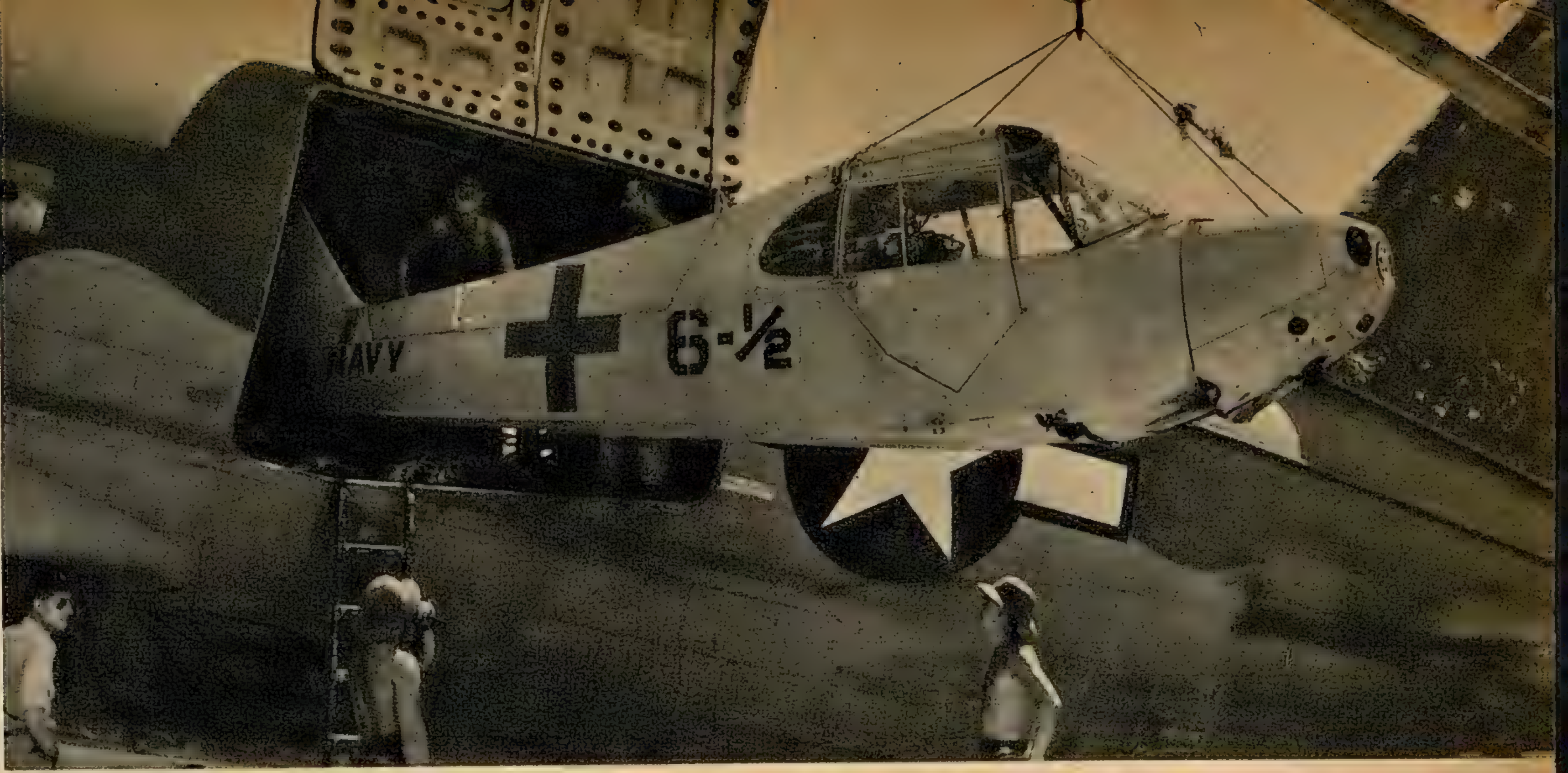


G. I. MOTHERS—When Yanks found this bayoneted Filipino baby on Leyte, they couldn't do enough for it. No man is a bachelor at heart, as these attentive medics amply prove.



GREAT SMOKY WAY—Pittsburghers hardly knew when to get up the other day, when their city looked like this at 11 A. M. Low clouds, smoke, and fog combined to create an artificial night.

FOR MERCY'S SAKE!—And we mean just that. When this big Curtiss Commando transport from Guam landed on Peleliu, it disgorged a tiny Navy Cub hospital plane, which was then reassembled on the spot.



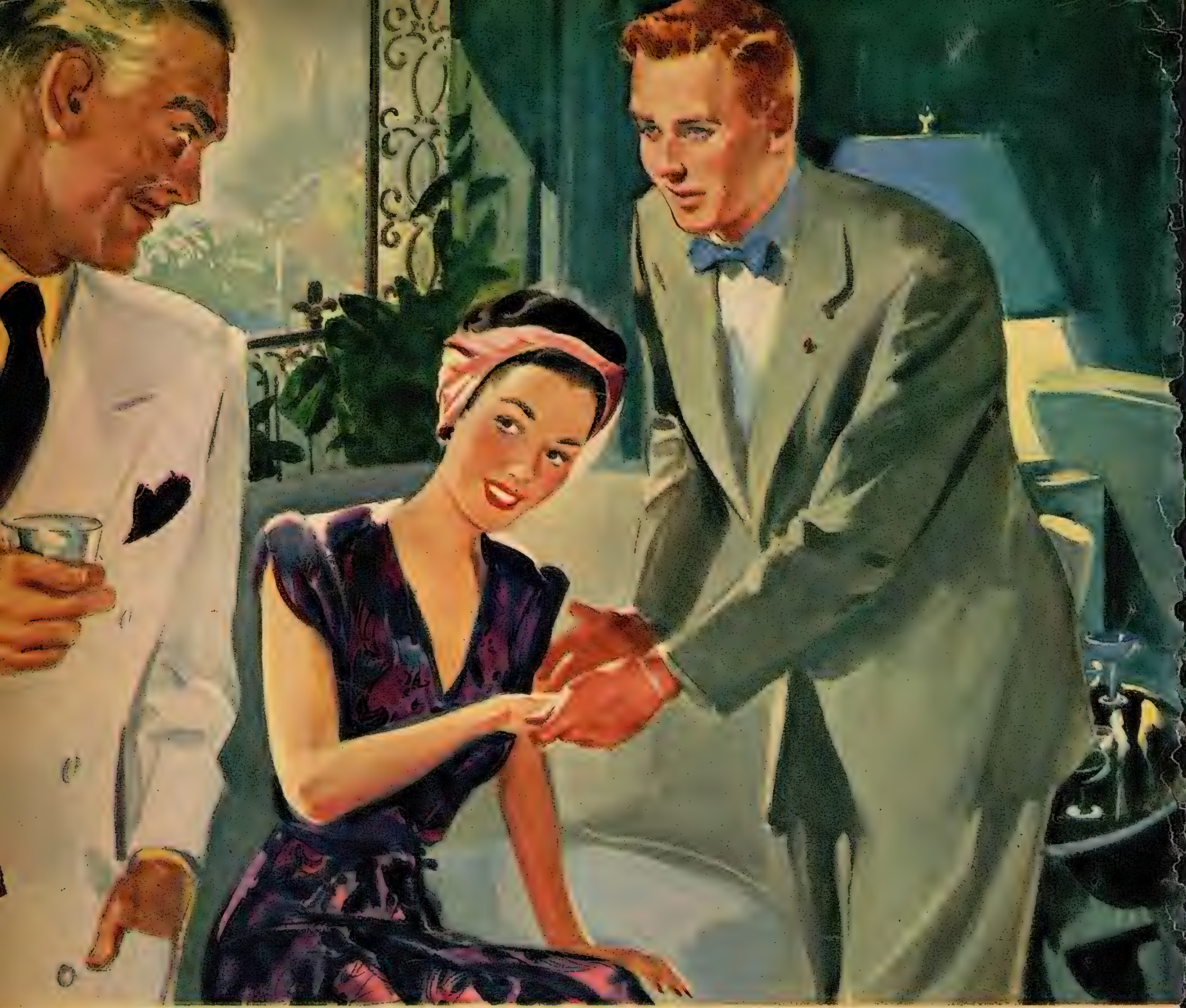
MY DAY—Victor Pegoris, coal miner of Smithton, Pa., hasn't had a day off in 52 years and has a letter from his boss to prove it. You can't blame him for absentee problems.

FELINE FOXHOLE—The photographer said of this picture, taken at the Bide-a-Wee Home in New York, that it was the first time a G. I. helmet had protected 18 lives at once. We can't do better than that.

BALLET, BELIEVE IT OR NOT—The grimacing and finger-twisting figures are Salvador Dali (right) and participants rehearsing in his new "paranoiac ballet" Mad Tristan.

BRAVE MEN—On a battlefield in Italy, clasping their battle-won commissions, are newly-promoted Lieutenants Donald R. Sprow, DeWitt H. French, and Peter De Augustine.

T/Sgt to 2nd Lt
Donald R Sprow
T/Sgt to 2nd Lt
DeWitt H French



"You're beautiful," he said. "You're a blinding beauty." He turned to Danny. "You don't mind if I think your wife's beautiful, do you?"

Love in our time

BY JAMES ASWELL

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

DEAR Dorothy Dix:

I want to tell you all and exactly about me and Danny and the young man named Leo. Then maybe you can help me. I hope not to emphasize unduly the insignificant points, as Danny does and has done always.

So I begin factually. I am a native of this city of New Orleans, Louisiana, and I have in me French, Spanish, and English blood. I married Danny Brady when he was thirty-five and I was seventeen years old.

Now you may be saying, "That's it. That's where the trouble started. Thirty-five and seventeen." And you may be right—that is what I'm trying to find out. But listen, Miss Dix. You, too, they tell me, live in New Orleans, and thus you may understand why there are certain matters to be taken into account . . .

Such as the feel of late March in the Vieux Carré when the sunshine starts climbing down from iron-trellised balconies like bright monkeys, to curl up, *plop*, in Royal and Toulouse and St. Peter and St. Anthony's Close; and the first feel through thin evening slippers of the tiles in the floor of Antoine's; or the first time you sip brandy in Broussard's in the garden, with the lights out and the gong sounding, and Broussard himself coming to tell how he lost his finger unromantically on a fishing trip; or the first Mardi Gras night parade, seen from a high, dark window on St. Charles Street.

Danny Brady showed me some of those things and others I found for myself ten years ago when I was seventeen, but he always knew precisely how they were for me; that was the thing, Miss Dix—he knew.

I am weak—Danny has almost destroyed my character—but I would like to tell all these things. There is really not much about Danny Brady to approve of, unless you approve of money and family and courtesy; and of good looks—the mature kind, with prematurely graying hair, an erect carriage, and the florid complexion men get from having a small brandy with their demitasse each morning for years and years.

Danny never worked at anything much. I think he had a mistress before we had been married a year.

Building the brave new world intrigued Reni, whose husband insisted on treating her like a Southern belle. But then she found out new ideas on lovemaking were not so new after all

It didn't seem so terrible at first—or for a long time afterward. My family approved of him. "He's a gentleman," my grandfather said. "His great-grandfather was Gaston Brede, with more slaves than anyone between here and Baton Rouge. Danny has the tradition of the old city in him. He'll make a young wife happy."

We were poor then and could not afford a coming-out ball for me; the French Opera House had burned down and so I did not even get a box there, with the young men coming in between the acts. Danny simply visited and sat with me in the parlor of our house on Dryades Street, with mother in the next room and the door ajar, and after six months we were married.

There was the matter of the carnival night, Ash Wednesday eve, when Danny and I got separated from the rest of our party . . . Maybe I should mention that. We were looking for a place from which to view the Comus parade and since I am only five feet two I could not possibly see anything at all.

"This way," Danny said. "I have a box seat for you."

Ten minutes later he had closed the door behind us in the parlor of his apartment high over St. Charles Street. He did not turn on the light. Plenty of it was wigwagging in from the torches five stories below, white frosty light and light the color of smoky garnet. And the sound of the crowds. And somewhere, so near it almost seemed in the room, a mandolin was playing.

He took my arm to guide me to the window. But I stopped. The champagne cocktail I had had half an hour ago had started to sing and shine. And I loved Danny. I did too, Miss Dix—or I certainly thought I did. He seemed very handsome and wise in cream-silk suit with satin lapels and his powdered wig.

"Kiss me, Danny."

A little later I said, "No, I mean *really* kiss me, Danny. I love you."

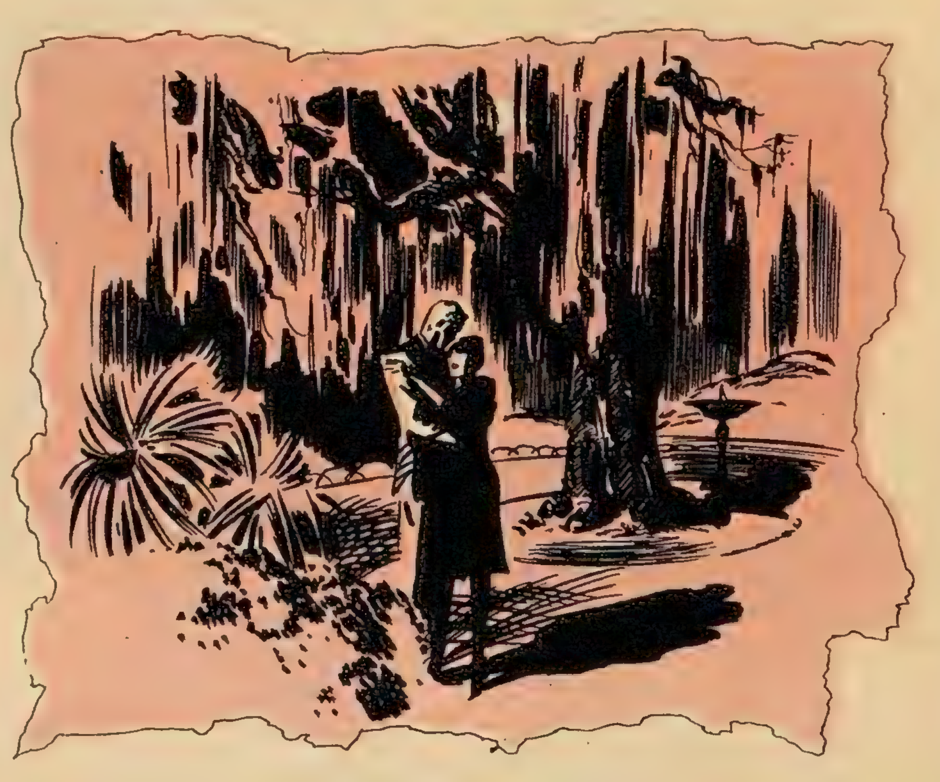
He laughed softly and took me by the shoulders. He shook me gently.

"That's fine," he said. "That's as it should be. Now let's go watch the parade."

ABOUT thirteen months after we were married I found a handkerchief in one of his suit coat pockets that was full of lipstick stains—not my shade at all. The discovery didn't upset me much. It sort of circled the edge of my heart; and then it faded with the weeks, until the two mysterious telephone calls came the week-end I changed my mind about going to visit Aunt Celeste at Donaldsonville. When I answered, the party hung up, and both times I turned to catch a funny look on Danny's face as he stood in the library doorway.

Then that episode faded out too; after all, I didn't *know* anything. And when I cried in Danny's arms one night he was so humorous and tender and reassuring that everything was right again. The next morning he sent me a dozen pale-yellow roses and a corsage, and took me that night to the Blue Room and afterward to a drab smoky club in the Vieux Carré. Danny sat holding my hand. I felt secure and warm. At half past four we had coffee in the French market, and flaky square doughnuts.

I know, Miss Dix, I may be telling you a lot of things that don't bear on my problem. Like about doughnuts and yellow roses. I guess Danny has influenced me.



Then Leo seized and kissed me. He was very strong.

Suzie Carnes set me to thinking one day last summer.

I met Suzie rolling bandages for the Red Cross. She's from Pennsylvania, a big long-faced girl of maybe twenty-five, not pretty but terribly intelligent. Her husband is some sort of social-service worker for the government. She's about the only Northerner I ever got to know well.

Suzie said, "You know, Reni, you're marvelous. How old are you? Twenty-seven? And a beauty, too. And yet you're letting life pass you by. You're an absolute little museum piece, a survival from another age. Did you know that?"

She shook out her mop of wild hair and peered at me through spectacles with frames shaped like the Mardi Gras mask of a Pierrot. We were having coffee at eleven in the morning in her apartment in the Quarter. She went on, "I've watched you, Reni darling, and although it's none of my business, it seems such a waste to think of you not even being a participant in these stirring years. How old were you when you married?"

"I was seventeen."

She drew a sharp breath. I sat very still, fascinated by what she was saying but not quite sure what she meant.

"I'll bet you don't even know what business your husband is in."

"Well," I began, "he does something about cotton. Buys it and sells it; things like that."

She gave a shrill laugh.

"It's priceless, dear, perfectly priceless! You're absolutely out of the nineteenth century. The innocent and beautiful little chatelaine, preserved under glass from the harsh realities of the world, while the aging dandy of a husband lives on inherited money, gambles in the cotton market of an outworn capitalism, and probably keeps a sloe-eyed little thing in a cute apartment hidden in the suburbs."

SUZIE leaned forward. She was thrilled by her own eloquence and I admired her for it; I was amazed that she should guess at what had sometimes troubled me about Danny.

"What makes you think— Oh, Suzie, I *have* been worried about Danny and some woman. Little things— But how did you guess?"

She threw up her hands. "Guess? Why, my poor sweet, the pattern is too perfect. And, of course, if Danny thought his inviolable little wife had even so much as looked at another man he'd be outraged to the roots of his slickumed hair. He'd get out the dueling pistols."

"Well," I said, feeling mixed up and troubled deep down, "I'm glad you know how it is. I'm glad you sympathize."

She laughed again. She set her cup on the table.

"Sympathize—with *you?* Not on your life. I sympathize with that other poor girl who is kept under wraps, patronized and scorned. The peasant girl! It burns me up. Darling, I only deplore your attitude for not breaking away and asserting yourself. I deplore your satisfaction, your complacency."

"You really think it's as bad as that?"

"Of course I do. Honey, you don't even know what love is in these days. Bill and I have shared every idea, every thought almost, since we were married. We realize that we are living in dynamic times. Why, sometimes we sit up half the night discussing trends or arguing."

A gurgle of laughter rose in my throat—I had a sudden picture of myself and Danny discussing trends. But I grew quickly solemn. I knew this was a very serious talk, that my life *was* all wrong.

"But, Suzie, what do you think I ought to do? Should Danny and I take some courses—attend lectures together?"

(*Continued on page 64*)

SURE YOU'LL
BE PROUD OF IT . .

There's a Ford in your future!

It's only human nature to be proud of things you like. And when your new Ford car arrives—in the coming days of peace—you'll want the world to know it's yours! . . . Your friends will call it "handsome". For this new Ford of yours will have smart and youthful styling. It will be a big, comfortable, sturdy car—rich appearing, both inside and out. . . . Naturally, you can expect this new car to offer the traditional Ford economy and reliability. And it will reflect all the skilled craftsmanship and experience which Ford has gained in more than 40 years. . . . Yes, we'll be ready to swing into action with our production plans when the time comes. In the meantime the full resources of Ford are helping to speed the day of final victory.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY

LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN

BY
BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Probably the most widely-discussed character of this season's crop of fiction is Ellen Harland, the brilliant and beautiful woman who loved her husband but had to possess him one hundred per cent, body and soul . . . or else. It took a craftsman of great skill and sincerity to write this compellingly-interesting story.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
REYNOLD POLLAK

FOR as long as he could remember, Danny Harland had been sure that his big brother was one of the lesser gods. Even while Danny was still almost a baby, Dick had treated him as an equal, sharing his enthusiasms and interesting himself in the things which interested Danny. Their father's death just before Dick went to college, and their mother's shortly after, drew the two brothers closer still.

When Danny was twelve, Dick Harland finished his third successful novel, and that winter he was besought to lecture not only in Boston but elsewhere; so he saw less than usual of Danny. When in April the boy contracted infantile paralysis, Dick blamed himself for neglect, and as soon as the acute state of the illness had passed, took him to Warm Springs, engaging for himself one of the smaller housekeeping cottages there.

Not long after their arrival at the Foundation a letter came from Glen Robie, a wealthy oil man whose acquaintance Dick and Danny had made during a fishing trip the previous summer. Robie wrote to invite them to visit him on his ranch in New Mexico.

Dick had at first no thought of going, but Danny insisted that he must do so, and finally Dick yielded.

Danny read Dick's New Mexico letters over and over, and as the time for Dick's return approached he lost himself in excited anticipation. At last there were only three days before Dick would be back.

But next morning there was a letter from him, which had come by air mail. Danny's heart quickened with an instant alarm. He began eagerly to read:

"Dear Danny—This is going to be in some ways a hard letter to write, and I wish it didn't have to be written, wish I could be there to tell you."

Danny's breath caught at that. It had an alarming sound. But the next sentence began to reassure him: "For it is the best of news I have to tell you, Danny.

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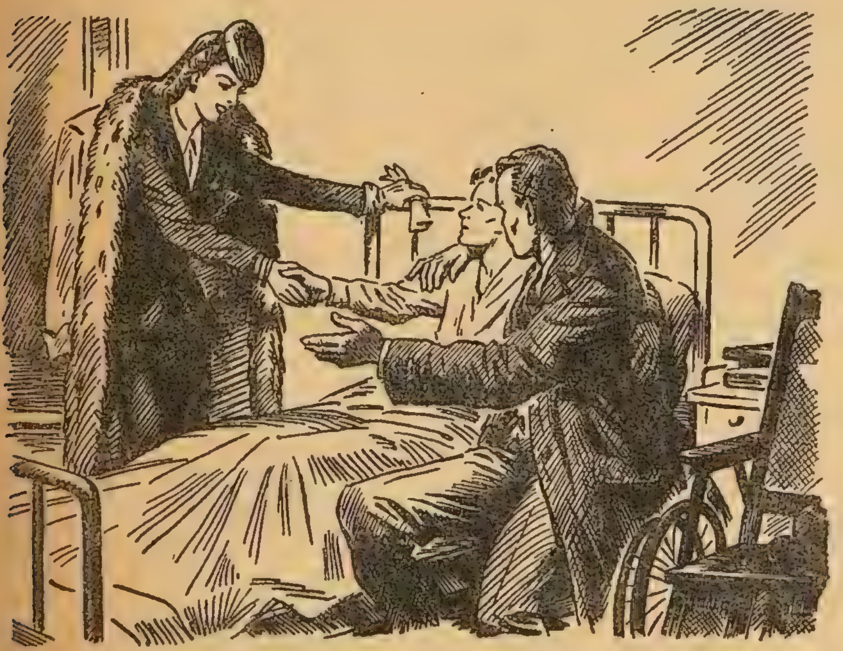
I'm going to be married tomorrow morning, to—as the fellow said—'the most wonderful girl in the world.' Only in this case it happens to be true. We'll leave here at once, and have a few days together before we come back to you. I know you'll be disappointed just at first, because you'll be expecting me about the time you get this; but I know you'll forgive us. It will only be for a few days, that's sure."

Danny muttered weakly, "Gosh!" Probably things would be mighty different between them from now on. But of course he wanted Dick to be in love and married and happy. He read on.

"Well, now you want to know all about her. Her name's Ellen Berent, and she's lived all her life on Mount Vernon Street in Boston and at Bar Harbor in the summer. It seems impossible that she and I never met before; but there it is. I've already spoken of her in my letters, though I may not have told you her name. She was the girl on the train. Remember? She's done a lot of hunting and fishing with her father, and she's about the loveliest thing you can imagine. I know you and she will be fine friends."



There was more and more about Ellen. Dick described a trip down the canyon, on which Ellen and he had been in danger together. And he concluded:

"I had liked Ellen before that, and yet I had felt a certain antagonism toward her too, for no reason, except that I was a confirmed old bachelor. But before the end of that day it seemed to me that she and I were, in all the ways that mattered, already married, and that she was the bravest and finest and altogether the most desirable woman in the world.

"And I saw in her eyes that she felt the same way about me. Maybe it's a conceited thing to say, Danny, but I think she's quite as much in love with me as I am with her. For instance, my idea would have been to wait till you could be at our wedding; but she doesn't want to wait. To wait would mean her going back to Boston and my going back to you, and our not seeing each other for weeks or months; but she's anxious to come with me, and to know you, and I'm anxious for you to know her. And neither of us wanted to wait.

"Be ready with a big welcome for us, Danny. I want you to be as happy as I am. We both send love, and we'll see you soon. "DICK."

ONE evening a telegram announced they would arrive next day. During the last hours before they came, Danny lay still, trembling terribly, perspiring, cold with lonely terror of the unknown. At last he heard Dick's voice along the corridor. He shut his eyes tight.

Then Dick bent over him, saying huskily, "Hi, Danny!" and Danny flung his arms around Dick's neck and they were both laughing with tears in their eyes.

Dick said, "And here she is, Danny!" He still held Danny with one arm, sitting on the edge of Danny's bed, and with the other hand he drew her near.

She was so wonderfully beautiful, just as Dick had said. She held out her hand and said, "Hi, Danny!" exactly as Dick had done, and he gripped her hand gratefully, and said, "Good morning, Ellen." And he smiled a little, and she smiled; and he knew at once that she was all right.

Just to see Dick and Ellen together was like swallowing a great draft of delicious, warming wine. They seemed to shine. Their eyes were bright and clear; their smooth cheeks were full and glowing; their heads were high and laughter sang in their tones. They walked together through the world as though the world were theirs and all desired things in it.

Dick worked that winter, absorbed in another novel. To it he gave every morning; but Ellen came to Danny as early as the routine of his treatment would permit and stayed with him till Dick appeared. Then they were all a while together, till Dick took Ellen away to lunch. In the afternoons, as soon as Danny was well enough, and if the day were fine, they drove for hours.

When Ellen and the boy were alone, she asked him many questions about Dick, as though she could never hear enough of him. Danny had heard his mother tell anecdotes of Dick's childhood, and he had to repeat them all. Ellen wished to know what Dick had looked like when he was little, and Danny had seen pictures of him and tried to describe them, and he promised to find these old photographs when they all went back to Boston together. She asked about their house in Boston, and about their cabin at Back of the Moon in Maine, where they had spent their summers.

Danny told her how beautiful the lake was, and he told her about Leick, the guide who always took care of him and Dick there.

And Ellen told Danny about herself and about her father, who was now dead. Professor Berent had been Glen Robie's adviser on oil lands, but his hobby had been collecting bird specimens for museums, and Ellen had helped him.

Sometimes Ellen read aloud and Danny forgot to listen, content to watch her. He thought he could never have imagined anyone so completely beautiful and so altogether charming as she was.

Danny now swam regularly in the pool. He and Ellen planned that next summer at Back of the Moon, if the doctors would let him go there, he would practice till he was strong and then some day he would swim clear across the lake! They decided not to tell Dick beforehand, but just do it and surprise him.

DURING those months—almost a year—at Warm Springs, Dick was like a man intoxicated. Ellen fitted herself to his moods as a dog does to its master's wishes, eager to do with him whatever he wished to do, equally happy to be idle with him at his desire. Her beauty was a continuing delight, yet even in their richest hours, with the impersonal mind of the novelist he sometimes thought their roles were reversed: that she was eager, he consenting; and to see her thus filled him with a proud tenderness.

She recognized this difference, said more than once, "I love you so much more than you love me, Richard. If you ever stopped loving me, I'd die. And I'd want to die!" This was true of her, yet he knew—with a faint sense of guilt—that it was not true of him. Most men, he suspected, were or might be self-sufficient; it was women who lived to the utmost only through surrender—which was at the same time possession.

He turned to his work with a keen zest he had never known, and it was as though he had acquired a sixth sense. He perceived in the pattern of human life complexities he had not hitherto suspected, and he began to comprehend emotional depths which till now had seemed to him unreal, theatrical, factitious. His hours at his desk were filled with a high excitement, his hours with her were wholly contenting. Only rarely did any shadow cloud their days. Once she asked, as though wishing to be reassured, "Am I all right with Danny, Richard?"

"Wonderful," he assured her. Then, suddenly husky, "When I watch you with him, I'm always imagining what you'll be like with our own sons."

She asked, her eyes searching his, "You want a son, don't you, Richard?"

"Some day, of course. Don't you?"

"Some day, yes." Then she caught him fiercely close. "But not soon, Richard!" she whispered. "I want you all to myself for a while. No one else! Just us two!"

They left Danny while they went for a week-end to Sea Island with Ellen's mother and her sister Ruth who was two years younger than Ellen. With Ruth they rode the beaches and the island trails, Mrs. Berent preferring a sunny corner by the pool. Dick, when he began to know Ruth, did not think of her as plain, as he had at first sight; though she was not beautiful as Ellen was beautiful. She rode as well as Ellen did; but while Ellen's horse, when they returned to the stable, was dark with sweat and flecked with foam, Ruth's was always cool and unwearied.

One night there was dancing at the dinner hour. When he took a turn with Ruth—she danced, he found, as well as she rode—she said, "I want you to know, Dick, that mother and I are ever so glad about you and Ellen. Ellen is sweet, really. I don't need to tell you that. But she's strong, and till she learned to love you, she never—yielded to anyone. She's nicer than ever now."

"There never was anyone like her," he agreed.

WHEN the doctor said that Danny might undertake the trip to Back of the Moon, Dick wrote to Leick to make all ready for them. He wrote also to old Mrs. Huston, who had served his mother and father and who, since Mrs. Harland's death, was in fact mistress of the house on Chestnut Street in Boston, to expect them in mid-June; and when they arrived there she greeted Danny with tearful affection, putting him at once to bed, tending him devotedly. To Ellen she gave a welcome so restrained that Ellen laughingly told Dick she felt like an intruder.

"She's jealous," he explained. "She's ruled the roost so long! But if you want to win her, just get sick. She loves taking care of people. You see how she is with Danny."

"We might leave him here with her," she suggested, her tone light enough to make it clear that she was joking; but she added, "Even the trip north tired him. Maybe it would be wiser if we stayed here with him?"

"He wouldn't let us. He knows how much Back of the Moon means to me."

"We might leave him in Bar Harbor," she proposed, "with mother and Ruth. He'd like Ruth, and she'd be happy taking care of him, and we could see him often."

He said, resenting her persistence, "You're always so ready to turn things over to Ruth! As though she were a maid of all work or something."

She nodded indifferently. "She's adopted, you know," she explained. "She was father's brother's daughter, and he died. She's lived with us since she was a baby, and of course mother's made a regular slave out of her."

His suddenly awakened sympathy for Ruth sharpened his irritation. "I see," he commented. "Well, we won't dump Danny on her hands, anyway! He's our job, Ellen."

On the way to Back of the Moon, they stayed a night at the Berent home in Bar Harbor, and she showed him the wide gardens and the lawn sloping to the rocky shore, and the small study and workshop which Professor Berent had built many years ago on a knoll above the water. In the workroom, Dick watched her go to and fro, lifting things and putting them down again, seeming to find happiness in thus touching objects her father had touched. He saw her pick up a jar labeled "Arsenic" and felt, as normal persons will, a cold shiver of distaste. "Why don't you throw that away?" he suggested. "Someone might get hold of it."

"No one ever comes here but me—and sometimes Ruth, to dust things," she assured him. "It's perfectly harmless, as long as you don't swallow it. I handled it constantly when I helped father."

"I've always heard that even breathing the dust might kill you," he remembered.

"Fairy tales!" she said smilingly, and they turned out of doors again. The night was warm, and they lay on the turf above the sea and watched the fine moon across the water. Ellen was lovely and tender, and they stayed long there. Once Dick suggested that they go to say good night to Danny, but Ellen would not go.

"Just forget everyone else but me for once, won't you?" she pleaded. "There's never been a single day—except maybe just at the very first—and hardly even a single hour since we were married when you've thought of no one in the world but me."

"I don't have to think of you, dearest! You're a part of me. The biggest and best part of me." He meant to reassure her, yet there was a profound intensity in her words which were inadequately met by his inanity.

"You don't understand how much I love you, Richard," she said gravely. "You'll never understand how jealously I love you. I hate sharing your thoughts with anyone else at all. Even with Danny!" The hot passion in her tones was like the first rumble of a distant storm.

After breakfast they set out for Back of the Moon. They took the familiar road through the forest to Cherryfield, turned north then for ten or twelve miles, and so came to where the wood road to the camp began and where Dick always left his car. There Leick, his old friend and guide, was waiting, and their hands clasped in the silent pressure of long understanding. With Ellen and Danny and Leick, the three people dearest in the world to him, Dick was a happy man.

Their days soon settled into a pleasant routine. They rose at dawn, waked usually by the sounds Leick made in the kitchen; and Dick and Ellen raced down to the boathouse for an early dip in the cove. By the time they returned, Leick would have helped Danny dress, and they breakfasted together, sometimes indoors, sometimes on the screened veranda which caught the early sun.

Dick spent the mornings at his desk in the study above the boathouse; and Danny conscientiously made his way down to the wharf, using the easy grades of the new path Leick had made, and grew stronger all the time. Usually he and Ellen in the late forenoon swam in the shallow cove; and when he was upborne by the buoyant water, his disabilities were no longer so obvious. If the day were fine, he swam again in the afternoon, Ellen and Dick with him. Sometimes they took canoe or rowboat—Dick had here two canoes and a flat-bottomed skiff which Leick had built to bring firewood from along the shore, as well as a new speedboat to which a powerful outboard could be attached—and went exploring the lake.

At its farther end, as distant as possible from the boathouse, there was a sandy beach so smooth and level that a hundred yards from the shore the water was still no more than shoulder-deep, and they often chose to go there. Dick was a strong though not a skillful swimmer; but Ellen swam as easily and beautifully as a seal, and Dick and Danny watched her with an equal delight. Her shoulders and legs and back acquired a warm and tawny hue which Dick thought delicious. At dusk they were always sleepy, and as often as not the late sunsets saw them already abed.

DICK was completely happy. Ellen seemed to him more beautiful than ever, and to touch her hand, hear her voice, meet her eyes could make his throat fill and his cheeks burn. She wore a sleepy, sultry indolence, smiling at him through half-closed eyes; and whenever he touched her she was warm as a sunned cat, and his days were rich with joy in her. Also, his work went well, and he was filled with a sense of good achievement. Often, after their noonday meal, he read to them what he had written. Danny had always approved what Dick wrote with an uncritical pride. Ellen was less interested, and she listened lazily, watching Dick with hungry eyes, so that if he looked up from his manuscript and met her glance his pulses quickened leapingly. Once, when this happened, he said in laughing accusation, "You're not listening!"

"I'd lots rather watch you than listen to stories about other people," she told him in teasing flattery. "Did you know your ears wiggle when you read?"

Rarely she had comments, but they were always personalized, as though everything he wrote were directed at her. Thus once she said, drawling sleepily:

"You're one of those men who think women's place is in the home, aren't you? Just good plain cooks? Is that what you want me to be, Richard?"

He laughed, uneasy under her smiling mockery. "Well, something besides just a cook!" he admitted.

She touched his hand. "You're such a boy! See him blushing, Danny! Mothers too? When I have a baby, will you be happy?"

"I'm happy now," he assured her, and read on.

If Danny slept for a while, to compensate for some unusual exertion, they slipped away like truants, wandering through the forest or drifting quietly alongshore in a canoe. They liked to go without him to that beach at the pond's farther end. Sometimes as they sported in the clear, warm, shallow water, their laughter rang through the still hot afternoons, till Leick, busy about his small tasks at the camp far away, might hear.

But there were other hours when it seemed to Dick that a cloud shadow passed across their world. Once when he had been reading aloud she said dryly, "Your hero doesn't think much of women, does he?"

"He hasn't met the right one, yet."

"He'd better do it soon, if you expect women to read your book."

"I thought women were interested in men?"

"That's what they tell men, but actually they're a lot more interested in other women." She looked at him thoughtfully. "You've a lot to learn," she said.

He tried to laugh. "Oh, I don't find women so mysterious!"

"You don't know enough about us—even about me—to know how little you know," she told him, and there was no smile in her voice nor in her eyes.

THE pond was crescent-shaped, curving around the base of the hill on which the cabin was set. The ground rose steeply for the first two hundred feet above the water, then ascended more gradually to a ridge that ran southwestward. From the northern base of the hill a narrow point of land, no more than two or three rods wide, littered with great boulders and grown thick with young spruces, extended half across the pond.

Late in July, Danny swam from the cove inside that narrow point of land to the opposite shore. Ellen accompanied him in the flat-bottomed skiff, and they told Dick in advance of their plans. They left the wharf one still, warm morning two hours after breakfast, and Dick, at his desk in the room above the boathouse, heard them row away. His day's stint done, he realized that they had not returned; and he took the speedboat and went roaring off to find them.

When he emerged from the cove by the boathouse he saw the white-painted skiff a mile or so away, near the northern shore; and he assumed that they were fishing. Then, drawing nearer, he saw that there was only one person in the boat, and he felt a sudden concern; but a moment later he made out Danny's head in the water under the boat's stern, and understood.

When he cut his motor and surged to a stop beside them, Danny was within fifty yards of the shore, and Ellen said reassuringly, "He's fresh and strong, Richard, not a bit tired. Aren't you proud of him?" And to Danny she called, "Don't pay any attention to us, Danny. Go all the way to shore first."

Danny was swimming easily, using a side stroke, his face toward Dick; and he grinned; and Dick said proudly, "Wonderful, Danny! Ellen, did he swim clear across?"

"From way in the cove," she assured him.

"That's three quarters of a mile, easily," he declared. "That's swell!"

Danny slept all that afternoon, and Ellen and Dick went out of doors so their voices would not disturb him. They climbed to the lookout above the cabin, from which they could see almost the whole crescent of the pond. In a weathered box nailed against a tall spruce, Dick kept a battered pair of binoculars with which he liked to watch the pair of loons that made the lake their home, the deer that often came out to the waterside.

He spoke of Danny's swim that morning. "I keep thinking what might have happened," he said. "Don't ever try it again without taking me along."

She hushed him, her fingers pressing his lips. "Don't be silly, darling."

The ledge below the lookout was well carpeted with mosses, soft and springy, and she led him that way and they lay down side by side. Leick was too tactful to come seeking them, and Danny slept long, so they had the fine afternoon together; and when they rose at last to go down to the lodge again, Ellen stood with arms outthrown, her bosom rising, her eyes drinking the beauty spread below them. "Oh, I love it, Richard!" she whispered. "I love it as much as you do."

Summer droned away, and nothing except a change of weather modified the easy routine of their days. Once Ellen told Dick, "Ruth would like it here. We must ask her to come some time."

"Sure, if you like," he agreed.

"Of course we've no guest room."

"I'll give her my bed, go down with Leick. I'd like to see her. She's a grand girl."

She eyed him soberly, but then she smiled. "On the whole, I think she'd better stay away," she decided. "I don't want to share you with the whole family!" And they laughed together.

The days passed in a sweet serenity, and every moment was to Dick completely satisfying.

ONE sultry afternoon in mid-August a thundershower was brewing; and Danny said, "Remember how the trout take at the spring hole sometimes, just before a shower, Dick? Let's go try them."

Dick was ready enough, but Ellen protested. "I don't like thunderstorms."

He said, "You stay here and Danny and I'll go give them a try." But she begged him not to go.

He felt a stubborn resistance rise in him, a determination to beat down her protestations. He said, "Let Danny and me have this hour or two together, Ellen. We have a lot to talk about, and a boy his age is shy with even two people. You have him to yourself every day. You must let me have him too, sometimes."

"I know I'm unreasonable," she admitted. "But—I'm blue this afternoon. Stay with me."

"We'll be back soon," he insisted. "Don't make such a point of it, Ellen."

She turned away into their room and closed the door. Dick felt astonishingly and absurdly guilty, and therefore angry too. Yet when they came home, drenched and dripping, she met them with a smile, had dry clothes ready, helped Danny change. Except that she was quiet, she was as tender and attentive as she had always been.

The evening was a merry one, and Dick forgot the discordant note which the afternoon had struck. That night when they were alone she clung to him in a passionate repentance, and had his bountiful forgiveness; and next day was for them all as serene, at least on the surface, as the days that had gone before.

In the morning, Dick, at his desk in the pleasant room above the boathouse, heard Ellen and Danny depart in the skiff. They rowed away, moving quietly, not speaking, careful to avoid disturbing him. Dick smiled and turned to his work. This was one of those mornings when what he wished to say was completely clear to him, and for a while he forgot his surroundings as the words flowed from his racing pen. He came to a pause at last, and thrust the pages together, and his eyes were shining, for he knew the work was good. He left his desk and stumbled up the path to the cabin, still so absorbed that he forgot that Ellen and Danny had not yet come down the lake again.

At the open door he called Ellen's name and had no answer. He wondered what time it was, but they were often careless of time at Back of the Moon. The sun was the only clock that mattered. But if Ellen and Danny were on the pond, he would be able to see them from the lookout above the cabin, so he turned that way.

When he reached the spot, he saw at once the white skiff, off near the end of the point that extended from directly below where he stood halfway across the pond. He looked a moment, and then abruptly he snatched the binoculars from their box. Someone had changed the adjustment of the lenses; Ellen perhaps, since she was a little shortsighted. It was a moment before he brought into focus the skiff, and Ellen, and the water beyond.

When he could see clearly, his heart stopped. He watched for a breathless instant, and then with a low choking cry he flung the glass aside and plunged headlong down the path past the cabin to the boathouse, terror strangling him.

IT HAD been Danny's idea that morning to surprise Dick by swimming the lake the long way, with Ellen rowing near him. They planned that he should start at the farther end of the lake, in that cove where there was a sandy beach, and finish his course at the boathouse.

They embarked in the skiff, Ellen at the oars. When they came to the far beach, the boy slipped overside. As he moved slowly away from the shore, Ellen kept abreast of him.

They reached the widest part of the lake, the point which was Danny's immediate goal no more than a quarter mile ahead. He had been swimming on his left side, but now he changed sides. In a sharpened attention, she saw that he swam more slowly now.

"Float for a while," she suggested.

When he began to swim again, she watched him alertly. There was a roughness in his stroke which testified to his fatigue. She should take him into the boat, wrap him in blankets, hurry him back to camp.

But—if he wanted to stop, let him say so! Let his be the decision!

"I'll get my second wind in a minute," he promised, a little breathlessly.

Soon he began to flounder helplessly, making some wordless sound; and then his head seemed to be pulled forward on his chest and without a word he went under. He drifted to the top of the water again, and one of his arms flung out as though he tried to call to her. But then the water covered his open mouth and he went down once more.

Ellen in this moment made no conscious decision. She knew that Danny was drowning. If Danny drowned, then she could make Richard wholly hers! She did not think, I will let him drown! But neither did she think, I can save him! A frozen paralysis held her, and she submitted to it.

Danny came to the surface a last time, his eyes wide and beseeching. He was choking, struggling toward the skiff not twenty feet away. Then he sank.

For a moment—a minute, minutes, she did not know how long—Ellen sat motionless, staring at the spot. She could not think. She could not even feel. Then she heard the metallic buzz of the outboard. Richard was coming! Instinctively, as though it were not already too late, she dived overboard, swimming down and down through the pearly water, peering into the shadowed depths. When her lungs were bursting, she struggled up for air, hearing the motorboat draw nearer. She dived again and again, trying desperately to find the boy.

Coming up once, she saw Richard swimming toward her. She swam to meet him, crying, "Richard! Richard! You're hurt!" From an open cut on his brow, blood streamed.

"Where is he?" he demanded, his voice hoarse and strained.

"Right here!" she cried. "Very near here." He dived, and she followed him. They continued for a long time this frantic searching till at last she came up and screamed, "I've got him, Richard!"

Dick came splashing toward her. The white skiff had drifted away, so he took Danny from her and swam for the point. She followed. Dick waded ashore and began artificial respiration. Forgetting her own part in what had happened, her heart ached for his grief; and she caught his shoulder pleadingly. "It's no use, Richard darling," she urged. "He was under for so long!"

But without speaking, he shook off her hand; so she lay down, her face in her arms, and she wept terribly, from simple weariness. When she was drained dry of tears, she looked across the lake and saw the white skiff drifting. She rose and swam to recapture it, thinking how easy it would be to sink and never come up again, thinking how Richard would grieve for her. She reached the boat and climbed in.

She was beyond the tip of the point, toward the northern shore, and when she looked back she saw the motorboat in which Richard had come up the lake. It was half out of water, canted to one side, and Ellen remembered a ledge there. He must have run into that ledge at full speed. The shock had thrown him forward out of the boat. This would account for the cut across the brow. But only one thing could have made him forget the ledge. His morning's work done, he must have climbed the hill to look for them, and he had seen her let Danny drown.

In that first dreadful understanding, chilled with fear, she sat idle, with trailing oars, watching the steady movement of Dick's brown and naked body as he compressed and released Danny's ribs in hopeless refusal to surrender hope. Her instinct was for flight; but flight would mean confession, and also, if she fled, Dick would be lost to her. Then, if not flight, denial? But she could deny nothing till he accused her, and the accusation itself, once it was put in words, would part them forever.

She was tenaciously determined not to let him go; and while she sent the skiff slowly nearer, she sought in her thoughts and found at last a way to silence him, to bind him to her side. She would tell him a lie, and he would never know that it had not been truth, for she would make it truth.

Unhesitating then, she thrust the skiff resolutely on till it touched the beach. She waited, till after what must have been hours he accepted defeat and lay down, his shoulders heaving with fatigue.

"It was too late before we got him," she said, her voice tender and low. She sat beside him, stroking his cheek, touching the cruel gash in his forehead. "I love you so." There was no movement in him except the laboring of his chest as he breathed; but he would presently burst into fierce, contemptuous accusations, and she must speak before he did. She told her lie.

"Richard, will it comfort you to know that we are going to have a child?"

She knew he had heard, for the pupils of his eyes expanded, as though he had come from light into sudden darkness. "We're going to have a baby, Richard," she repeated.

HE ROWED the long way home silently; he did not even meet her eyes. When they rounded the last point, she saw Leick on the wharf and terror swept her. Leick was shrewd and he might somehow guess the truth. Holding her voice steady, seeking Dick's protection, she said, "Leick's there, waiting for us. He's back early."

Dick's eyes met hers, and he let the oars trail and looked this way and that, searching the opposite shores of the lake as though seeking something he could not find. Then she saw his eyes fix and go blank with hard thought, and then he began once more to row toward the boathouse, and she knew that his decision, whatever it might be, was taken. When they came to Leick, Dick would speak; and she would know whether she had won.

They drew alongside the wharf, and Dick said carefully, "Danny's drowned, Leick."

Leick grunted as though under the impact of a heavy blow, and Dick wetted his lips. "We went to swim on the far beach, and he took the motorboat, cutting circles, taking his own waves. He hit one wrong and it threw him out. Before we could get to him—we were up at the beach with nothing but the skiff—he had drowned, trying to swim ashore. The motorboat ran wild and cracked up on that ledge off the point."

For a long time no one spoke. Then Leick said, "You cut your head." It was a question, and Dick after an instant's hesitation answered it:

"We had to dive for him. I hit a rock."

Ellen did not speak, but there was a singing triumph in her blood. Dick was hers! He had made her cause his own.

DICK and Ellen were back in Boston a little before Mrs. Berent and Ruth returned from Bar Harbor. Almost immediately on her return Mrs. Berent had a caller—Russ Quinton, a discarded suitor of Ellen. She had in fact broken her engagement to him to marry Dick.

"He was elected prosecuting attorney last fall," Mrs. Berent remarked when she spoke to Ellen of his visit. "He's very proud of himself."

"I can't imagine Russ in politics," Ellen declared. "With his bad temper he makes so many enemies."

"He hasn't forgiven you, Ellen," her mother said. "He makes a joke of it, but if you're wise you'll never give him a chance to get even."

The old lady was now frail, and as winter settled down her health grew worse.

One day Dick came to tea, and as he left he said to Ruth, "I'm worried about your mother."

"She's not well," Ruth confessed, her eyes shadowed. "She knows—what's happening to her; and she scolds all the time just to keep her courage up."

As winter drew toward spring Ruth saw that he, too, had his anxieties, that he was concerned for Ellen. One day he confessed his fears.

"I ought not to leave her alone," he said. "She sent me out after dinner last evening, and when I came home she wasn't there! She came in just about the time I was ready to call the police, dripping with perspiration. She'd gone for a walk, Ruth; had tramped up and down the Esplanade for an hour, worn herself out."

"Is she all right today?"

"Oh, yes. I guess it didn't do her any harm."

"These last few weeks before the baby comes seem like an interminable time to her, of course."

He nodded. "They seem like a long time to me too."

One morning, while Ruth was helping Mrs. Berent make ready to receive her breakfast tray, she was called to the telephone.

"Did I wake you, Ruth?" It was Dick.

"Oh, no, I was up and dressed long ago."

"Can I come to breakfast?"

"Of course." Her breath caught, for his voice was hollow with pain. "What is it, Dick? Is anything wrong?"

"Why—Ellen's lost her baby. I'm at the hospital, but she's asleep now. I'll get a taxi, come right along."

ELLEN was a month in the hospital, and at Ruth's suggestion, Dick during these weeks took many of his meals with the Berents. That first morning when he reached the house she thought he was emptied, all the life gone out of him. He repeated the same things over and over as though seeking some comfort in empty words. Ellen, he said, had walked in her sleep during the night, had fallen downstairs. Her cry woke him, and he was quickly at her side. She insisted she was unhurt, but Dick summoned the doctor who took her to the hospital.

The baby—a boy—was dead.

During the weeks Ellen stayed in the hospital, Ruth was frightened by the settled hopelessness in Dick. He breakfasted at home, and worked every morning. "Or at least I try to," he told Ruth dryly. "But I don't accomplish anything." Every day he walked up the hill to lunch with her—Mrs. Berent, from the day Ellen lost her baby, never came downstairs—and in the afternoon he often took Ruth's place at the older woman's bedside.

Ruth thought that Ellen, during these days, was animated by some inner excitement. She talked a great deal and was extravagantly gay. There was something desperate and frantic in this gaiety, as though she threw out a screen of laughing words to ward off thoughts of which she was afraid.

"I know you're taking good care of Dick," she said to Ruth.

"Yes, he has lunch and dinner with me every day."

"With you and mother?"

"Mother's not coming downstairs much," Ruth explained, keeping her tone as casual as possible so that Ellen need not be worried about Mrs. Berent.

"Be nice to him," Ellen urged. "Poor man! I've failed him completely, but I'll make it up to him by-and-by."

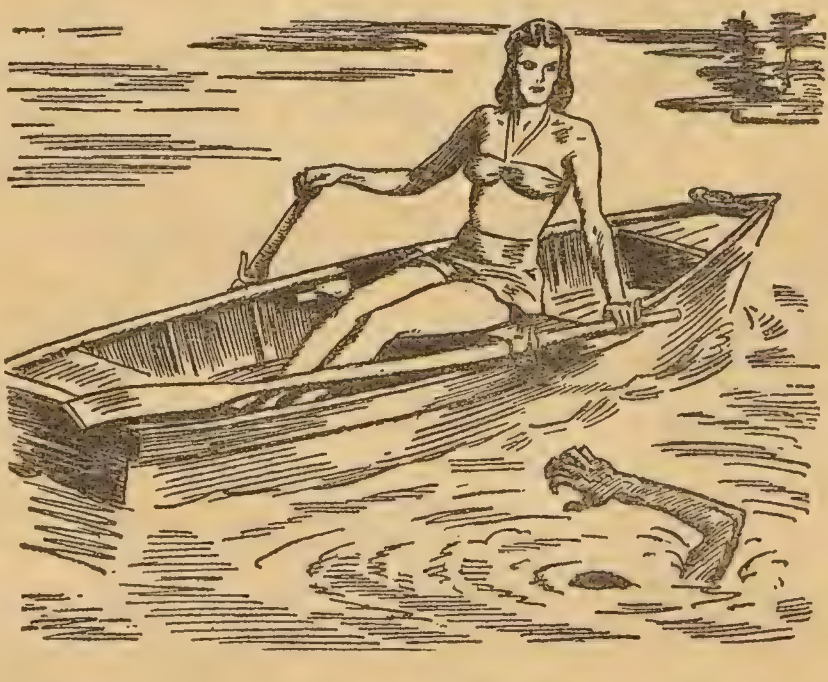
After Ellen left the hospital, Dick came less often to the Berents' house. Ellen came not at all.

One night after Ruth had prepared her mother for sleep, and had turned out the bed light, Mrs. Berent said, "Ruth, be good to Richard. He'll need you."

"Of course," Ruth assented. "Good night now, mother."

"Good night, my dear."

In the morning when Ruth went to her, she could not rouse her, and she did not come back to consciousness.



THE house, Ruth and Ellen agreed, should be sold. It was much too big for Ruth alone. They quickly found a buyer. Ruth moved to a hotel not far from Dick's Chestnut Street home, to stay while she chose an apartment. She thought Dick and Ellen might wish to go to Bar Harbor for the summer, and dining with them one evening, she proposed this. Dick looked doubtfully at Ellen.

"Would you like that?" he asked.

"No, we must do something exciting!" she cried. "Something we'll both enjoy." Then, as though on sudden inspiration: "I know! There's a salmon river up in Canada that father and I used to plan to fish sometime. The Miminegouche. Darling, let's go there." She went on in a rising animation: "We can take a week, or two weeks, or a month. Oh, Richard, it would be wonderful!"

"I'm not sure you're well enough," he objected. "Not sure you can stand it." He looked at Ruth. "What do you think?"

Ellen said angrily, "You two! Don't you suppose I know what I can stand, Richard?" Then, before Ruth could speak, she cried in an eager tone, "I know! We'll take Ruth along! Then, if I play out, she can take care of me. Not that I'm likely to."

She persuaded them with many urgencies, and Ruth thought she was like a teasing child, her eyes flashing from one of them to the other, alert for any sign of yielding in either, pouncing on the first hint of surrender, winning her way as she always had.

Ruth let Dick make the decision. She saw deep weariness in him, and it seemed to her that his need was greater than Ellen's. Ellen, even in anticipation, was stimulated, full of eagerness; and Dick in the end agreed for Ellen's sake. Ruth agreed for his.

THEY alighted from the train, early one morning in July, at a little station labeled Hazelgrove; and Leick—he had come ahead to secure guides—was waiting to meet them. The gear was loaded, the canoes harnessed for towing, and at once they were away.

On the trip up, Ruth had been disturbed by what she saw of the relationship between Dick and Ellen. The constraint between them was clearly Dick's doing. It was he who had insisted, on the train, that Ruth and Ellen should take the drawing room while he occupied a lower berth in the same car.

Here on the river, if they finished dinner while the light still held, Ellen sometimes led him to the canoes and persuaded him to take her to try the near-by waters, leaving the guides behind. On such occasions Leick's eyes were apt to follow them, and if they went out of sight, down river or up, he was ill at ease till they returned. If they fished near, Ruth could sometimes hear the murmur of Ellen's voice and Dick's brief replies; but when they returned they came silently.

Sometimes if Dick drew apart alone, Ellen went to him; but Ruth saw that Dick did not welcome her. In the morning when they met, and before parting for the night, Ellen might kiss him, but his response was half-hearted, lacking any warmth at all.

So, though on the surface their days were pleasant ones, there was an undercurrent of tension. Ruth came to recognize, too, that the guides were uneasy. Sime, her guide, every day commented on the low water, the continued dry weather; and he and the others took pains to extinguish every spark of fire.

Toward the end of the second week they moved farther downstream, and camped on a high bank in a bend of the river, close against the forest. The spot was a pleasant one, and while the guides made camp, Ruth and Ellen drew apart together, and Ruth said appreciatively, "This would be a beautiful place to set a house."

Ellen looked at the hills which came steeply down behind them and shivered with distaste. "It's too cramped," she said. "The hills try to push you into the water. I like space around me, level places."

"Was it level at Back of the Moon?"

"No, but the hills were not too steep and high." There lay suddenly a tragic sorrow in her tones. "We were so happy there," she murmured. "I don't suppose Richard will ever want to go back—but I want to, some day."

Ruth wished they might go back together. Perhaps there or in some like retreat they could recapture what they had lost; and after the next day's fishing—she and Sime had gone down river—she came back to camp in a fine excitement.

"I've found a place where someone really ought to build a cabin," she told them, and described it.

Ellen listened indifferently, but Dick asked questions, and Ruth saw his interest was caught. She elaborated her description. "I didn't explore it, of course, but even from the river we could see its possibilities. It could be made into a regular Garden of Eden."

Dick smiled at her enthusiasm. "Only Adam and Eve need apply?" he suggested; and he said, "We'll pass up the fishing and go exploring."

Ruth, realizing that Ellen had asked no questions, had taken no part in their conversation, said eagerly, "You'll love it, Ellen."

"You two go," Ellen told her. "Leick and I will keep camp."

"No, you go with Dick and I'll keep camp," Ruth urged. "Sime can tell Leick and Tom the place I mean. You'll want to see it, Ellen."

But Ellen persisted in her decision; and in the morning Ruth and Sime, Dick, and his guide, Tom Pickett, set off down river together.

Sime said, "There was smoke in the air yest'day. I could smell it. Fire somewhere off to the south of us, I'd judge." There was in fact a faint haze between them and the sun. "Looks like the wind's coming up from the south, too. If it does, that fire'll move this way."

But a rampart of high hills walled the river on the south, and any wind that blew was high above them. The air here by the water scarce stirred at all, so Ruth and Dick were unconcerned; and after lunch they went exploring, plunging into the forest. She was eager, for Ellen's sake and for his, to impart to him her enthusiasm; and she said gaily, "Let's pretend we're pioneers, choosing our own land in the wilderness."

He laughed agreeably. "Where would we build our cabin?"

They found a knoll with drainage on all sides. She was sure this was the perfect spot, but he pointed out that they must build near water. So they pushed on, and discovered a hidden brook where the tiny pools were alive with small trout, and they went deeper into the forest till they reached steeply-rising ground. Dick estimated that they were half a mile or more from the river, that there were here sixty or seventy acres of level, fertile, well-drained soil.

"There's enough for a real farm!" he exclaimed. "A man could raise everything he'd need, and a couple of pigs, and a cow or two." His eyes were shining, and Ruth saw that he was happier than he had been in these months—almost a year now—since Danny's death; and she wished Ellen were here.

They wandered for an hour or two, and Dick was increasingly pleased with each new discovery. The brook plunged down from the hills over a cascade a dozen feet high. "There's your water power!" he cried. "You know, Ruth, a man really could make a fine place here with a little time and work. There's room to put in a runway long enough for small planes. Run it toward the river and you could take off over the water. The fair-weather wind here is apt to be that way."

His words reminded them that the wind was stirring in the tops of the trees above their heads. They had been till now too absorbed to notice this. "It's getting dark, too," he said, and looked at his watch. "Only half past three. Must be clouding up!"

"I smell smoke pretty strongly," she remarked.

Then the wind blew harder and a thread of warmer air came searching through the trees. She felt it on her cheeks, and she saw that Dick felt it too; for he turned sharply, looking toward the river. But he did not speak of it. Instead, so casually that she knew he was uneasy, he said, "Well, the boys will be wondering where we are. We'd better be getting back." He looked around almost wistfully: "But I hate to leave this place. I'll come here again some day."

AFTER fifteen or twenty minutes the brook brought them to the river. They were both hot and panting from their haste and from the dry and stifling air. When they came into the open by the waterside, they stopped still, startled into silence.

For the sky to the south and east was all one pall of smoke; and against that dark mass, along the crest of the ridge that walled the river, not a mile away downstream, they saw the red flicker of hungry flames.

They came to the canoes. The men were not there, but they saw Sime a quarter mile away up the shore, and shouted, and he heard and called in turn to Tom and then came running. Smoke rolled swirling toward them, so thick it made them choke and cough; and Dick wetted his handkerchief and told Ruth to tie it across her mouth and nose. And then Sime reached them.

"We'll start," he told Dick. "Fire's coming fast! Tom'll be right along. He's in the woods, looking for you. We thought you was lost."

Ruth stepped into the canoe and Sime pushed off and began to pole upstream along the north bank, the canoe surging under his strong efforts. Ruth turned to look back to where Dick stood, and she saw that the fire down river had reached the stream side. Then thickening smoke hid the flames from her, and a moment later Dick's figure too was obscured.

It seemed a long time—it may have been half an hour, a mile or more of distance—before she heard behind them the clack of paddle against gunwale and looked back and saw the other canoe almost upon them, Dick paddling, Tom using the pole.

Then they rounded a bend in the river and saw flames atop the ridge that flanked the stream. The ridge was well back from the water, but already the fire began to flow down the slope toward them. Sime after a moment nosed the canoe ashore.

"We'll go overboard, soak our clothes," he directed. "Wrap a sweater or something around your head, ma'am. It's going to be hot the next half mile, till we pass the front of it; but then the river swings north again and we'll have it behind us."

She obeyed him, as did Dick; and then they went on, racing past that nearing mass of fire. Before they were clear of its path, embers that hissed as they were extinguished began to drop in the water all around them; and once a small red spark fell into the canoe.

When they came nearer the camp, Ruth saw, where the tents had stood, the hot licking glare of flames; and ahead of them the fire had crossed the river, its skirmishers seizing a bridgehead on the north bank, from which the forces of destruction spread up and down stream.

Without a word and without hesitation, Sime turned the canoe. Back in the wide bend, a gravel bar well away from either shore divided the channel. Sime poled toward this, and Tom followed him. They landed on the bar. The three men scooped rocks and gravel into the canoes and sank them, and Sime said, "Now you come sit in this one, ma'am. Help hold it down." He shifted the canoe into deeper water till, seated on the thwart, she had only her head above the surface.

Dick drew near, squatting beside her, his face hidden under the heavy flannel shirt he had stripped off to wrap around his head.

THUS began for them long hours of passive endurance. Ruth lost all sense of the reality of this experience. The lightness of her body, almost completely submerged and upborne by the water, made her seem to float, and she clung to the sunken canoe in which she sat. Once Dick suggested that in shallower water she might lie down with only her face exposed, but Ruth said she was all right as she was. Yet a sort of stupor crept through her, and the warm water made her sleepy, so that sometimes she nodded. He stayed beside her, and after a while he gripped and held her hand, and it was good to know she was not alone. Time stood still.

They knew the coming of day by a quickening of the fire, by a new tempo in its song, and Ruth slowly roused from the half-consciousness which had helped her endure the night. Long since, the water which seemed so warm had chilled her through and through, so that more than once she had stood erect, Dick's hand steadying her while the hot blast set her clothes to steaming and warmed at least the surface of her body before the heat drove her to take cover in the water again.

The time came when Sime and Dick were helping her to her feet, their hands under her arms, making her walk between them into shoaling water. When she could go no farther and collapsed at last, Dick sat down in the shallows and cradled her head and shoulders across his knees and in his arms.

"It's burning out," he told her. "North shore's still pretty hot, but on the south bank it's beginning to cool off a little. We'll move up on the bar pretty soon," he promised; "as soon as things ease up."

Ruth asked once what time it was. Sime guessed it was mid-afternoon. "Hungry?" Dick suggested, and she nodded, and Sime went to investigate the canoes and reported that there was a can of beans, some tea in another can, sugar in a jar, and condensed milk. He found a few embers and bits of charcoal and started a small fire to boil the kettle and warm the beans. The strong tea brought back some strength to them, the beans were life itself. By that time the bar was cool enough so that they could stand on it. Sime said they might as well stay the night there.

Soon after dusk the gravel on the bar had sufficiently cooled so that they could lie down in some comfort. Sime found a rift of sand tossed up by the flood currents in the spring, and in this he and Dick scooped a bed for Ruth, and when she relaxed in semi-comfort there, Dick lay down beside her. After a while she slept; but once during the night she roused enough to know that she was cold, and she pressed nearer Dick, and in his sleep his arm came around her, drawing her body against his.

She woke to full daylight, and looked up to see Ellen standing over her, looking down with steely eyes. Ruth cried gladly, "Oh, Ellen darling!" She sat up, thrusting aside Dick's arm which still encircled her. Dick did not stir.

Ellen laughed in a brittle way. "You'd better wake Richard, too," she said.

LEICK and Ellen had been able to outrun the fire, and to camp at last, though without tent or blankets, beyond its flank. There was left for them all, now, nothing but a return to civilization. After breakfast—Leick had saved a salmon killed by Ellen before the fire drove them into flight—they all started downstream.

The level tract which Dick and Ruth had happily explored was a waste of smoking embers, and Dick saw it with a surprising sadness, so strongly that dream of turning it into a paradise had attracted him.

The canoes traveled in line, following the most useful current. Dick sat low in his seat, relaxed in a stupor of fatigue, dreading to return to the world again, dreading the necessity of resuming his life with Ellen, thinking that just as the fire had turned the wilderness into a desert, so was his life become a hopeless waste.

THE third evening after their home-coming, Ellen smilingly insisted that he have his dinner on a card table in her room while she had hers in bed. She was still very tired, she insisted.

"You missed seeing Ruth," she told him. "She came in for tea. She's planning to go to Bar Harbor for August and September. She's found an apartment." He made no comment, and she added, "Perhaps you've seen it?"

He nodded. "Yes. I went to look at it before she decided. She wanted me to pass judgment on it."

"She didn't tell me that," Ellen remarked in a level tone, "nor consult me, nor ask my opinion."

When they had finished their meal he rose. "Well, you'll be wanting to settle down for the night," he said, "and I promised to sit in on a bridge game."

"Will you look in when you come home?"

"Oh, I may be late," he said evasively.

She extended her arms to him. "Then—kiss me good night," she suggested, and he returned toward her, hating this necessity he could not easily avoid. When he leaned over her, her arms locked around his neck, and she insisted, "Put your arms around me, Richard! Lift me up! Hold me close!"

She whispered: "Remember that night you first kissed me, when we'd come through the canyon, Richard?" He did not answer, and she insisted: "Do you? Do you remember?"

"Of course!"

Her arms tightened and her lips pressed his, till the sense of being trapped ran through him like fire through dry grass, and in a rough, desperate haste he pulled free and backed away. She watched him with eyes that now were clear and hard and still.

"Good night," he muttered, and turned toward the door and reached it. Then her clear soft voice cut him like a whiplash on his cheek.

"You've fallen in love with Ruth," she said.

That word stopped him stone-still. His back was toward her, and at first he did not turn, and after a minute she said, with no heat or passion in her tones at all, "Oh, I think I've known from the first. Perhaps I even knew before you and Ruth did, Richard; but I pretended not to see. Yet—that's why I took Ruth on our river trip, my dear; so I could watch you together, so I could be sure." He swung sharply toward her, and she said, "I was sure long before I found you in each other's arms that morning on the gravel bar."

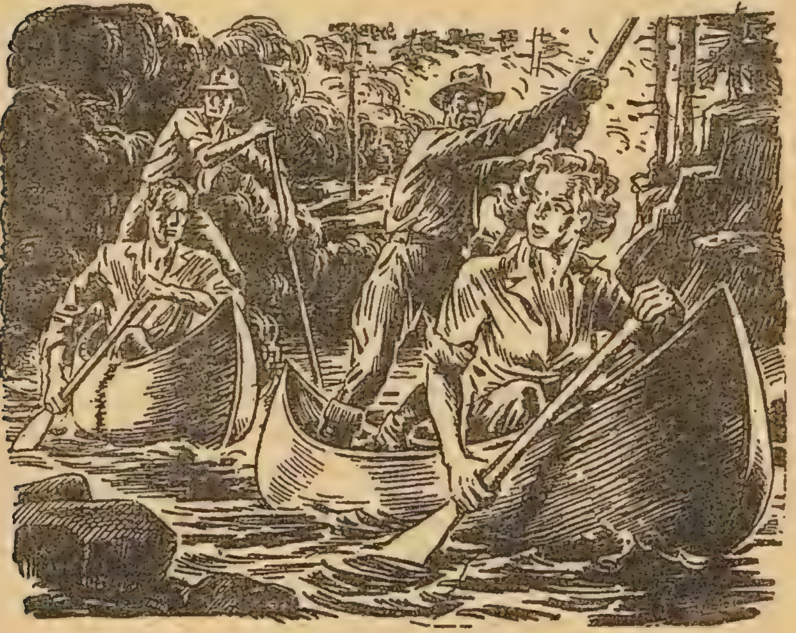
He strode back to her, and there was such anger in him that she saw it.

"Listen," he told her breathlessly. "I can't ever be near you again. I saw you let Danny drown."

She spoke quietly. "Yes, I know."

"Know I saw you?"

"Yes, of course," she said calmly, and she asked in an impersonal tone, "Why didn't you kill me, Richard? Why don't you now? You could, so easily, you know." He felt as though he were himself on the defensive, and she went pitilessly on: "It was you who lied to Leick, you know. It was not I. It was you who protected me. So—we share the guilt. That binds us together. We can never escape that now. We must go on together. If we don't, there will be wondering and questioning. We must pretend all's well with us, Richard." When he did not speak she added, her lips twisting in a derisive smile, "It's too bad about you and Ruth, but you'll see her often. She's invited us to dinner Friday evening, in the new apartment."



"If you ever link Ruth's name and mine again," he said in a low tone, "I'll leave you forever!"

Her eyes met his for a moment in long question, and then hers filled with tears and she buried her head in her arms. "So it's true!" she wailed. "You do! It's true! It's true!"

WHEN Dick and Ellen arrived, Ruth had cocktails ready. "I've made a curry, Ellen," she explained, "with plenty of rice."

She said she meant to go in a few days to Bar Harbor. "I've lots to do there," she explained. "I suppose we'll sell the big house, Ellen, if we get a good offer; but what would you think if I remodeled father's study and made it into a little summer place for me? I'd buy your share of it from you."

Ellen said Ruth was welcome to do this. "I used to work with father there, but I'll never want to go into the place again," she confessed; and she asked, "What did you do with the things out of his workshop in the house here in town?"

Ruth said the Museum of Natural History had been delighted to have some things.

"And the rest—the instruments and things—I packed into a barrel for the rummage. There was nothing of any value."

Ellen laughed. "Mercy, I hope you didn't send the arsenic."

"No. I threw that in the furnace. I started to empty it down the drain, but I was afraid it might kill the fish in the harbor or something." Ruth laughed at herself. "I was scared even to handle it," she confessed.

Then she asked what they planned for the rest of the summer; and Ellen said she did not know.

"Why don't you both come up there, so soon as I have the place settled?" Ruth invited. And the visit was arranged.

After they got home that evening Ellen had an attack of the digestive disorder to which, since her childhood, she had been subject. It was a week before she came downstairs. Mrs. Huston cared for her, and Ruth delayed her departure to Bar Harbor.

"Sorry to be such a nuisance, Richard," Ellen told him, faint mockery in her tones. "But I've always had such spells when things didn't go to suit me, whenever I was unhappy." She smiled at him. "So if you don't want a sick wife on your hands, you'll have to treat me indulgently, my dear!"

He thought a new chain was added to his bonds. Since they were forever fettered together by a common guilt—for she was right: by concealing her crime, he shared it—they must find a formula for amicable association. So he showed her day by day thoughtful consideration.

Through August, Ellen looked forward to their Bar Harbor visit, her spirits rising as the set day approached. At dinner the evening before they were to start, she was more beautiful than she had ever been; and Dick told her so.

"Sweet!" she said gratefully. "I suppose it's because I've had such a lovely afternoon."

He knew she had been out. "Where were you?"

"At the bank, fondling my bonds like a miser. I love the rich feeling of them, Richard. And I had some business with Mr. Carlson." She was prettily mysterious. "Don't you wish you knew what it was? You will know some day, perhaps."

"Who's Mr. Carlson?"

"He's the man at the bank. The bank's our trustee, mine and Ruth's. He doesn't like me, I'm afraid, but I adore him. He's a sort of lawyer, too. I made my will today, Richard."

"I ought to do that myself," he reflected.

"You must put me in your will, Richard. You're in mine." She was charmingly insistent. "You'd better! I'll claim my dower rights anyway, so you needn't try to cut me off!"

He said gravely, "I'll never cut you off, Ellen. You're my wife and I'm your husband."

"Till death us do part?" she asked tenderly, teasing. "But death won't part us, Richard! If I die, I shall haunt you always. I promise you that! I've my plans all made!" Her tone was light, but her eyes held his, something in them which he could not read.

And later, when he said good night to her, she asked in a low tone, "Will you never love me again? Have you nothing left for me at all?"

He spoke, not to bruise nor to wound but to put his own thoughts in order: "I remember the night I saw in your eyes that you would marry me if I asked you. I went to my room and thought for hours, and I decided not to marry you, Ellen."

She laughed teasingly. "Decided?"

"It was my head that made the decision," he admitted. "But something overruled my head." He felt an almost tender pity for her, yet he was bound to lay this matter plain. "You're very beautiful. And you're wholly desirable. That made me forget what my head had decided."

"Let it make you forget again, Richard."

"Do you want me on those terms?" he challenged.

"I want you on any terms."

He shook his head. "No, Ellen." He added honestly: "Oh, I'm human and—masculine. The day may come when you'll win part of me again—but if you do, it will be a hollow victory—and perhaps a defeat in the end. We can go on side by side. I can do that—as long as you don't ask more. But—if you win more than that, you'll have less than you have now."

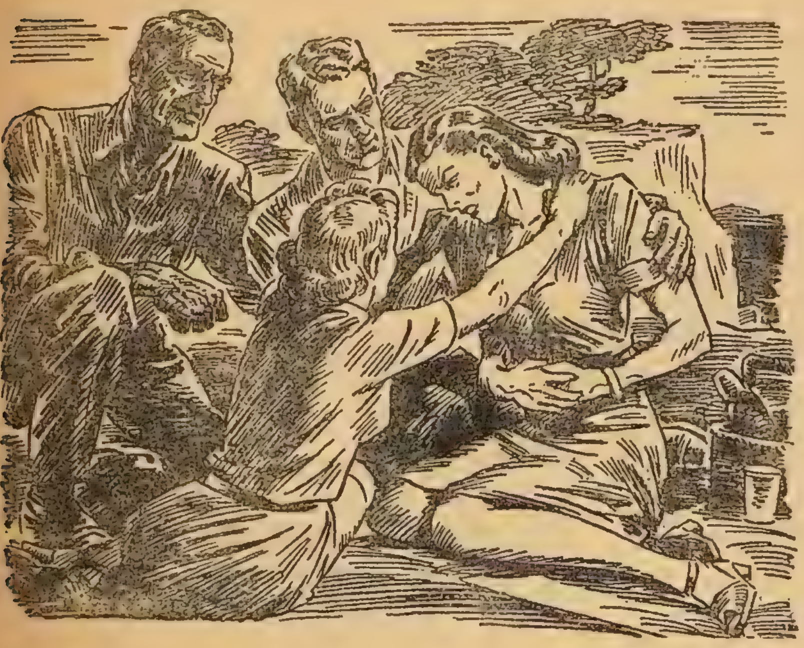
FOR the third morning of their visit to Ruth they had planned a picnic at Leick's farm on the shore off to the eastward, a two-hour drive. They would take lunch, and Leick would have lobsters to boil. "A good day for it," Dick said to Ellen when they woke.

She stretched white arms above her head, yawned deliciously. He swung his feet to the floor between their beds, stood a moment beside her, leaned down to kiss her. Her cool lips met his.

"Why, thank you, Richard," she said. Then she laughed a little, her voice husky. "It's a long time since you've kissed me without being asked."

He forced himself to turn away, as a man forces himself back from the lip of some steep declivity. He crossed to the windows toward the sea and stood there looking out. A lobsterman's tender, a small white boat, was fast to its mooring, the lobsterman gone since before dawn upon his rounds.

And Dick remembered another day when from the lookout at Back of the Moon he had seen another white boat, had seen Ellen sitting idly in it, had seen Danny's head disappear under the surface, never to rise again.



He turned strongly back from the window. "I've made up my mind, Ellen," he said. "We can't go on this way! I've got to leave you forever. We can't go on!"

For a long moment she did not speak. Then she said, with a laughing grimace, "Well, don't be so serious, Richard! It's a fine day for—a picnic, just the same."

THEY took the road along the shore of Frenchman's Bay and the long way to Leick's farm. Ellen had never seemed to drink so fully and completely the beauty of sea and shore and radiant sky.

They picnicked by the shore. In a hamper Ruth had brought potato salad, and bread-and-butter sandwiches, and chocolate doughnuts, and ice cream in the cool compartment. When the lobsters were done, Ruth made a sauce for them, and she produced the thermos bottles.

"Oh, Leick," she said regretfully, "I meant to bring tea for you, but I forgot. There's plenty of coffee, if you'll have some."

"Never touch it," Leick cheerfully assured her. "I don't drink tea either, middle of the day, only if I'm in the woods."

She began to pour the coffee into paper cups. "Here's your sugar, Ellen," she said, and drew an envelope from the hamper. "Dick, I know you like yours without, and so do I."

Ellen took the envelope and put it into the pocket of the soft leather jerkin she wore. "Don't pour mine yet," she said. "I'm not ready."

When later she asked for coffee, Ruth poured it, and Ellen tore off the corner of the envelope and tilted sugar into her cup.

When they were done, the two girls went to lie on the turf above the rocky beach, watching dark squall ripples scud across the water, drowsing in the hot September sun. Dick filled his pipe and sat near Leick and slow words passed between them.

The sun was well down the sky and Dick was thinking he must presently give the word to start for home, when he saw Ellen, on the bank above them, suddenly sit up; and he heard her speak to Ruth. Her words he did not catch, but her tone alarmed him, and he rose and went toward them. Ellen, looking up at him, her face white and contorted, said with a wry smile:

"Isn't it silly, Richard? I'm going to be sick again!" Before he could speak she bent double. "Oh!" she gasped. "It's like being burned up inside!"

Ruth knelt beside her. "We'll get her to the house, Dick," she said; "put her to bed."

Leick drove off and brought the doctor. During the hours that followed, while the doctor worked, Leick stayed in the kitchen and Ruth went to and fro. Dick held his post by Ellen's bedside, feeling in himself her every pang, seeing her beauty fade before his eyes, wishing he had been kinder.

Her own doctor in Boston, who had known her since childhood, had said nervous strain, or mental distress, might precipitate these attacks.

Toward morning it was clear to them all that Ellen was dying. The doctor worked in baffled futility.

When she was gone, Dick sat in Leick's kitchen with his hands, the palms upturned, idle on his knees. If he had not been so unrelenting, Ellen might now be alive, smiling and beautiful and loving him as he remembered her; and he thought, I would have forgiven her soon. I couldn't have gone on, holding out against her. She loved me, and she was so sweet, so sweet! In sorrow and despair, he held himself to blame.

BACK in Boston, when they sat in talk of what was past and of what was to come, Dick said to Ruth, "I'm going away. I can't stand it here—or anywhere else where I've ever been with Ellen. I've got to go places I've never seen and among people I've never known." He shook his head in a dull bewilderment. "I'm like a sick dog. I want to be alone."

"Will you be gone long?"

"I don't know," he confessed. "I don't even know where I'm going. London first, I think; or perhaps Paris, with Italy for the winter and then England in the spring. I'll stay away till I begin to want to work again."

So Dick departed. A week or two later, Russ Quinton called upon Ruth.

"I just came to pay my respects," he explained. "Professor Berent's friendship once meant a lot to me, you know. I was sorry not to be able to offer my sympathy when Ellen died. I was away, knew nothing of it till I came home. That was a shocking thing." She nodded, and he asked, "Where's Mr. Harland?"

"He went abroad," she said. "He was—terribly shaken, of course."

"I'd like to write him a line, express my sympathy."

"He didn't know where he was going," she admitted. "Didn't leave an address. I think he's in London, or possibly Paris. He had no plan."

"I talked with the doctor you had for her," Quinton remarked.

He seemed almost to relish talk of tragedy, and he had a curiosity about details. "You think it wasn't anything she ate?"

Ruth shook her head. "She ate just what we did," she assured him, and added, "Not quite so much, perhaps. She never was a hearty eater, and the rest of us were good and hungry."

"You didn't all eat the same lobsters," he reminded her, and she wondered at his tenacity, which seemed so purposeless.

"No." Then, remembering and anxious to satisfy him, she added, "The only thing she ate that we didn't, she took sugar in her coffee, and Mr. Harland and I didn't, and Leick didn't drink any coffee." She smiled. "But sugar wouldn't make her sick, of course."

"You wouldn't think so. I hear Mr. Harland had her cremated."

"Yes, she had asked him to."

After a little, to her relief, he rose. "Well, I might see you next summer, if you're coming to Maine."

"I expect to," she assured him, rising too.

"Maybe Mr. Harland will be back by then."

"I'm—I don't know."

He nodded. "Well, good-by." He extended his hand.

She felt, without knowing why, that his call had not been as casual as it appeared. She was quite sure, suddenly, that he had never forgiven Ellen—nor, presumably, Dick—since Ellen jilted him.

DICK wrote to Ruth occasionally during the first months of his travels, and then more frequently. He had been away a year before the letter came which said, "I'll be back in ten days."

Ruth was increasingly happy at the prospect of seeing him again. When the day came, her telephone rang and she sped to answer. His voice, she thought instantly, was at once stronger and more youthful.

"I got in an hour ago. How shall we celebrate?"

"Come to dinner."

"No, we've a lot to talk about, and I don't want any interruptions. I don't want to share you with your kitchenette. Let's make it the Copley, seven?"

"Seven, then," she agreed.

"I'll pick you up," he said. "We'll talk for twenty-four hours without a break."

He came into the apartment with a cry of pleasure. "Well!" he exclaimed, and caught her hand and said, "My, but I'm glad to see you!" He kissed her cheeks, and she felt her eyes fill.

"Heavens!" she laughed. "Why should I be crying? You look so well, Dick!"

"So do you!" he assured her. "Golly! I didn't realize how anxious I was to see you till I was on the last lap."

THEY saw each other frequently that fall. Sometimes these encounters were prearranged, with a football game or the like as a pretext; but occasionally, without forewarning, he rang her bell and demanded a cocktail, and she always welcomed him. They celebrated Thanksgiving together, and Christmas too they shared. She had declined an invitation or two and so had he.

In January he departed for a week of skiing and she missed him astonishingly. Ruth had never learned to ski, but he volunteered to teach her; and thereafter they sometimes drove into the wintry countryside; and they were apt to stop somewhere for dinner on the homeward way. They found in this steady comradeship their greatest pleasure. When spring began to come, they planned picnic suppers on the shore or on hidden lakes he knew, with steaks or chops to broil over an open fire.

One afternoon they had driven into the country and found a grassed slope shaded by small oaks, and sat there for an hour or two, Dick talking of his work and Ruth listening and offering some comment now and then. At sunset he built a small fire, and after their cooking was done, the fire became a smudge to banish mosquitoes. They were sitting in the moonlit dark when another car came down the road and saw theirs and backed and turned and drove away again, and they heard a boy's voice and a girl's laughter. When the car was gone, Dick said, "Once I'd have been contemptuous of them and of their cheap flirtation. Now I'm remembering that they're lovers, and that what they do is a part of their search for beauty."

She nodded understandingly. The green grass which he had put smotheringly on the fire dried and threw up a little flame; and in its light she saw his eyes turn to her and hold hers, and her heart beat hard.

"Ruth," he asked at last, in grave inquiry, "do you suppose I'm in love with you?"

When she answered him it was steadily and honestly. "I think so, Dick, yes," she said. "I hope so, because I love you." There was a pulse beat in the silence. He spoke at last, his question like a thought finding words:

"What is it to love a woman?" After an instant he went on: "Did I love Ellen? I don't feel about you the way I did about her."

She said at once, "I know."

"I'm happy with you, completely so," he said. "With her, you know, other people didn't count. It was always Ellen who filled my world. But you—being with you—just sharpens my appreciation of other people, of places and scenes and things. Everything is more beautiful or interesting when I see it with you. Is that—loving you?"

"Love's just a word," she suggested. "Perhaps it's harder than most words to define."

"I know. Love means to each one what he has called love in his thoughts. I would have said I loved Ellen. But loving her was an end in itself. Loving you—if I love you—is only a beginning." And he said in a low tone, "You'd be my wife. Ellen was never quite that, Ruth. Do you want to marry me?"

She said, like a ritual, gravely, "I want to be always with you, living together, doing what life asks of us together. I want the duties, and the responsibilities, and the tasks; I want the successes and the joys, the griefs and the gladnesses; I want to receive all from you, and to give all to you. I want us to be one person, my dear. If that's marriage, yes, I want to marry you."

He rose and with his foot scuffed out the little fire, thoughtfully pressing the embers till the last spark was extinguished. Ruth stood waiting in the shadowed dark, till at last he came to her and faced her for a silent moment and then took her in his arms.

THE evening before they were married, he spoke again of that day beside the river. "We'll go back there some day," he said. "After the young green has had a chance to hide the waste left by the fire, next year, perhaps." His eyes lighted. "We might buy that land and build a home there, as we planned that day."

"That would be fine," she agreed. "You like solitudes—and with you I'd never feel solitary." The thought pleased her, and she spoke more eagerly. "And we'd be too busy to be lonely, anyway."

"After we're married," he proposed, "we'll take the car and go wandering for a couple of weeks—unless there's something you'd rather do?"

"No, I like just wandering with you."

So they were married and departed, leaving no forwarding address. At last they wired the housekeeper to expect them; and Dick telegraphed to Leick—he had written him before they set out, bidding him make plans—that by the first of August they would be ready to go back to the river.

When they arrived at the house on Chestnut Street, Dick swept Ruth up in his arms and carried her across the threshold, and they made a merry hour of their first dinner at home together. Almost at once after they had returned to the living room the doorbell rang, and Dick went to answer. When he opened the door, Russ Quinton stepped briskly into the hall and said, with importance in his tone, "Good evening, Mr. Harland. This is Deputy Sheriff Hatch, and my secretary, Mrs. Parkins."

Ruth came to greet them, acknowledging Quinton's introductions, bidding them into the living room. She said in a pleasant tone, "You're our first callers."

Quinton cleared his throat. "We're here on business. I want to ask you some questions. Your lawyer would advise you not to answer. I warn you that Mrs. Parkins here will take down whatever you say and it may be used in evidence against you."

Dick was sure that Quinton had somehow stumbled on the truth about Danny's death. His palms were moist and he felt a damp coolness on his brow, and his voice when he tried to speak caught in his throat.

Ruth, beside him near the hearth, said, "Aren't you being unnecessarily mysterious? What is it? We'll gladly answer any questions you care to ask, I'm sure."

Dick remembered that she—since she did not know Ellen's part in Danny's drowning—had nothing to hide.

"I want to ask you, Mrs. Harland," the state attorney explained, "about that picnic the day your sister died."

Ruth echoed in bewilderment, "About the picnic?" Dick was as surprised as she.

"Yes," said Quinton. "Guess you haven't forgotten it." There was something so derisive in his tone that Harland, his fears now banished, spoke in quick anger.

"What's the idea?" he demanded.

Quinton told him, as one silences an obstreperous child, "Now, now, Mr. Harland! We'll get along faster if you speak when you're spoken to. I want Mrs. Harland to do the talking." And he led her to recall every detail of that day and of their picnic luncheon.

In the brief silences after Ruth's every answer, Mrs. Parkins' pen made a slight scratching sound; and Dick, frowning in a strained attention, could hear the fat deputy's heavy breathing, as though the man were on the verge of a snore.

Finally Quinton swung on Dick. "Any good doctor, seeing her die, would have said the way she died is the way she would have died if someone had given her arsenic."

"Damn it, no one gave her arsenic!"

"Mrs. Harland here gave her sugar for her coffee," Quinton pointed out, with a nod toward Ruth. "She knew no one but Ellen would want sugar, and she brought some along special. That sugar was over half arsenic."

He spoke so confidently that Dick accepted the statement. He forgot all thought of protecting Ellen, and he cried, "Well, if she died of arsenic poisoning, she committed suicide!"

Quinton said crisply, "The grand jury didn't think she killed herself. They've indicted Mrs. Harland here for murder."

Dick saw all their eyes—the deputy's, the stenographer's, Quinton's—fixed upon Ruth. His arm encircled her protectingly, but he could find no word.

Quinton rose. "So there it is. Now I can get the local police to arrest her, and then start extradition proceedings; but that'll take time. If you want to be reasonable, we can all drive back to Maine tonight."

"I'll get a lawyer!" Dick cried. "We'll fight this rotten foolishness every step of the way."

But Ruth shook her head, steady and strong. "Let's not bother with technicalities, Dick," she told him quietly. "We'll go with him to Maine."

IT WAS not yet eleven o'clock when they set out, Dick and Ruth in his car, Quinton, with Hatch and Mrs. Parkins following close behind.

After he had been silent a long time, Dick said slowly, "You know—I believe Ellen killed herself, Ruth."

She looked at him wonderingly. "Why do you think so?"

Upon his tongue he had set a seal, but now he was weary of silence. "That morning I had decided finally to leave her, and told her so," he said.

He kept his eyes upon the road till her hand at last pressed his arm.

"Why, Dick?" she asked again. "If you want to tell me."

So he told her what he had thought he would never tell anyone. He told her how Danny died; and he heard her low murmur of pitying grief.

He said at last, "She tried to win me back, and when she saw she couldn't, she killed herself."

"Darling," she whispered, "how wretched you've been."

"Not since I've known you love me."

They drove a while without speech, and she pressed close to him, and the headlights of Quinton's car behind them shone through the rear window, so that sometimes when he turned his head he could see her eyes, deep and steady. When they met his, she smiled.

"What started Quinton digging into this now, I wonder?" She did not answer. "Maybe he's been at it right along," he hazarded. "Or—maybe he just waited till we were happiest, so he could hurt us most."

"Sh-h! Don't, darling," she urged. "Let's stop thinking till we know more about it. Please!"

"You're a wonderful woman!"

"You're a wonderful man!"

"You don't seem to think of yourself at all," he protested. "But—it's you he's after. You're the one he's had indicted."

"You're the one I'm thinking about, darling. I just wish there were some way you needn't have to—suffer so."

He laughed in a sudden lifting strength. "Suffer? Me?" he cried. "Why, Lord love you, Ruth, this gives me a chance to fight for you, to do something for you! Quinton's done me a favor, really. He's giving me a chance to show how much I love you!"

She smiled with him. "You don't have to show me, darling. I already know."

"Then I'll show the world," he declared, and they came to Portsmouth and crossed into Maine.

Just beyond the bridge the car behind suddenly drew alongside and passed and cut in front of them and stopped. Harland jammed his brakes, and Quinton on one side, the deputy on the other, came back to them.

Harland asked sharply, "What's wrong?"

Quinton's smile was like a gleeful shout. "We're in Maine now!" he said. "Mrs. Harland, you're under arrest. I've an indictment warrant charging you with murder. Harland, the deputy sheriff will ride with you from now on. You're held as a material witness. Mrs. Harland, shift into my car. You'll go the rest of the way with me."

DICK'S lawyer in Boston arranged with Nathaniel Pettingill, the leading criminal lawyer in Maine, to take charge of Ruth's defense. He was a big heavy-shouldered man who seemed half asleep; but his mind never slept, and Dick quickly learned to respect and to like him. Under the lawyer's shrewd inquiries, Dick told everything he knew—with one exception. He kept from Mr. Pettingill the truth of Danny's death.

When the lawyer asked his opinion as to what had happened, Dick said that Ellen loved him; that, knowing him lost to her forever, she had killed herself.

"That's no defense unless we can prove it," Pettingill reflected. "Would you be willing to go on the stand and testify to the rupture between you—and undergo cross-examination?"

"Listen," said Dick with a quiet vehemence: "I'll do anything. I'll carry the courthouse down the hill and throw it into the bay brick by brick, if that will help Ruth. Quinton knows there's no truth in this charge. He's known Ruth for years."

"Has he any animus?" Mr. Pettingill inquired; so Dick told him of Ellen's broken engagement to Quinton, and Pettingill nodded. "Quinton wouldn't forgive that," he agreed. "But he'd not go this far unless he was sure of his ground. I'll see him, see what he's got."

"Will he tell you?"

"Oh, yes. The state's not supposed to spring any surprises."

Mr. Pettingill came back from that talk with Quinton grave and thoughtful. "He's got a prima-facie case," he told Dick. "For motive, Mrs. Harland's death meant a large inheritance for the present Mrs. Harland. And Ellen's death cleared the way for your marriage to Ruth. Ruth admits, he says, that she had access to arsenic, knew what it was, prepared the sugar with which Ellen sweetened her coffee, knew Ellen alone would use that sugar." His tone implied a question, and Dick nodded, and he went on, "He says Leick saw Ellen put the envelope back in the hamper. Quinton managed to get hold of the hamper, and he says the sugar in it has been analyzed and contains arsenic. Ellen's symptoms were those of arsenic poisoning."

"Oh, that's ridiculous!" Dick made a helpless gesture, laughing wretchedly. "It's all just plain crazy," he protested. And Mr. Pettingill asked, looking from Dick to Ruth, "Any idea what started Quinton digging into this thing now, so long after Ellen died?"

Neither Dick nor Ruth could hazard a guess, but they were to have the answer to that question.

BEFORE the day set for the trial arrived, Dick's Boston lawyer offered some important information. Old Mr. Carlson, the banker-lawyer who handled Ruth's and Ellen's money, had come to tell him that on the day Ellen drew her will she gave him a sealed envelope to be opened if, after her death, Dick remarried. It had been found to contain another letter, addressed to Russell Quinton, to be mailed to him if Dick should marry Ruth. This instruction Mr. Carlson had carried out, and he had felt that he should let Harland know it now.

"Can't you make Quinton let you read the letter?" Harland asked Mr. Pettingill when they discussed this news.

The other shook his head. "I doubt it. Possibly we can force it out of him at the trial." He looked at Harland shrewdly. "Unless Ellen might have written something you don't want known."

Harland cried, "There's nothing we don't want known!" He hesitated, remembering Danny, but brushed the thought aside.

Ruth, when they consulted her, agreed with Harland. "We're not afraid of the truth, Mr. Pettingill," she insisted.

On the first day of the trial, Quinton himself took the stand. During his cross questioning, Mr. Pettingill's shrewd mind perceived that the other was angling for the chance to reveal what it was that had caused him to investigate Ellen's death, and the older lawyer purposely took the bait. In consequence, as soon as Quinton stepped down he turned to the judge.

"I now propose, your Honor, unless there is an objection, to offer this letter." He held a sealed envelope.

Mr. Pettingill rose. "Well, Brother Quinton, I'll have to read it before I know whether it's good evidence or not." Quinton hesitated, uncertain how to proceed; and Mr. Pettingill said, "Go ahead and open it."

Quinton obeyed him. Then Mr. Pettingill took the letter, and stepped to the bench. He and Judge Andrus read the letter, and this was a slow business. Ruth, watching them, shook with the thudding of her heart.

Mr. Pettingill returned to the counsel table, but without sitting down he said, "Your Honor, this letter, so far as what it says goes, is not competent evidence."

Quinton spoke quickly: "Your Honor, on my cross-examination I was asked why I investigated Mrs. Harland's death. That letter is the answer. The answer is responsive to the question, and the letter for that purpose is competent."

"Your Honor," Mr. Pettingill explained. "We do not object to the admission of this letter. We want all the facts in the jury's hands. But we request that the jury be warned that nothing in the letter is evidence of the truth of any statements the writer makes. With that stipulation we agree to its admission, to show what started Brother Quinton into action."

Judge Andrus looked in doubtful surprise at Mr. Pettingill, then addressed the jury: "I instruct you that nothing in this letter is evidence, and you are neither to believe nor disbelieve anything it says. It is to be taken as explaining why the investigation leading to this indictment was begun." He spoke to Quinton: "You may read the letter to the jury."

Quinton read slowly and carefully, his voice pitched to carry to every ear; and though he spoke quietly, the silence was so complete that his each syllable was audible throughout the room.

"Dear Russ:

"I am writing this letter to you because we once meant a great deal to each other, because perhaps you still love me, because unless you do, there is no one who does love me now. Richard and I are driving to Bar Harbor tomorrow or the next day to visit Ruth. They love each other, and wish to be rid of me. Ruth has tried to kill me. Perhaps next time she will succeed.

"Ruth was in love with Mr. Harland almost from the beginning, but at first he loved me. We were to have a baby, and even though we grieved for Danny, Mr. Harland's brother who had been drowned, we were happy that fall. But little by little I saw Mr. Harland turning from me to Ruth, going almost every day to see her.

"In the spring I lost my baby, but I lost Mr. Harland too, for after that he put me out of his life. I tried to win him back, and we planned a fishing trip together, but he insisted that Ruth go with us; and even the guides must have noticed that he preferred her company to mine. During the forest fire which caught us on the river they were together, and they slept that night in each other's arms.

"A few days ago Ruth tried to poison me. We had dinner at her apartment and she made a curry, and served our plates in the kitchen and brought them in to us. I saw traces of white powder on my curry, but thought nothing of it. She must have used too much, or not enough, because though I was sick for days, I did recover.

"I suppose she will try it again, and perhaps succeed, but I can't seem to care, for Mr. Harland no longer loves me, and I'm tired, tired, tired. If I die during this visit in Bar Harbor, I think it will be because she gave me arsenic. I think she must have kept some of father's.

"If I die, and if Mr. Harland does not marry Ruth, I may be mistaken. But if he does, then you will read this letter, and you will be able to find some way to punish them. I've told Mr. Carlson I want to be buried in Mount Auburn. The books say you can always detect arsenic poisoning, even years after death. If she does kill me—she's always hated me, as adopted children often do hate the real sons and daughters—please try to punish her, if only for the sake of the promise I once gave you. I've wept many times because I let Richard persuade me to break that promise.

"Good-by, Russ. I always loved you.

Ellen."

When Quinton finished reading, Harland felt stripped naked before the world. He suffered for himself; but he suffered even more for Ruth.

By noon on this day Quinton finished. He had made a good presentation of the state's case.

"He's got the makings of a lawyer," Mr. Pettingill conceded, as he reviewed the evidence over luncheon. Then he said to Harland, "Our defense has got to be that Ellen planned her own death, planned Ruth should be blamed, contrived an elaborate, fantastic scheme. There were plenty of holes in the plan we've got to argue she made. It's going to be hard to make the jury believe our theory of her death. But we've one thing on our side: all the witnesses who knew her, even the state witnesses, obviously disliked Ellen and liked Ruth. The jury saw that.

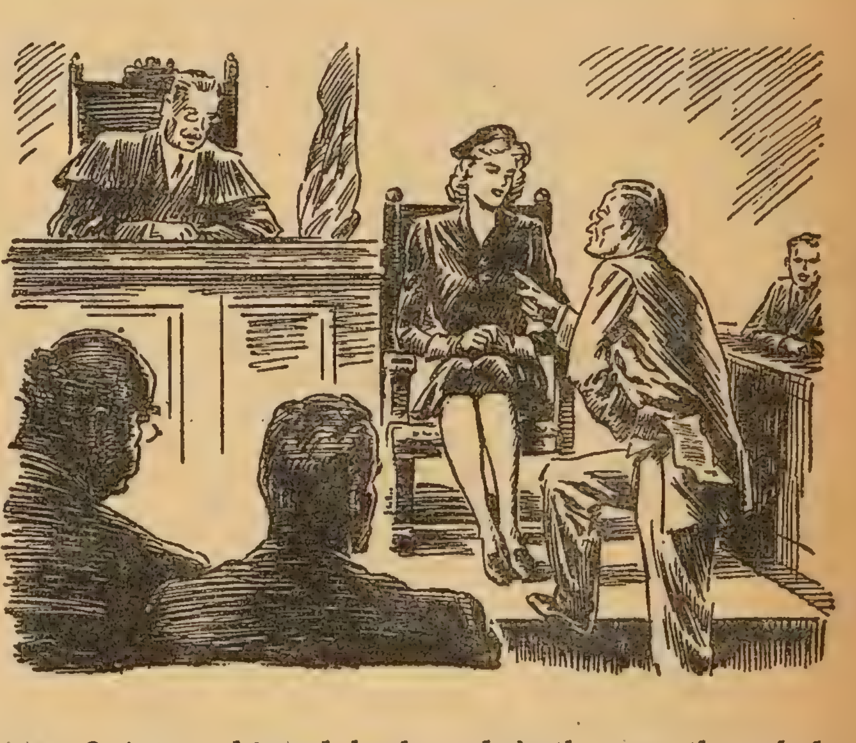
"And the jury'll like Ruth too," Mr. Pettingill promised. "I'll see that they do. That's our real defense—to make them like her, and dislike and distrust Ellen." He laid aside his napkin. "Well," he said, "time to go."

WHEN, at Mr. Pettingill's summons, Ruth walked from her chair across to the witness stand in that fluent, indescribably lovely fashion which was so much a part of her, Harland's throat filled and his eyes burned with sorrow because he could not protect her from this ordeal she must now endure. But he was presently able to forget himself in listening.

Mr. Pettingill's questions were simple and reassuring and he spoke slowly and quietly. But when Quinton cross-examined, the questions pounded quick and hard. Harland, watching Ruth, saw her color slowly fade, and knew how weary she must be; and he urged Mr. Pettingill to ask a recess so that she might have a respite; but the lawyer whispered:

"She's doing all right. She's licking him."

Harland began, as time passed, to see that this was true. Quinton skipped back and forth over the whole fabric of Ruth's testimony, attacking with a question here, another there, like a trapped animal seeking some weak spot in the pen in which it is confined. Ruth's very serenity drove him to helpless fury. The newspaper men and women at their long table finally stopped trying to record testimony, watching Quinton's labors with a dry, amused scorn, till at last he cried:



"Now, see here, Mrs. Harland. You've dodged long enough. You can answer a simple question, and I demand that you do so. Just when did you fall in love with Mr. Harland?"

Ruth hesitated, and suddenly she smiled. "If you had ever loved anyone finely and cleanly, Mr. Quinton," she said in clear tones, "you would know how impossible any answer is. Love is not an explosion, an impact, a blow. It begins slowly, in little sweet ways, continuing to grow through many hours and days, continuing through long happy lifetimes to grow and to develop and to become stronger and more beautiful all the time. I love Dick more today than I ever did, and I shall love him more and more every day until I die."

Quinton was beaten, and he had the wit to know it; yet he could not resist one last word. "Then you began to love him long ago," he said, and before she could speak, he added quickly, "That's all!"

Ruth looked inquiringly at Mr. Pettingill; and he came to meet her and to escort her back to her chair. The deference in his movements was eloquent beyond any words, and every eye followed Ruth till she was seated. Then Mr. Pettingill turned and said quietly:

"Mr. Harland, will you take the stand?"

HARLAND was surprised at the brevity of his direct testimony. Mr. Pettingill let him speak only a little of his marriage to Ellen, of their year together before Danny's death, of the months of her pregnancy. As the clock was on the tick of the hour for noon recess, he said, "That's all."

Quinton came quickly to his feet. "Your Honor, we've half a minute!" he cried. "I'd like to put two questions." He strode toward Harland, came face to face with him.

"Now, Mr. Harland," he said sharply, "do you mean us to understand that when she died, your wife loved you, and that you did not love her?"

"Yes."

"And you boast that your refusal to accept her pitiful efforts to be reconciled with you drove her to suicide?"

Harland wetted his dry lips. He tried to speak, cleared his throat; but before he could reply, Quinton, with a gesture of scorn, turned to the bench. "Your Honor, I'll reserve further questions," he said.

When he stepped down, Harland found his knees unsteady, his vision confused. Quinton's question had made clear to him the ordeal he must now prepare to face.

Mr. Pettingill, when they were at lunch, said reassuringly: "That was all right."

"It was hell!" Harland declared.

Pettingill looked at him quietly. "Mr. Harland," he said, "the State has made a strong circumstantial case on the theory that Mrs. Harland poisoned Ellen. Unless we present an alternative theory which fits the facts as well as or better than theirs, a conviction is possible. Our theory is, in plain words, that Ellen killed herself because you no longer loved her. You are the only one who can make the jury believe that. Quinton will make you look even worse this afternoon; but the more he persuades the jury that you treated Ellen badly, the more readily they'll believe that she killed herself."

Harland nodded in reluctant acceptance of this fact.

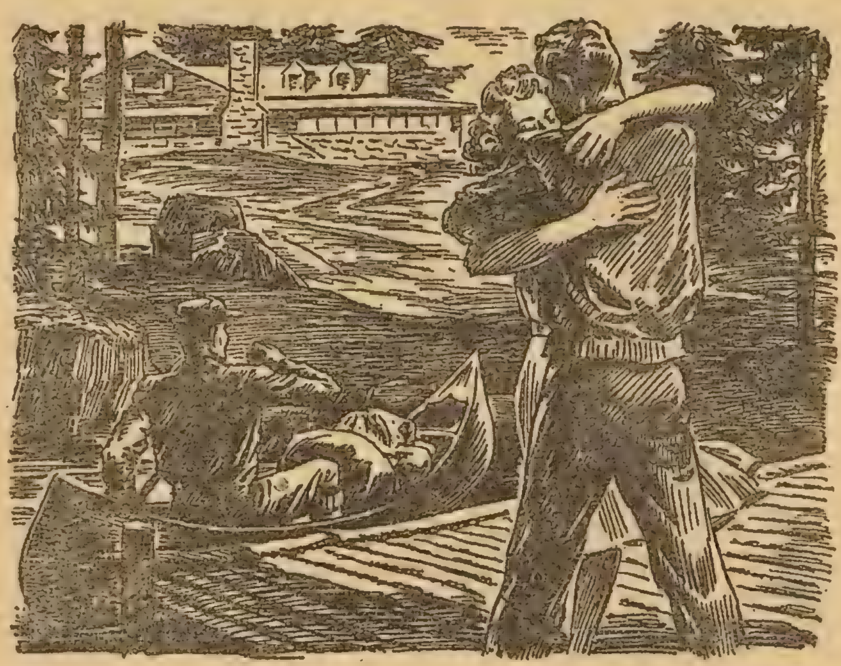
"Keep it in mind," Mr. Pettingill charged him. "Remember, Ruth is in real danger; but the more despicable you appear the safer she becomes. And another thing. Before the jury accepts the suicide theory, they will want to know why Ellen, planning to kill herself, should try to throw the blame on Ruth. They'll ask themselves what incredible sort of woman was she to write such a letter as that which they have heard read in court? They've been told the letter's not evidence—I'm afraid it was a mistake to let it be read, but we won't cry over spilled milk. But they'll remember it, and half believe what it says. So we're in a position where it is necessary to discredit Ellen, Mr. Harland. Quinton will go after you hard this afternoon, demanding the cause of your estrangement. I didn't press you on that point this morning, but he will. You've never told me. He'll hammer at you till he gets it."

Harland swallowed a morsel of food that seemed to choke him. "I know."

"I can protect you, somewhat, with objections and interruptions," the lawyer said, "and I'll do so if you like, but—I'd rather not. We've let the jury have everything we know, so far; and that has had a good effect, I'm sure. I don't want to seem now to have anything to hide. And, remember, if you must say something discreditable to Ellen, it will at least help Ruth."

"I'll—stand up to it somehow."

TO HARLAND'S surprise, Quinton began cross-examination in the mildest tones. Finally he stepped to the counsel table, picked up Ellen's letter, and returned and gave it to Harland. "Will you read it, please? Read it yourself."



Harland obeyed him, his eyes followed the lines in a sort of wonder. This was Ellen, whom he had loved and to whom in many intangible ways he felt himself still married; for marriage was a thing which went deeper than ministers and laws, deeper even than death itself. He read with half his mind, the other half remembering so many moments he and Ellen had spent together, moments shared with no one, never to be shared with anyone, when the world ceased to exist for both of them, and the universe of each was the other.

Quinton took back the letter. "Now, Mr. Harland," he asked, "knowing Ellen as you did, do you think her capable of writing that letter if it were not true?"

"Yes," Harland said. "Yes, I do."

Quinton's voice rose sharply. "You think her capable, while she was planning suicide, of falsely accusing her own sister of causing her death?"

"I do!"

This was the crisis for which Mr. Pettingill had hoped.

"You want us to think she was a monster?" Quinton was almost shouting.

Harland said simply, sure now of what he meant to do: "She was a monster!"

Quinton was livid. "Ready to send an innocent woman to a living death in prison?"

Harland spoke quietly and clearly. "She had already sent an innocent child to actual death," he said.

A stir of excitement ran along the crowded benches. Quinton recoiled as though he had been struck, his lips working, completely at sea.

"You mean your stillborn baby?"

"I mean my brother Danny," Harland told him.

There was a deep peace in him, the peace of submission. He accepted freely this necessity which for Ruth's sake he must accept, and he held back none of the details for which Quinton now probed.

BY NOON the next day, the trial was finished. When the judge had charged the jury and court recessed, Mr. Pettingill told Ruth, "Well, ma'am, you're all right. The jury'll eat lunch—they won't want to miss a free lunch on the state—and then they'll take a ballot. You'll be free by three o'clock. Take my word for it."

At twenty minutes past two, word was brought to them that the jury was ready to report. Ruth, as she walked back into the courtroom, felt her knees weak and trembling; but when the time came for her to stand and hear the verdict, she faced the jury with a high head. A moment later she was free.

She sat down weakly, and her senses swam, and the world revolved before her blurred, uncertain eyes. Then court was dismissed and strangers crowded around her, eager with congratulations and beaming with good will. In this confusion Harland and Mr. Pettingill somehow disappeared. When she missed them and asked where they were, she was told that they were having a conference with Mr. Quinton.

Later, in the sanctuary of Mr. Pettingill's room, she learned the truth. Harland had been indicted as an accessory to Danny's death, and they had been arranging bail.

Her hand pressed her lips to hold back her cry of pain, and she asked questions; but he could tell her no more than this. Yet while he waited, she recaptured her mastery of herself; so when Harland presently appeared, without a word she went into his arms.

They had agreed, Mr. Pettingill explained, that Harland tomorrow morning would face Judge Andrus; and he would plead guilty, offer no defense. When in loyal tenderness she protested against this easy surrender, the lawyer answered her, and in the end she submitted, accepting his decision.

"But they'll let you go, Dick," she said confidently.

She looked at Mr. Pettingill, and the big man said, "I'll put up the best argument I can, ma'am; but look at it any way you like, Mr. Harland did what they claim. If he was let go, others could do the same and hope to get away with it." He shook his head. "No, ma'am, I sh'd judge he'd have to go to jail."

"For how long?"

"I wouldn't think it would be long." Her heart lifted, but he added, "Maybe one to two years; maybe a hair more."

Then her knees sagged and she might have fallen, but Harland took her in his arms. He held her till she was strong again, and when she was able to look for them, the others were gone and she and Harland were alone.

SINCE not till tomorrow need they part, they had these rich hours together. She gave way for a while to helpless grief, sobbing against his breast. "I don't mean to make it hard for you like this. I just can't help it, darling." But he comforted her and they talked together.

"I shall find a nice house and live there and see you as often as they'll let me," she said.

"No, my darling. I don't want you to see me in prison. Leick can come sometimes and bring messages from you." And he said, "I've had time to think—last night and today—of just what we must do. You remember that spot by the river, where we planned to go together this summer?"

She clung to him. "Of course I remember!"

"I want you to go there," he told her. "Take Leick. I'll be with you in my thoughts, knowing everything you do; and when I can, I'll come to you there. I want to find you waiting there, with a place made ready that will be our home."

She would not at first agree to go so far away, and it was not till after long discussion, he urging and persuading, her instinctive resistance slowly giving way, that she came to full assent.

She had urged in her first reluctance that the burnt land all around them there would be ugly and depressing; but he said:

"In one way, yes, of course. But—forests aren't all beauty, you know. Remember we saw the rotting corpses of dead trees, and tangled thickets, and lightning-blasted trunks. The forest there was all surface greenness, but its roots were in corruption and decay. But the fire wiped away the scars and the decay and the death and made the land ready for a new birth."

And he said quietly, "You and I've been through a fire, Ruth, just like that land. There were a lot of things in my life, some of them my fault and some not, that needed to be seared away. They're gone now." She pressed near him, and he kissed her lips and said, half smiling, "This that's coming will leave me burned clean, just like the forest floor, ready to begin a new growth, to grow straight and tall." He kissed her eyelids gently. "You didn't need any dross burned out of you, my dear; but I did. I'm only sorry you had to share this with me."

"I wish I could share everything, always, with you," she whispered, and so they passed from words to silence, and were one.

"LEICK, is she really all right?"

Harland had asked that question a dozen, twenty, fifty times in his scant score of hours since the heavy doors shut on his heels and Leick met him with car and train tickets and luggage and gear all prepared and every plan in order.

"Yes, she's good. She couldn't be better."

Harland, after a moment, with an awkward gesture, touched the other's arm. "I appreciate you, you know," he said. "The way you've stood by."

"Sho!" Leick spoke casually. "Why wouldn't I?" And he said gravely, "It's time you started to forget all that. It's done."

"I can't help remembering."

The other smiled, wise and gentle. "Remembering can be a hard thing on a man," he suggested. "I wear life like an old pair of shoes that's easy on my feet. I might figure ahead some, what we'll have for tomorrow breakfast, say, or what job of work there might be to do today, and how best to do it. But I've already done the best I could with yesterday, so I never could see the sense of fretting about that."

They were on the last lap of their journey now. For two hours they rode in beauty, but then they came into the burnt land. The river was the same, the hills the same, the sky the same; but instead of forest, there were charred and lifeless stumps. In some places the naked rocks and ledges lay like bleached bare bones. In other places, the new growth was waist- or shoulder-high.

Once Harland asked a low-voiced question, "Was this all that same fire?"

Leick said, "Yup! Takes time for the new growth to get a start, but it'll come along fast now."

Presently they saw on the high bank a cabin built of new logs since the fire. The warden who lived there came to watch them pass, and Leick lifted his paddle in greeting and had a sign of recognition.

"He'll telephone ahead," Dick said. "Let her know we're coming."

Harland, watching as each new prospect opened out before them, began to tremble with anticipation. They rounded a point and saw—for the first time since they had entered the desert of the burnt land—the dark green spruce and hemlock and cedar and pine, their foliage mingled in varying hues; and he saw the brighter foliage of hardwoods too, all scattered pleasantly across a level sweep beside the river.

Leick said behind him, "Purty, ain't it? It was some job, too. Every one of them trees we had to fetch from down river. You can't transplant forest trees so they'll live in the open; have to get 'em where they've growed out in the field like."

He added quietly, "You can see the house now."

It was low and sprawling, with wide verandas and a huge foursquare chimney; and shrubs already bound it to earth, and there was young grass all around.

And as Harland looked with hungry eyes, a woman left the house to come toward the landing. He could see the rhythm of her walk. By that alone he would have known her anywhere.

She reached the narrow log float even as the canoe rubbed lightly and was still. Harland stepped out upon the logs to meet her, and could not see her clearly because his eyes were full; but he saw the white of her gown; and then her hands touched his. She spoke in that voice he had always been able to hear so clearly, even during the shadowed months that now were done.

"Welcome home, Dick," she said, and then, seeing the dregs of agony in his eyes, she whispered, "Oh, my dear!"

So he was in her arms.

THE END.

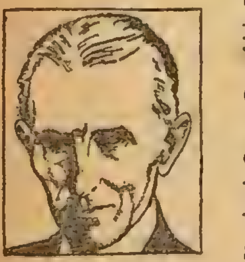
Puzzle 30V 1/17/4

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By JOSEPH ANTHONY

"IN a single mighty burst of invention, Nikola Tesla created the world of power of today," says **John J. O'Neill** in **Prodigal Genius.**

The incredible Serb, according to Mr. O'Neill, had a mind that was like an elemental force. "He brought into being our electrical power era. . . . He created the race of robots, the electrical mechanical men that are replacing human labor; he gave us every essential of modern radio; he invented the radar forty years before its use in World War II. . . . He gave us remote control by wireless."



Nikola Tesla

Books dealing with applied science often make me feel like the Indian who wanted to know about the workings of an automobile—and after an hour of explanation said, "I understand everything except what makes it go without horses." But Mr. O'Neill, who is science editor of the New York Herald Tribune, has a flair for expressing technical principles in terms that a layman can understand. And he hasn't neglected the human side of the story.

During his boyhood in Serbia, the biographer tells, Tesla went through two dangerous illnesses. The first time, he turned the corner after reading a translation of one of Mark Twain's books which revived his appetite for life. (Later, he and Mark Twain became firm friends.) The second time, his will to live was restored by his father's promise to send him to college to study electrical engineering.

A few years after his arrival in America as a penniless immigrant, Tesla sold a series of patents for a million dollars. Later, as a favor to a friend, he tore up a contract that would have netted him an additional twelve million in royalties. Once, when he was due at a scientific meeting to accept a high honor, he played truant and was found feeding the pigeons on Fifth Avenue.

Mr. O'Neill reveals Tesla's blind spots and pathetic weaknesses as well as his greatness. This sensitive biography is worthy of its subject.

Published by Ives Washburn, Inc., N. Y. Price $3.75.

SOME months before the Japs struck, says **Colonel Robert L. Scott, Jr.,** in **Damned to Glory,** a young fighter pilot named Grant Mahoney, serving in the Philippines, took an informal look at some Jap activities, and tried to warn his commanding officer of what was cooking.

Col. Robert L. Scott, Jr.

"The old fuddy-duddy concluded that Grant was a bit batty. All these preposterous stories of simple little Japanese with hundreds and hundreds of planes and with modern-looking carriers. . . . He had Grant arrested and placed in the psychopathic ward of the big Army hospital in Manila."

Eventually, says Colonel Scott, "the old fud Colonel became a prisoner of the Japs. They're probably terribly sorry they ever took him away from the American duties he muddled so effectively."

Colonel Scott's honesty in facing embarrassing facts adds force to his story of how the Air Corps gave us a brilliant recovery from the first awful fumble.

Booksellers are reported to be afraid that the public is tiring of war books. My guess is that it won't tire of war books as forthright and vigorous as this one.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Price $2.50.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

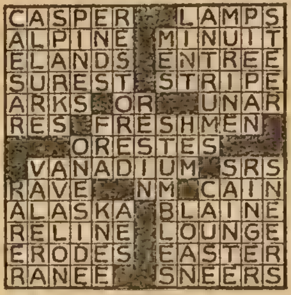
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

1 Bit of rubber, found in chowder
5 What a five-foot man wears in the Wild West to make him equal to a six-footer
14 Arthur, who remains Confidentially Yours
15 This has been smelling up Xwords for years
16 Vane thing about a church (anag.)
17 Saintly destination of gent with seven wives
18 Commercial elevator
19 Hard, piggish thing
20 Spaghetti that's put on weight; exaggerated spaghetti
22 Gave the bird, owlishly
24 One for De Gaulle
25 G. I. chessman
26 What Jimmy Durante's schnarz acts as on a sunny day
30 Uncle Ben would love to see you here at your earliest inconvenience
34 Hours for muncheon
35 Kind of cross
36 Rational people (abbr.)
37 Hon. Ancestral homes of Japanese and Germans
38 The best thing to give a windy orator
39 The present time
40 Subways with wings
41 Female hangovers
43 Nazis
44 Women's hats, unglamorpusses, sties
46 La Rue de Wall de Paris, France
47 These guys talk turkey
48 Winchell Understates Nothing (abbr.)
49 According to Archie: that lovely, frail, romantic, and sweet creature, Woman
52 There is danger of blood from sourpusses doing what?
56 Mile walker (anag.)
57 Lionizes in a noisy way
59 Old-time French argument settler
60 A war hammer
61 Be one of Ma Nature's boys and girls
62 You Stopped Savage Ratzis! (abbr.)
63 It's rumored there were several of these back in B. F. (Before Franklin)
64 . . . . . .

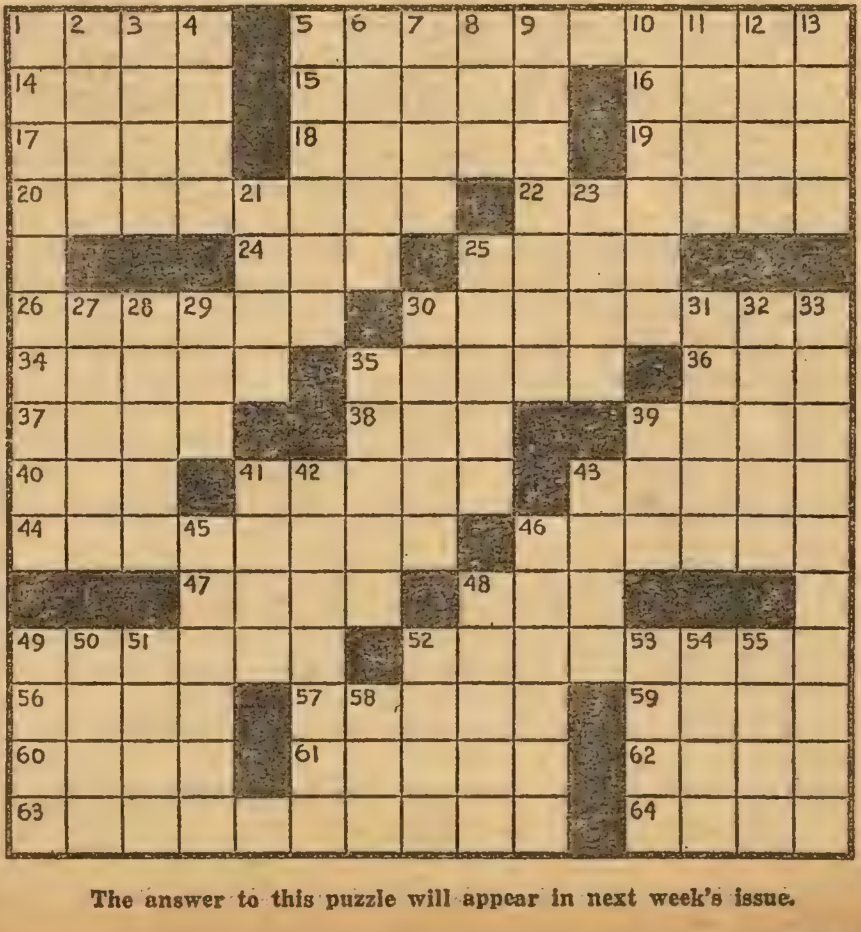
VERTICAL

1 Hirohito in a fur coat would make a wonderful what?
2 Volcano burp
3 Smartest thing on two legs
4 Is Ames on one? (anag.)
5 Female Bali-band
6 Simple, isn't it?
7 Caesar's unlucky number
8 Shane Subjugates Sense (abbr.)
9 Brays to der gott Hitler
10 She was only a vegetable man's dotter, but she sure knew hers
11 Piette
12 The Hic! Hic! Hooray! of the bacchanals
13 What Jack the Rippers do
21 Zip! And another pair of nylons bites the dust!
23 Is his'n, her'n, theirs'n, your'n, my'n
25 Pete and Repeat; Mike and Ike; Kate and Duplicate
27 Fuzzy-wuzzy
28 Nice necktie for Hitler's Christmas
29 The Spoilers
30 They're madly in love with their own virtue
31 Flying object, used by Yanks to clear bases
32 Semi- (aren't they?) precious stones
33 This Public Be Jammed! (pl.)
35 What small men keep large dogs off with
39 Xerxes Eludes Undertakers (abbr.)
41 Many a heel has gained his soul at this kind of camp
42 Would you call a drunken knight a this kind of tank?
43 Robin's a kind of this
45 Rooms at the Walledoff-Horsetoria
46 Violent outbreaks
48 Every dog hopes the this is yet to come
49 His rose when the pretty nurse took it (abbr.)
50 His theme song was Tenting Tonight
51 You'd willingly walk more than one nowadays for a package of that certain cigarette
52 Villain in the first whodunit
53 Sounds naughty, but it's a duel in reverse
54 Kind of facto
55 A tweet apartment high up on Twee Stweet
58 Onions Xilirate Exits (abbr.)

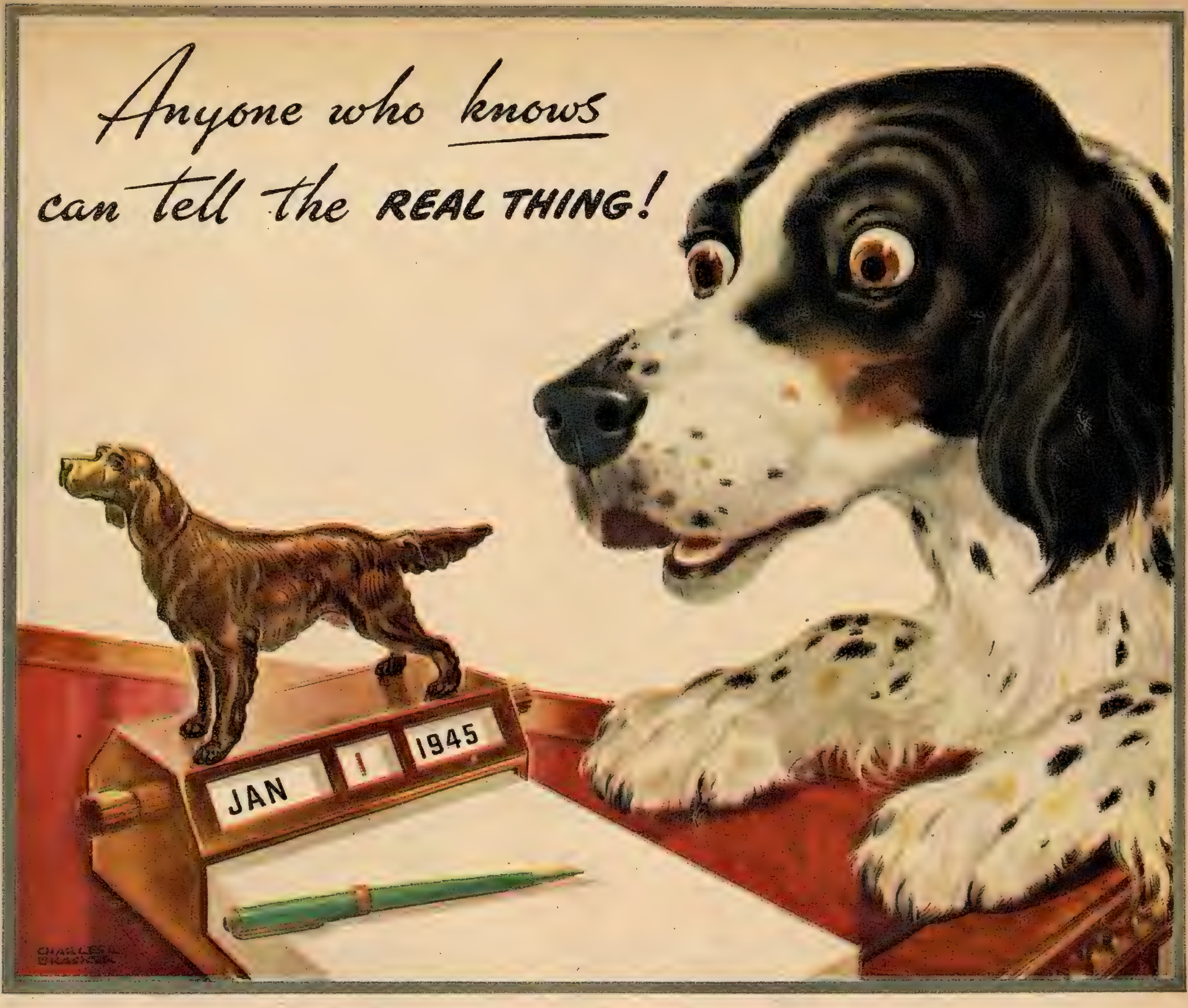


CASPER LAMPS
ALPINE MINUIT
ELANDS ENTREE
SUREST STRIPE
ARKS OR UNAR
RES FRESHMEN
ORESTES
VANADIUM SRS
RAVE NM CAIN
ALASKA BLAINE
RELINE LOUNGE
ERODES EASTER
RANEE SNEERS

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.


Anyone who knows can tell the REAL THING!
JAN
1
1945
CHARLES L. BRASHER

It's doggone easy to understand why this setter is startled. Our friends react the same way when they meet a substitute for Calvert whiskey.

For Calvert, you see, is "the real thing." One taste tells that this magnificent blend is at the peak of pre-war excellence—a whiskey that can't be imitated!

That's why, no matter how many other whiskies may come along, the *preference* for Calvert always remains unchanged.

In fact, people who serve and sell Calvert tell us: "Before the war, during the shortage, and now—Calvert *was,* and *is,* the whiskey most often asked for by name."

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THE RATIONING OF R. P. HUME

Continued from Page 25

"I don't remember having seen you," R. P. Hume said.

"Maybe not, but the cream in your coffee every morning comes from this dairy, the Fairmount Creamery Company. I'm Alison Allen, sole owner and proprietor while my father and brother are away."

"I presume they're in the war."

"You've guessed it," Alison said. "The gentleman tied to the desk there is Joe. He's a sergeant and a veteran."

"He must have been a commando."

"No, he was just on guard duty. They released him because he was over age. I've had an awful time trying to break him to civilian life again."

"I have the greatest respect for veterans," R. P. Hume said, "but I wish they would be more careful with the civilians. The home front is important in this war too, you know."

"I'm awfully sorry. I hope you're not too badly hurt."

"I'll let you know after I'm X-rayed."

ALISON brought him a cushion to prop his back, and he gingerly felt himself. Everything seemed to be in fair order. She offered him a cup of coffee and a cigarette, both of which he refused.

"I don't want to put you to any trouble," he said, "even if it turns out that I'm crippled."

"Oh, it's no trouble," Alison replied. "I always have coffee on the stove when I'm working late with my bookkeeping. Otherwise I couldn't stay awake."

"Do you manage the dairy yourself?"

Alison nodded. "And I occasionally take a milk route when somebody gets sick."

"I should think that would be too much for one girl."

"Nothing is too much in these times," Alison said. "That's why we got into this trouble. We took things easy. Now we're paying for it. Our enemies were toughening up while we were having fun."

"I see."

"What we've got to do is be as tough as they are. To survive in the world of today and tomorrow, we must be armorplated mentally, emotionally, and physically. That's the price of winning. It's dog eat dog from now on."

"I want to go home," R. P. Hume said plaintively. "My back hurts me."

Alison drove him back in a small truck, the sergeant tied in the rear. Hume climbed from the cab painfully.

"Take care of yourself and drink plenty of milk," Alison told him. "Do you want to shake hands with Joe?"

"Although there are no hard feelings," R. P. Hume said, "I would rather not. Good night, Miss Allen."

The moment he entered the house, Frank Shepp and Mrs. Smith came racing down the hall in a high state of excitement.

"Holy Moses!" Frank said. "Where have you been? I've been going crazy."

"I got lost walking down a street. A dog jumped on me—"

"I could see myself trying to explain this to the bureau in Washington," Frank said. "The guy they're depending on for this new stuff gets knocked off in a jerk town that hasn't even had any chickens stolen. Why—"

"Look," Mrs. Smith said. "He's hurt! There's dirt on his clothes!"

"I was at a dairy," R. P. Hume said. "A dog, a sergeant, knocked—"

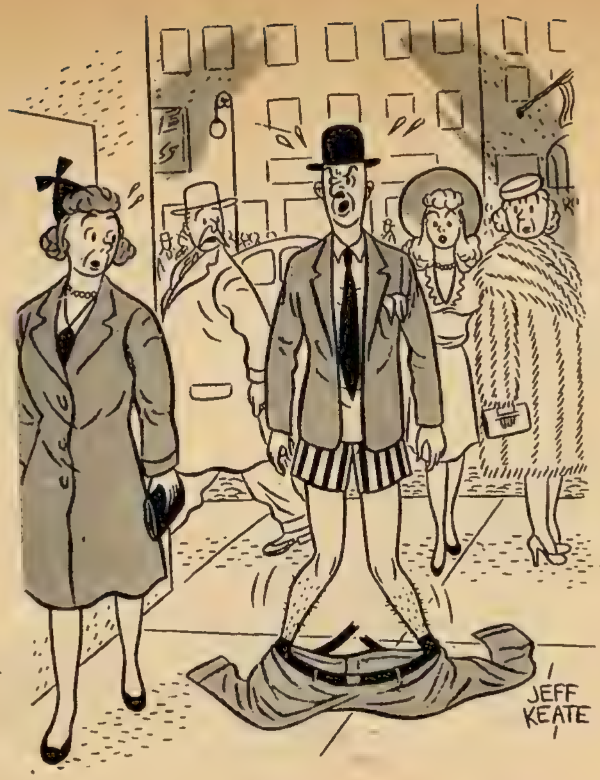
"Tell me the truth," Frank said. "You got in a beef in that pool hall and they ganged up on you. Why, the dirty rats!"

"No, I was lost on a dark road and I saw a light and—"

"Oh, they took you out to a quiet spot, huh? Transported you under duress. That's a federal offense."

"I don't think it could be," R. P. Hume said with sweet reasonableness. "The girl, a Miss—ah—Miss—I forget her name, but anyhow she was very kind to me. And how are you going to prosecute a dog, especially when he is a war veteran?"

(Continued on page 50)



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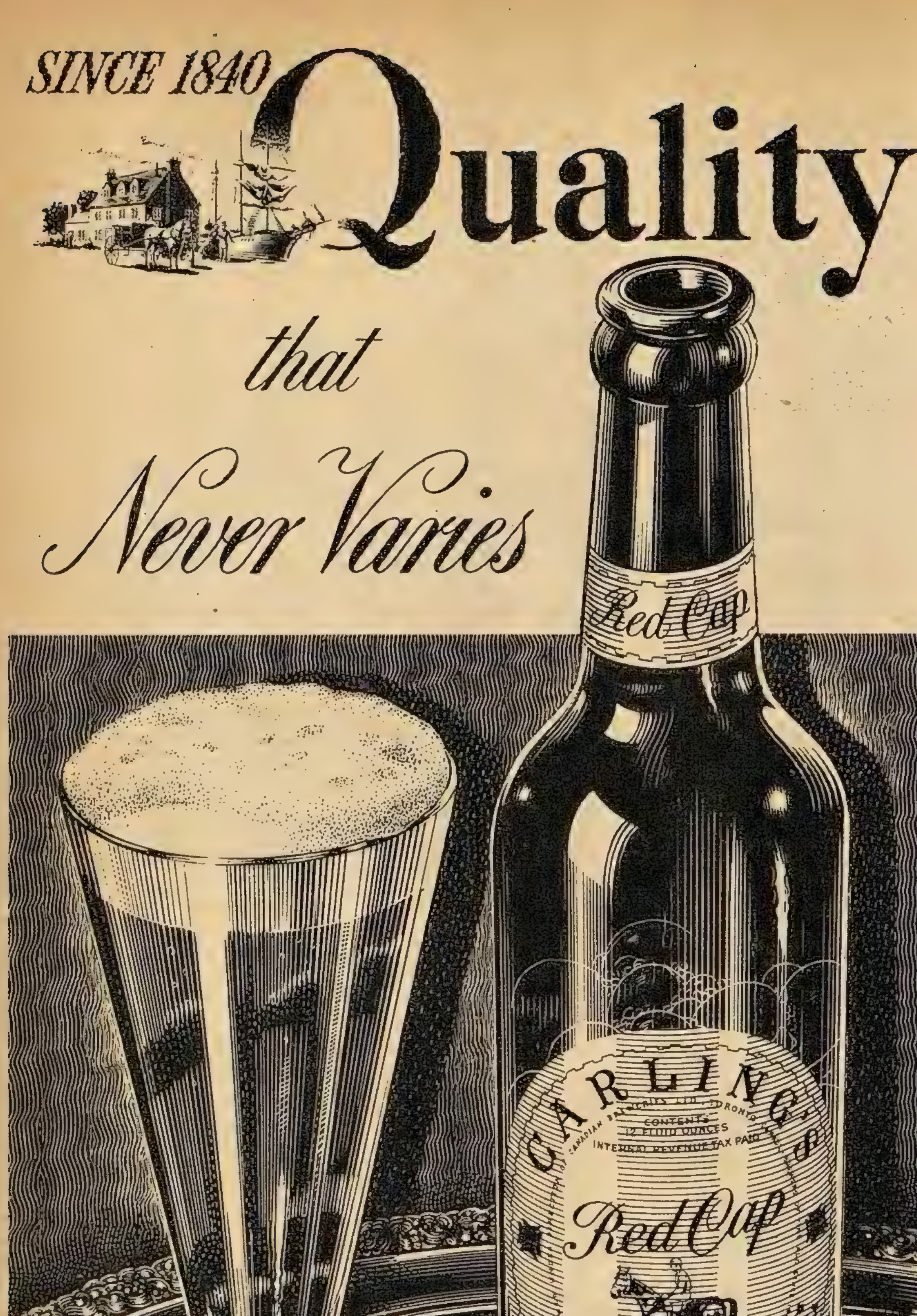


SINCE 1840 Quality that Never Varies

CARLING'S *Red Cap* ALE

Brewing Corporation of America, Cleveland, Ohio

(*Continued from page 48*)

"Give me the name of the guy who started it," Frank said. "That's all I ask."

Hume was at last allowed to tell his story. It turned out Mrs. Smith knew both the head of the Fairmount Creamery Company and the sergeant. She could vouch for them. Neither, to her knowledge, had ever engaged in un-American activities.

"Well, O. K.," Frank said reluctantly. "The dog I don't mind. They are man's best friend. But nobody ever accused dames of being that. I will make up my mind later about her."

R. P. Hume went upstairs to bed. Ordinarily, once his teeth were brushed and he was under the covers, his mind would have fallen upon working out electromagnetic equations for space, or considering atomic weights. Tonight, instead, he suddenly stiffened against his pillow and remembered the girl at the creamery, even her name, Alison Allen. He recalled her exactly—a small girl, very shapely, with big gray eyes, a wealth of soft brown hair in a long bob, and a mouth which arched readily into smiles. She was a child in years, of course, but the mystery of her charm was very old. She gave off an electrical shock as potent and enduring as that discovered by von Kleist at Kammin in 1745.

On R. P. Hume's night stand was a pad and pencil for recording his off-duty inspirations. He rose, switched on the light, and made a brief notation. It read: "See A. Allen again. Interesting study. Remember to avoid sergeant."

TWO days later he saw A. Allen a second time. He was walking to the glove factory with Frank, and she came along on a milk wagon. She called to Hume. He stared at her blankly. She was wearing slacks and a sweater, and looked dusty and tired.

"How's your back?" she asked.

"My back?" R. P. Hume said.

"Yes, you remember. The other night you came over to my place. I'm at the Fairmount Creamery Company. My dog knocked you down. You were lost."

A curious electrical impulse galvanized R. P. Hume. Abruptly he became gay, smiling, and debonair in a confused sort of way.

"I shall never forget your kindness that night," he said. "My back doesn't hurt me a bit now. How have you been?"

"Just fine, thank you."

"I've been just fine too."

"I was just fine until a couple of minutes ago," Frank said. "Now I'm beginning to feel a little sick."

"Well," R. P. Hume said, "I've got to be getting along. It was nice seeing you again."

"Thank you. . . . I have several more deliveries to make."

R. P. Hume cleared his throat. "Well, I —I hope I get lost out by your creamery one of these nights soon."

"If you do," Alison said, "I promise not to let Joe knock you down. . . . Good-by."

"Good-by," R. P. Hume said.

The wagon clattered off. The two men started on.

"How do you think I handled that?" R. P. Hume asked. "Would you say I was at ease, and respectful, yet gay?"

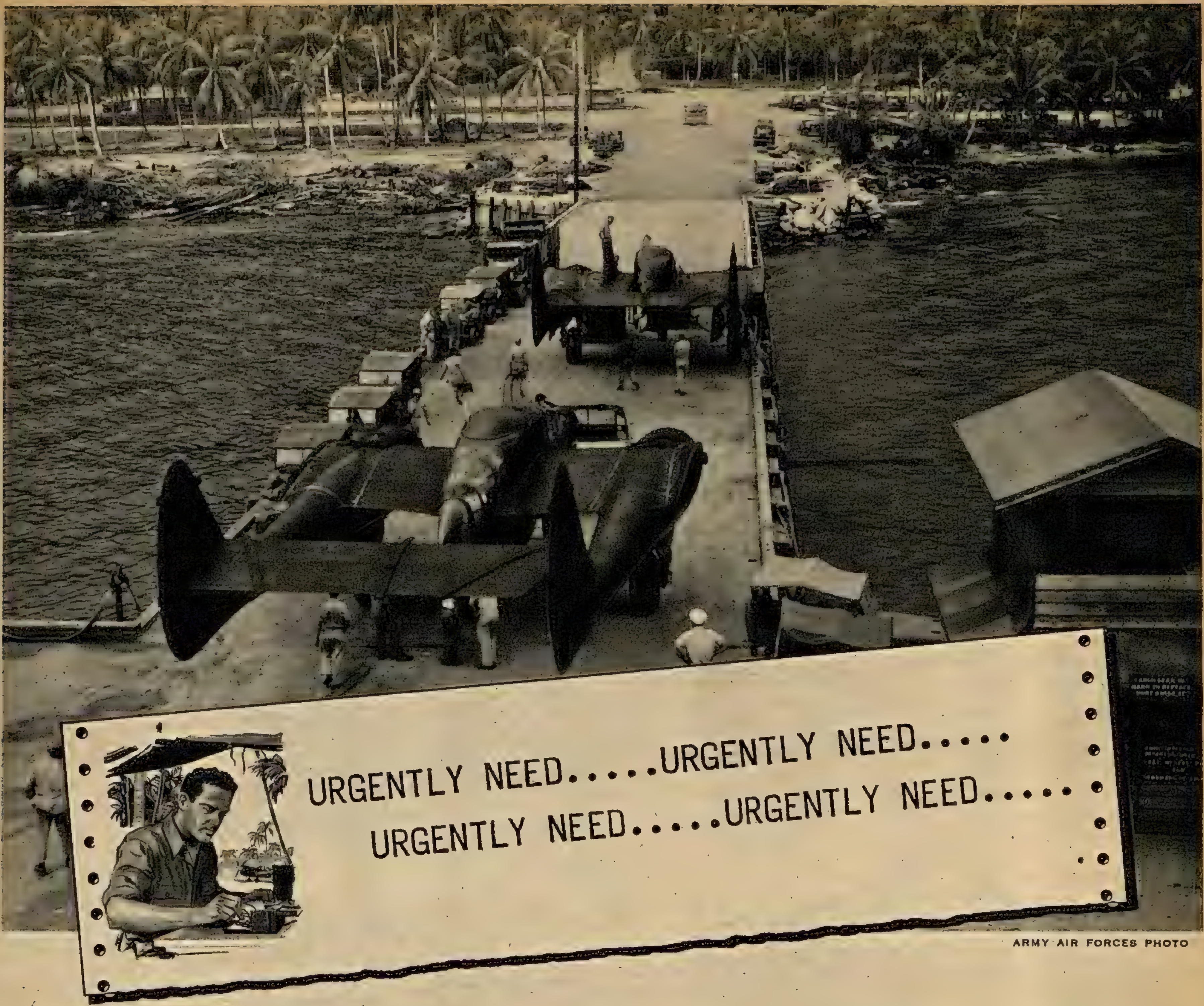
"I got a gun," Frank said. "Why don't I kill myself?"

"Please, I'm serious. Do you regard me as attractive to young women?"

"With nine or ten million guys in the Army and gone," Frank replied, "you may hold your own. But I wouldn't do any postwar planning in that department."

The handwriting was on the wall, and Frank didn't have to put on his glasses to

(*Continued on page 53*)


URGENTLY NEED.....URGENTLY NEED.....
URGENTLY NEED.....URGENTLY NEED.....

ARMY AIR FORCES PHOTO

In a far-off U.S. Army Air Forces base, deep in the Pacific, a telegrapher rattles his key . . .

> **"need P-61's number to X" . . . "need six complete fighter plane wing assemblies classification Y" . . . "need—"**

A very short time later, a bell rings on a machine in a building at Wright Field, near Dayton, Ohio. Softly clacking keys reproduce the appeal on a cablegram form.

At once a vast and highly organized system is set in motion. The deadly P-61's—Black Widows—must go by ship. But no time is lost by the Air Technical Service Command. Westward they go by sea, in knockdown form.

The wing assemblies are loaded into cargo planes almost immediately. Off they go, by air. And soon, six fighter planes will roar back into combat against the Japs.

That building near Dayton houses the headquarters of the Air Technical Service Command, which supplies and maintains all equipment of the Army Air Forces.

Its *Supply Division* is the heart of the ATSC. Hundreds of thousands of different items are handled—bombers and bolts, bombs and bullets, fuel and flying suits, jungle kits and medical supplies.

Fully as important is the *Maintenance Division*, which keeps Army Air Forces airplanes in combat condition.

At huge shops in this country, planes are completely overhauled, made as good as new. Overseas, service units operate depots for repairing and overhauling planes in combat theaters. All told, the ATSC may repair as many as 25,000 airplanes in a single month.

The *Personnel Division* of ATSC supplies and trains the 300,000 civilian workers who make this command the largest industrial employer in the world.

These men and women and the uniformed members of the ATSC are in a real sense the guardians of the men who wear the Silver Wings. The finest tribute to their efficiency is the proud record of our Army Air Forces.

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FIVE CROWN

Number One ON THE TASTE PARADE...

A LUXURIOUS Seagram's 5 Crown highball... then tender, juicy hamburgers ...yes, we Americans enjoy the good things of life!

Of course, we have to buy wisely... make our red ration points count... to get the right ingredients for a delicious meal. It takes more than ordinary ingredients—more than ordinary skill—to give you the distinctive goodness of Seagram's 5 Crown.

Only the finer whiskies and grain neutral spirits distilled especially for blending are used. And these are combined by men whose craftsmanship sums up Seagram's 87 years of experience. Every drop is true pre-war quality! Remember this when you buy... good taste says "Seagram's 5 Crown, please!"

SEAGRAM TAKES THE TOUGHNESS OUT... BLENDS EXTRA PLEASURE IN

Seagram's 5 Crown

72½% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof.
Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

Say Seagram's *and be Sure of Pre-War Quality*

(Continued from page 50)

read it. He knew what was going to happen. Three days after, on a Sunday, Alison dropped by to give Mrs. Smith her milk bill. R. P. Hume was home, and he lit up like a Bunsen burner at the sight of Alison. They fell into a long conversation which didn't make much sense to Frank, later played croquet, and Alison ended up by staying to dinner. In the evening they played cards. Much fun was had by all except Frank.

When Alison left, R. P. Hume saw her out the door and gallantly handed her into her truck. Frank went along, although he felt far from welcome.

"This has been a lovely day," R. P. Hume said. "I hope you'll come again soon, Alison."

"Well," Alison said, "it's been lovely. I'll enjoy coming again."

"Well," R. P. Hume said, "you know how much I enjoy having you come. You must come soon."

"Now I know why that dog knocked him down the other night," Frank said.

"Good night," Alison said.

"Good night," R. P. Hume said.

"Ye gods!" Frank said.

They returned to the house. "I'm delighted you've found someone you like in Fairmount, Mr. Hume," Mrs. Smith said. "We'll try to have Miss Allen over often."

"Who?" R. P. Hume said.

"Miss Allen. Alison."

"Oh, yes, of course. By all means."

After that it was all downhill. Alison came over frequently. On occasion, R. P. Hume piled in the truck with her and drove to the creamery for a visit. Frank saw his duty and he did it. He went with them everywhere. Sometimes he thought their conversation would drive him crazy. They discussed happiness, electric milkers, life after death, Faraday and Benjamin Franklin, Leyden jars, elementary physics, how to furnish a house, and whether a career or marriage was more important to a girl. The whole courtship was extremely painful to both Frank and the dog. The four was a crowd.

The crowd thing precipitated an argument. R. P. Hume and Alison had just decided marriage is more important to a girl. They wanted to go into it rather fully, but there sat Frank and the sergeant. R. P. Hume wondered if at least Frank couldn't go.

"No," Frank said. "I'm responsible for your safety, and you are certainly not safe now."

"That's ridiculous," R. P. Hume said. "I have to have some private life."

"It wasn't explained to me that way."

Frank stayed where he was, despite Hume's protests, and they never did get the career-versus-marriage thing settled. One reason was that Alison suddenly stopped seeing Hume. Alison was busy or too tired or would not answer her phone, and he didn't suspect she was deliberately avoiding him. Then it hit him like a thunderbolt. It was like one of his pet experiments failing, only worse. He went over to the creamery for a showdown. Frank let him go alone.

ALISON was at her adding machine. She paled when R. P. Hume entered. "What have I done?" Hume asked. "Why are you short-circuiting me like this?"

"I don't know what you mean," Alison said.

"Yes, you do. A week ago when I talked about magnetism, you knew it referred to us as much as to Faraday's experiments. Now you won't even listen to me on the telephone. Something's happened."

"I—I have too much work to do."

"I have just as much work," R. P. Hume said, "but I haven't forgotten you. Alison,

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You will find these 70,000 men and women in machine shops, offices and railroad yards . . . doing thousands of jobs all over Baltimore & Ohio's vast 11,000 miles of track. ★ In their daily work, they are inventing, discovering and applying new principles that mean greater comfort, convenience, speed and safety in B&O service. ★ Through the combined efforts of these 70,000 workers you, as tomorrow's traveler or shipper, will enjoy railroad service at its finest, rail service that typifies the meaning of progress . . . "the science of continually making things better!"

R. B. WHITE, *President*

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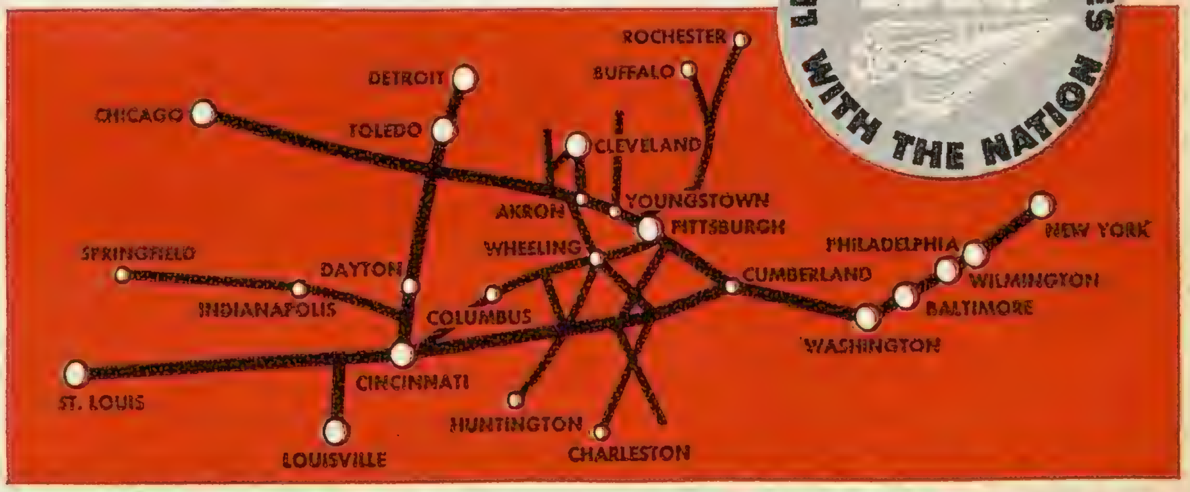
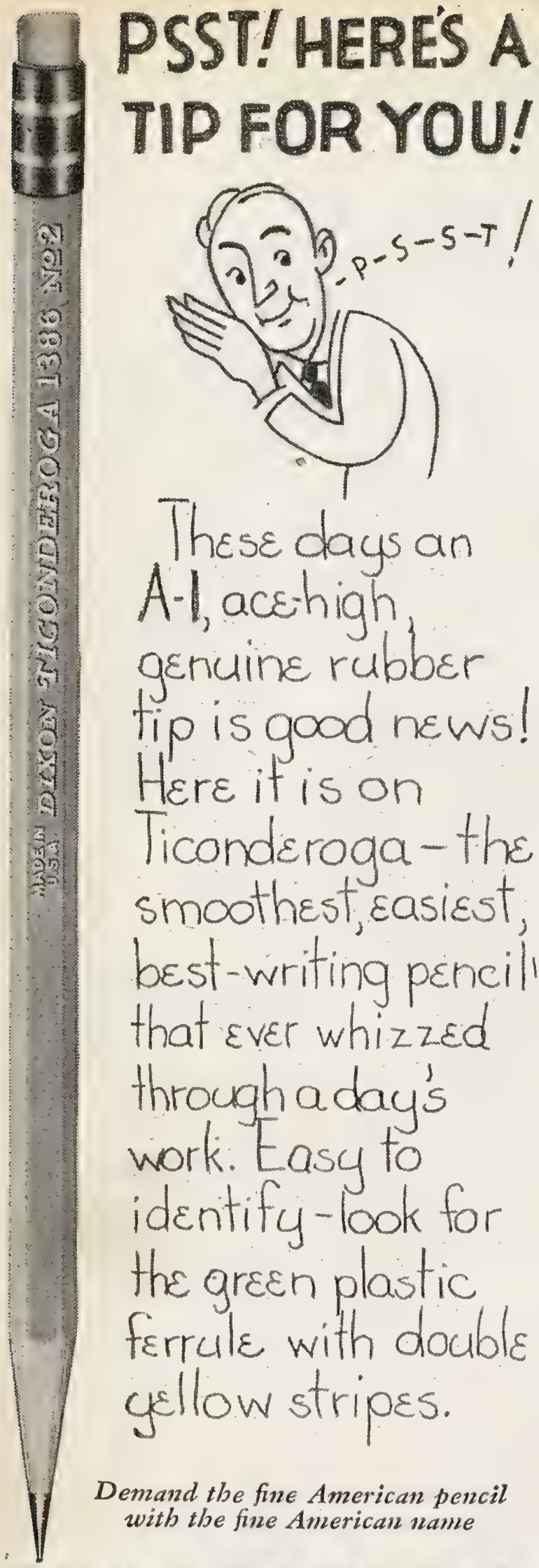


BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD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you owe me an explanation. If your intentions were not honorable, I should be the first to know."

"All right," Alison said, and tried hard to look grim and remorseless. "Let's face it, R. P. I'm a fickle and heartless girl. As a childlike and innocent scientist, you interested me as a novelty. But I've had enough. There is nothing I can do now except cast you aside like a broken toy."

"I can't believe this," R. P. Hume said. "We were made for each other, and the mutual attraction we exercise on each other is on a sound scientific basis. It is inevitable that we should be married. Electrical current is electrons traveling along a wire. Atoms are built up from positive and negative electrons. Chemical forces are due to positive and negative electrons. The origin of matter is electrical. We are parts of the whole, and we should be joined. Alison, I love you."

Alison was trying to sneer. "Well, somebody has pulled our switch. We've got to be tough, R. P. The world of the future is not for sissies. We have to ignore our emotions and fight. The important thing is to win, and individuals don't count. I—I wish you'd beat it from here and try to forget, R. P."

"How can I forget?" Hume demanded. "I don't remember a face or a name, but I never forget a problem. You're a problem to me now."

"Think of this as never having been," Alison said brokenly. "Perhaps after the war we can be friends."

R. P. Hume made a gesture of helplessness, turned on his heel, and went into the night. He promptly got lost and it took him two hours to find his way back to Oak Street. In that time he passed through resentment, despair, revolt, rage, and arrived at resignation. This was the end.

Days passed and Alison became a forgotten topic. Frank mentioned her only once, when he remarked, "R. P., I note you are no longer courting that dairymaid. What happened?"

"The secret," R. P. Hume said, "which I do not know, I will carry to my grave."

He would have, too, except for the recorder they had connected to their telephone in the office at the old glove factory which was used for recording their frequent Washington calls. There was a playback device which enabled them to hear all that had been said whenever they wanted. Often they forgot to turn off the switch, and the large transparent disks contained a variety of information other than that from Washington.

One day R. P. Hume was sorting through them. He put a disk on the playback and heard two muffled metallic voices that he recognized without difficulty. His eyes popped as he listened.

ALISON: Fairmount Creamery Company, Miss Allen speaking.

FRANK: Alison, this is Frank Shepp. Listen. I got to talk to you about R. P. Hume. You want to win this war, don't you?

ALISON: The war and R. P. Hume.

FRANK: You can't win both.

ALISON: What do you mean?

FRANK: The Brain is in love with you. You know that as well as I do. The guy's mind is beginning to wander. I can't tell you much, but I can tell you this: how well Hume thinks may determine how much sooner we can win the war—at least, if he gets hot, it's going to help a lot. The government has gone to a lot of trouble and expense to see that no harm comes to him, mental or physical. You're upsetting him. And when you upset him, you're upsetting the war effort.

ALISON: What do you want me to do?

FRANK: Give him up—give him up the same as you've given up butter, gasoline, sugar, and other luxuries, and for the same reason—victory.

ALISON: I don't care about butter and sugar—

FRANK: Sure, but they're not half so important. What you've got to do is ration R. P. Hume. Keeping from holding hands with him is better than giving a pint of blood to the Red Cross or buying a war bond. Are you willing to be on Hitler's side for the sake of marrying some guy?

ALISON: No, I guess not.

FRANK: O. K.

ALISON: This is no time for weakness. I'll give him up, Frank. R. P. is my contribution to world peace.

FRANK: You're a brave kid, Alison. You should get a medal.

THE conversation subsided into crackling silence. R. P. Hume turned off the playback. For a long while he sat with his chin in his hands and examined his conscience mercilessly. Was Alison hurting his work? No. Did holding hands hinder his thinking? Definitely not. It stimulated him. Would marriage cross up a physicist? Absurd. Physicists were married all over the place.

Eric Peters

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

JANUWARY: An icy month in which to watch your step.

OSHUN: A sea to be avoided.

C ATTY.: A backbiting lawyer.

MINISTIR: A D. D. cook making a pudding.

ALLAHBI: A Mohammedan excuse.

DR. AFTED: A medic in 1-A.

GENTEAL: A polite and soft-spoken river duck.

TROU BBL.: Hogshead full of rye.

SAARCASM: Anti-Nazis making fun of their own valley's destruction.

DEEPARTMENT: One in the sub-basement of a big store.

So that was that. The next move would require boldness, skill, and thought.

It took a week. Then Hume called Frank in and demanded that Alison be brought immediately to the glove-factory office.

"Either she comes here right now," R. P. Hume said, "or I go on strike."

Frank protested, but gradually he wilted. Hume was obviously not kidding.

"All right, I'll get her," Frank said. "But this is a violation of some federal law."

When he returned with Alison, having flashed his badge on her to get her to come, there was a security discussion at the gate. Finally Alison was blindfolded and led into the office. R. P. Hume was waiting.

"This will take only a few minutes of your time," he announced. "I would like to have complete silence until I finish playing the recording of a Washington call recently made from this office."

HE put a disk on the playback and set the turntable in motion. Two voices came on. One was R. P. Hume's, the other a voice everybody knew.

VOICE: Yes?

HUME: Sir, this is R. P. Hume, out with the Hume Unit. I wouldn't bother you, except that I have a difficult situation in connection with the war effort. Knowing your interest in everything dealing with the United States and its people, I have ventured to bring it to your attention.

VOICE: Of course, Hume. Go ahead.

HUME: I am in love with a girl out here who runs a creamery. It is the feeling of some people associated with me that a romance is a hindrance to my work, upon which much depends. That is not my view. I believe marriage will stimulate me. However, duty is more important than personal happiness at present. I am willing to give up the girl at the creamery if it is in the best interests of my country. I respectfully request a decision from the commander in chief on that point, sir.

VOICE: By all means keep the girl, Hume. And go on with your work.

HUME: May I regard that as an order?

VOICE: You may. And send me a wedding invitation when the time comes.

HUME: Thank you, sir. Would you give my regards to your wife?

VOICE: I will as soon as she comes back. Good night, Hume.

HUME: Good night, sir.

R. P. Hume turned off the playback.

"Questions?" R. P. Hume said.

"Who am I to complain?" Frank said. "You couldn't go any higher."

"What is your reaction, Alison?" R. P. Hume asked.

"If this blindfold was lifted a little," Alison said, "you could kiss me."

Later R. P. Hume stepped out through the front gate with his intended and removed the blindfold. Alison looked up at him with damp eyes.

"You're incredible," she said, "and I adore you. So childlike and yet so wise. Who else could have thought of that?"

"I may be childlike," R. P. Hume said, "but I am also ingenious. I had to wire around the telephone and practically make my own microphone to cut that recording. Then there was the imitation of the voice. No matter how many Fireside Chats you've heard, it's still hard to do."

Alison's damp eyes had become glazed. Her scientist was grinning.

"Another thing," he said. "This may be a violation of one of those federal laws Frank is always talking about. If you know what's good for you, you'll keep your mouth shut."

"Oh, I know what's good for me," Alison said, and clutched him violently.

THE END

FIRST-CLASS GENTLEMAN

Continued from Page 17

saw. His talent wasn't running and chasing and fighting; he didn't even like to chew a bone if it was big enough to make him stretch his jaws.

What this Daniel Boone was good for was conversation, and his chief interest was a warm room, plenty of human company, and a chair to sit up on. When he was perched on a chair like that, he didn't miss a thing that was said. His good-natured eyes kept shifting from face to face. If there was a joke and lots of laughter, the tip of his tail waggled; and if anybody began to shout and wrangle, Daniel Boone would pucker up his face until he seemed to be raising his eyebrows, bothered by such bad manners. He could smile, he could frown. Sometimes he got so interested in what people were saying that I had to call him twice to come get his dinner. My Uncle Ezra said Daniel Boone was the most outtalkingest dog he ever heard of, and the whole family was proud of him, and ashamed, too, because he was such good company and such a poor sort of dog.

When Mr. Clayton Williams arrived, Daniel Boone was pretty sick. Dr. Carson, the vet, said it was stomach trouble and that a blister would fix him up, but all the blister did was take off the hair along with a good part of the hide, and Daniel Boone still had fits of pain that made him kick and struggle and then let out a quick sharp howl.

There had been three or four days of it, and nights, too, until the morning I had him out in the warmth of the sun, wrapped in a blanket. He had a dry nose and wet eyes and when the fits of pain came he tried to burrow himself out of sight under my arm. Then a footstep came over the slippery, crackling pine needles, and when I looked up there was Mr. Clayton Williams, our new next door neighbor, coming to us, dressed in the riding clothes he nearly always wore. I stood up with Daniel Boone in my arms.

"Good morning," he said. "I'm afraid that you have a rather sick dog there."

"Yes, sir, Mr. Williams," I answered. "I'm sorry he must have been bothering you with yowling so much."

"He can't help that," said Mr. Clayton Williams.

"No, sir. He tries, but he can't," I said.

Just then a fit of the trouble came on Daniel Boone and he worked hard to keep back the noise, but after a while that one sharp cry came out of his throat and he looked up into my face to ask pardon.

"He *does* try," said Mr. Clayton Williams. "What is your name, if you please?"

"Daniel Boone," I said. "I mean, that's my dog's name, and I'm Jud."

"MAY I look at him?" he asked, and took the blanket away, and began to run his hand over Daniel. After a moment he poked his finger into Daniel's stomach and the puppy howled in his face.

"I'm sorry," said Mr. Clayton Williams. "But I'd like to borrow Daniel Boone for a day. Perhaps I can do something for him."

"Do you think you can, sir?" I asked.

"I hope so," he said.

"He just can't stand it no longer," I said. "I don't know that I *want* him to stand it much longer."

And I began to cry.

Mr. Clayton Williams picked up Daniel Boone and wrapped the blanket around him.

"I think I'm going to have good luck,"

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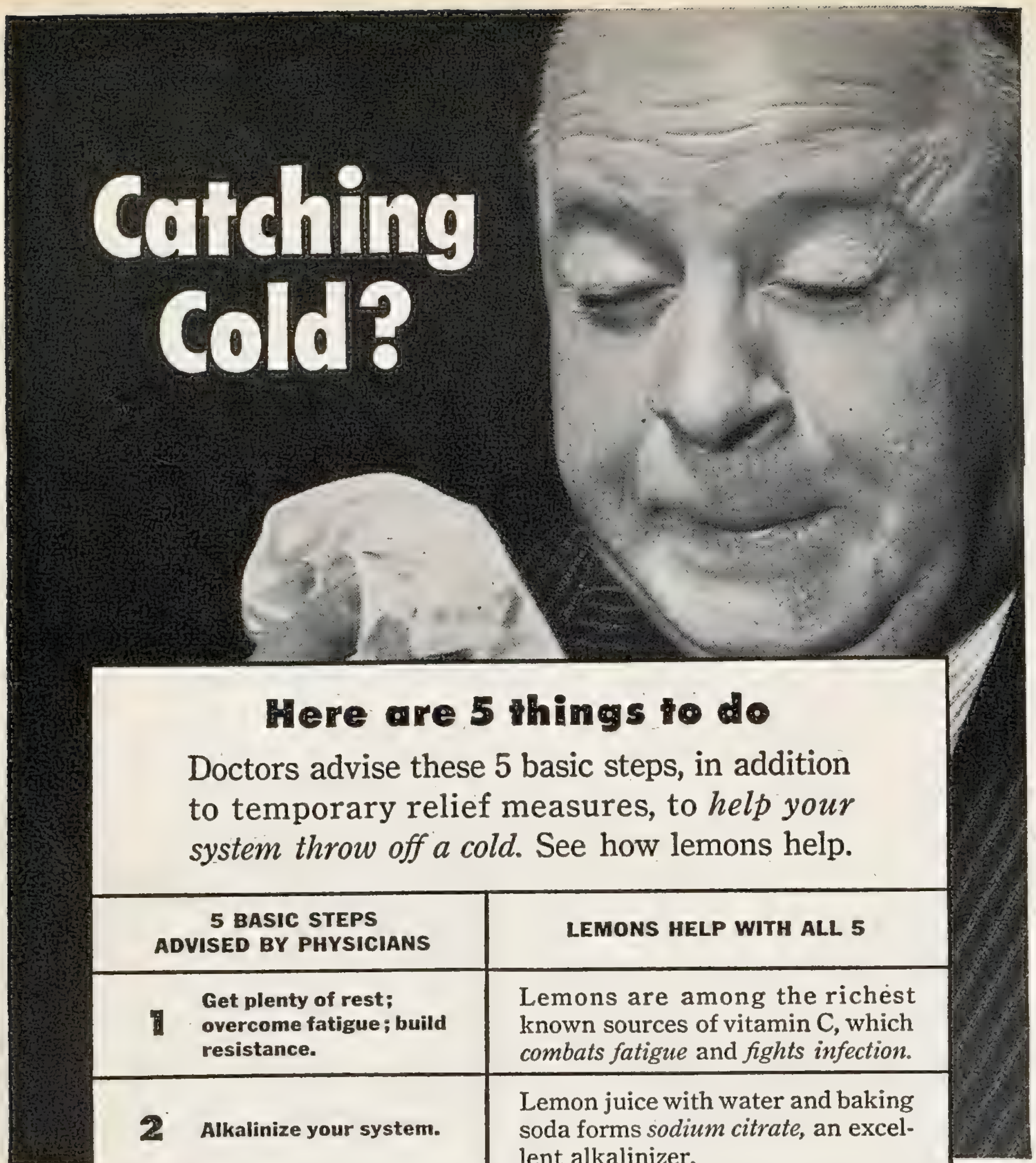
Catching Cold?

Here are 5 things to do

Doctors advise these 5 basic steps, in addition to temporary relief measures, to *help your system throw off a cold.* See how lemons help.

	5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1	Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which *combats fatigue* and *fights infection.*
2	Alkalinize your system.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms *sodium citrate,* an excellent alkalinizer.
3	Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4	Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5	Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

TRY THIS NEW COLD ROUTINE WITH LEMON AND SODA

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate.* Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add – slowly – half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising.*

WHEN YOU TAKE COLD TAKE LEMONS

California Sunkist Lemons

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY WAR BONDS

he said. "Tomorrow morning I'll meet you here again."

He smiled at me and then down at the dog, and from that minute I knew he was about the greatest man in the world. It seemed perfectly certain that I was right when he came up the slope the next morning about the same time with Daniel Boone trotting at his heels, a little wobbly in the knees but with his eyes bright and his nose moist.

After that, my dog lived a divided life, half his time for me and half for Mr. Clayton Williams. I used to watch him scratch twice on the door of the Williams cabin and always be admitted, and though I never had the same privilege, people used to take it for granted that I knew a lot about the stranger. They kept prying at me with questions that made me feel terribly important, but I merely shook my head and never spoke a word about what I really did not know.

Those were the long slow years of my life. When you're ten, one hour in the afternoon is equal to a fortnight when a man is fifty; and that is why it seems to me that the mystery of Mr. Clayton Williams has been with me through half of my days as a question that sometime would be answered. But when the big trouble came, it stole up on me and took me by surprise, and the questions about Mr. Clayton Williams were answered in a moment that I hate to remember.

A timber crew came up and camped on the edge of the town, one of them a sort of boss or supervisor who owed his job to being a relative of the owner of the company, so that he paid no attention to his work but most of the time was loitering around the town, particularly in the saloon of Ben Lumas. The rear view of this fellow was impressive. He could have been a heavyweight wrestler or a prizefighter. But his face let him out and told even children that he was no good. His mouth slipped all to one side when he smiled and his eyes never could hold steady except when they were fixed on something he wanted, such as a pretty girl. Before he had been around the place a week there wasn't a girl that would speak to him except as she was passing by. Walter Angus was his name.

IT was on a Saturday morning that I had my talk with Mr. Angus. My mother had sent me up to the store to buy some oil of peppermint and other things after an old recipe for a warming draft, because for the last day I had had a growing pain in my side, and as I stepped out of the place with the package in my hand, Mr. Angus was standing there on the porch, leaning against one of the sugar-pine pillars. He winked and beckoned to me with his head so that I went over to him and heard him say, "This man that calls himself Clayton Williams, he's a great friend of yours, isn't he?"

I had a good deal of training in not answering questions about Clayton Williams, as I've already said, but I disliked this man so much that I couldn't help saying, "No, sir. My dog knows him better than I do."

"Not a doctor, by any chance, is he?" asked Mr. Angus. "Because if he was, we could make a piece of money out of him, I think. He looks a pile like a doctor that they've been saving a place in jail for. Yes, sir, they'd pay to have him. Not been doing any doctoring around here, has he?"

I remembered what he had done for Daniel Boone and swallowed.

"Not a bit," I said, and got away as fast as I could to Mr. Clayton Williams' cabin.

When I knocked, there was a pause. Then a chair scraped back and fell over with a crash, so that I guessed Mr. Williams was in pretty bad shape. A moment

Reamer Keller

later he opened the door and stood on the threshold, thin, white, and a sort of misty distance that I had seen in his eyes before. However, he never talked thick but even at his worst spoke clearly, with spaces between his words as though he were thinking them out one by one. I told him what Mr. Angus had said and how I had answered.

"And what do you think, Jud?" he asked.

"I think maybe you'd better take a trip, sir," I said.

He looked at me for a moment, the mist commencing to clear.

"If it's as bad as all this, I'd better do something about it," he said. "Thank you, Jud."

I went home, thinking sadly that Daniel Boone and I had seen the last of Mr. Clayton Williams; and a little later, after I'd swallowed the hot stuff my mother gave me, I looked out through the window and saw Mr. Williams walking up the slope slowly, trusting a good deal to his cane; and I was sure that this was my final glimpse of him. Daniel Boone seemed to know there was trouble, too, for he jumped up on the window ledge beside me and looked out anxiously, but by that time the figure had disappeared among the trees.

MR. CLAYTON WILLIAMS had not left town, however. The town buzzed that evening with the story of what he had done, for it seems that he went right up to the saloon of Ben Lumas; and when he entered, everything was still except the loud voice of Mr. Angus. Mr. Williams touched him with the end of his walking stick, and when he turned said to him, "I understand you know me, sir?"

Mr. Angus, stepping back sharply from the stick and the cold voice of Clayton Williams, bumped heavily against the bar, and seemed frightened to death.

"No, sir," he said. "I don't know you. I only was saying that I thought you looked a good deal like—"

"There is no way of controlling your thoughts, sir," said Clayton Williams, "but there *are* ways of regulating your manner of speech. I beg you to remember this. Good evening, sir."

He walked out and left Mr. Angus sickened and sobered, while the town looked higher up to Mr. Clayton Williams than ever before. I was the only one who felt unhappy, guessing what I did. When I saw Mr. Williams a few days later he stopped to chat for a moment, and I ventured to say, "I'm glad everything is all right, sir."

"Perfectly right, but not for long," he said, smiling at me. "When you've heard the whiz of the arrow, the next one will strike home."

That is my clearest picture of him, leaning on his walking stick, ankle-deep in the snow. It had been falling a little heavily for early November, and the next day or two blew up a storm that boomed and bellowed in the gulches and sang high soprano through the tops of the sugar pines. By the time it ended, every way into town was blocked with snowdrifts that filled fifty-foot gullies and washed sometimes as high as the lowest branches of the great pines.

The latter part of the music was a sad song for me, because in spite of my mother's remedies the pain in my side grew worse, then suddenly began to swell, and a hot fever smoked the sense out of my brain. There were such spasms of agony thrusting into my body that sometimes there was no room for breath and I was left gasping.

I remember that my father said, "It's all right to groan, Jud. It's all right to cry, too, because it might ease you a little."

But I was fifteen and, two years before, I had stopped crying. Manhood comes like that, I suppose, of its own force, in its own time.

My whole right side was beginning to swell now, and my mother was frantic. The town was doing its best. My father and a group of other men made a terrible march all the way to Chimneytown to get Dr. Welch, but he was away and they had to turn back. People did what they could. I suppose there were never less than a dozen women around the house asking how they could lend a hand. But something was wrong in the very core of me and had to come out.

One day I slipped out of the heat of the fever and out of the delirium as though a cool wind had blown into the room. I saw it was the minister sitting by my bed, and he talked to me quietly, but I knew what his coming meant. I was about to die. But fear somehow had been burned out of me by the pain that clouded over my eyes again and darkened the minister's face until he was gone from my thoughts together with his church and the world that its spire pointed to.

Through this cloud a light came again, and I heard the voice of Mr. Clayton Williams saying, "This must be done instantly.

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Take your Choice
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- Lather Shave (Plain)
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● After every shave COOL, SOOTHE, PROTECT your skin with amazing MENNEN SKIN BALM—Makes your face feel *wonderful.*

Start some water boiling in a shallow pan."

He stood by the bed, drawing off his gloves, then opening a small leather case full of bright little knives and crooked steel instruments.

"We'll have you asleep first, Jud," he said, "and after that it will all be over quickly."

I put out a hand and drew Mr. Clayton Williams down to me.

"You mustn't do it, sir," I said. "Mr. Angus will hear—and then he'll know—"

"The trifles will take care of themselves," Mr. Williams told me, and it was impossible to argue another word with him.

I heard a woman in the next room scream at my mother, "The man's drunk as a fiddler. You can't let him touch that boy."

I could not hear my mother's answer, but the doctor said quietly, "Not too drunk, however. Not *this* time, I believe."

A little later he put something over my nose and mouth, and said, "This will stifle you a little, but it will mean that a good sleep is coming over you. Breathe steadily and deeply, Jud."

I breathed steadily and deeply, therefore, of the ether fumes, and there was hardly any sense of suffocation, the oblivion was coming so sweetly over me.

A moment later I woke up and asked for water.

"No," said the voice of Mr. Clayton Williams. "No water. But you can keep his tongue washed clean and use a bit of snow —just a bit—to cool his mouth from time to time."

Then I realized that something gripped my body tightly all around.

"You don't mean it's all over," I said.

"All over," said Mr. Clayton Williams, removing a sheet which was wrapped around him. "You'll be up and about in two weeks; only remember to be patient, Jud."

"I'll be patient, sir," I said.

"Here's Daniel to help waste the time," said Mr. Williams, and Daniel Boone jumped up onto the chair beside the bed and cocked his ears and deepened the wrinkles between his eyes as he thought me over.

MR. CLAYTON WILLIAMS put on his coat and then he drew on his gloves. My mother and two of the neighbor women followed him about, vaguely trying to assist; and I keep the memory of my mother's face at that moment, filled with something unutterable through speech.

Mr. Clayton Williams opened the bedroom door and I heard him say, "I believe Mr. Angus and the sheriff are here. I'm ready to go with them now."

My mother put a finger on her lips as though she dreaded that I or somebody else might dare to speak in that dreadful moment.

But after an instant I heard Ben the bartender say, "They ain't here just now, Mr. Williams, sir. The sheriff thought they would better take a walk, and he had an idea they might somehow lose their way."

Mr. Clayton Williams made no answer. He stepped through the doorway and closed the door softly behind him.

That was the last I saw of him; that was the last anyone in our town ever heard of him, I think. But if, in fact, any of our men, or women either, had picked up a word concerning him in the years that followed, it would not have been repeated —no, not even in the inmost bosom of the village, for Mr. Clayton Williams, who had been our treasured piece of gossip to whisper over, had become the brightest part of our history, to be talked about with open reverence but left securely in the past where the best of the world is at rest forever.

THE END

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

OLD SARGE is having difficulty these mornings, finding his desk under the avalanche of letters inspired—or provoked—by Coast Guardsman Joe J.'s comparison, printed recently in This Man's War, of the wifely qualities of U. S. and foreign women. We can't print more than one of these letters, and have chosen the following:

Pooh to you, Coast Guardsman Joe J.! Just because the girls you know are "designing females," can't cook, dislike housework and raising a family, and drive their husbands broke, is no sign that all girls are like that.

Her cooking

I'm no "girl in a million"—just a "typical" American girl. I've been married three years and don't believe I've spoiled my husband's stomach yet. He's in England now, and yesterday I received a letter in which he said he'd like to taste some of my cooking again. And I never cooked a meal in my life before I was married, either.

Furthermore, I like housework, and more than anything in the world I want a family of my own. And I've never driven my husband broke, Coast Guardsman Joe J.; I'm sorry you've known only that kind.

An Army Wife, Mrs. E. K. H., Danville, Ill.

* * *

I enlisted in the Army when I was fifteen years of age and served fourteen months overseas and four months in the States. I was honorably discharged September 24, 1943, by reason of a Section IV minority. I did not draw any mustering-out pay when I was discharged because the law had not been passed.

I am now in the Navy and have been for nine months. Am I entitled to draw mustering-out pay for my Army discharge now, or will I have to wait until I am discharged from the Navy?

S 1/c N. E. H., U. S. Naval Air Station, Jacksonville, Fla.

Wait. You have to sign a statement that you are not now a member of the armed forces to draw mustering-out pay. And you can collect from only one of the services. However, when the time comes, it might be better to collect yours from the Army than from the Navy, since you would get $300 for service including foreign service, and only $200 for service in the continental United States.

* * *

Lately I've noticed several fellows returning from the European Theater of Operations wearing a service ribbon which I can't find on any chart anywhere. The ribbon is blue and is in a small gold frame. The men wear them over the *right* pocket, and some have oak leaf clusters.

B. G., Lancaster, Pa.

The blue badge worn over the right pocket is the Presidential Unit Citation. It was authorized in 1942 for award to any organization or unit of the Army for outstanding performance of duty in action. Every member of a unit which has received this award wears the badge. An oak leaf cluster indicates a second award of the decoration.

* * *

I have a question about the G. I. Bill of Rights which you can perhaps clear up for me. When my "Greetings from the President" letter came, I was in my freshman year in college. After discharge I plan to return and I will have to start over. I want to take courses both winter and summer and thereby complete the four years in three. Now, as I understand the Bill, I will receive $500 a year plus $50 per month expenses for college.

Will a compensation be made for these summer courses?

Cpl. J. G. G., Camp Stewart, Ga.

Yes, under the circumstances you describe, the government will pay your tuition in an amount not to exceed $750 per calendar year. Incidentally, this fee is paid direct to the college or institution you attend, not to you.

According to the G. I. Bill, persons who had their education interrupted by reason of their entrance into military service are entitled to tuition charges, laboratory fees, cost of books, and other supplies up to $500 for the ordinary school year of two terms, or $250 a term. For an ordinary school year plus a summer term you will be allowed a maximum of $750 a year for tuition, etc., for one year plus a period of time to equal your total time in active service, and subsistence of $50 a month or $75 if you have a dependent.

* * *

A very good friend, a naval pilot, was shot down over Truk. Is there any place we could write and find out whether he is officially dead, missing, or a prisoner of war?

Mrs. R. N. V., Chincoteague, Va.

Write the Bureau of Naval Personnel, Casualty Section, Navy Department, Washington 25, D. C.

This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York 17, N. Y.

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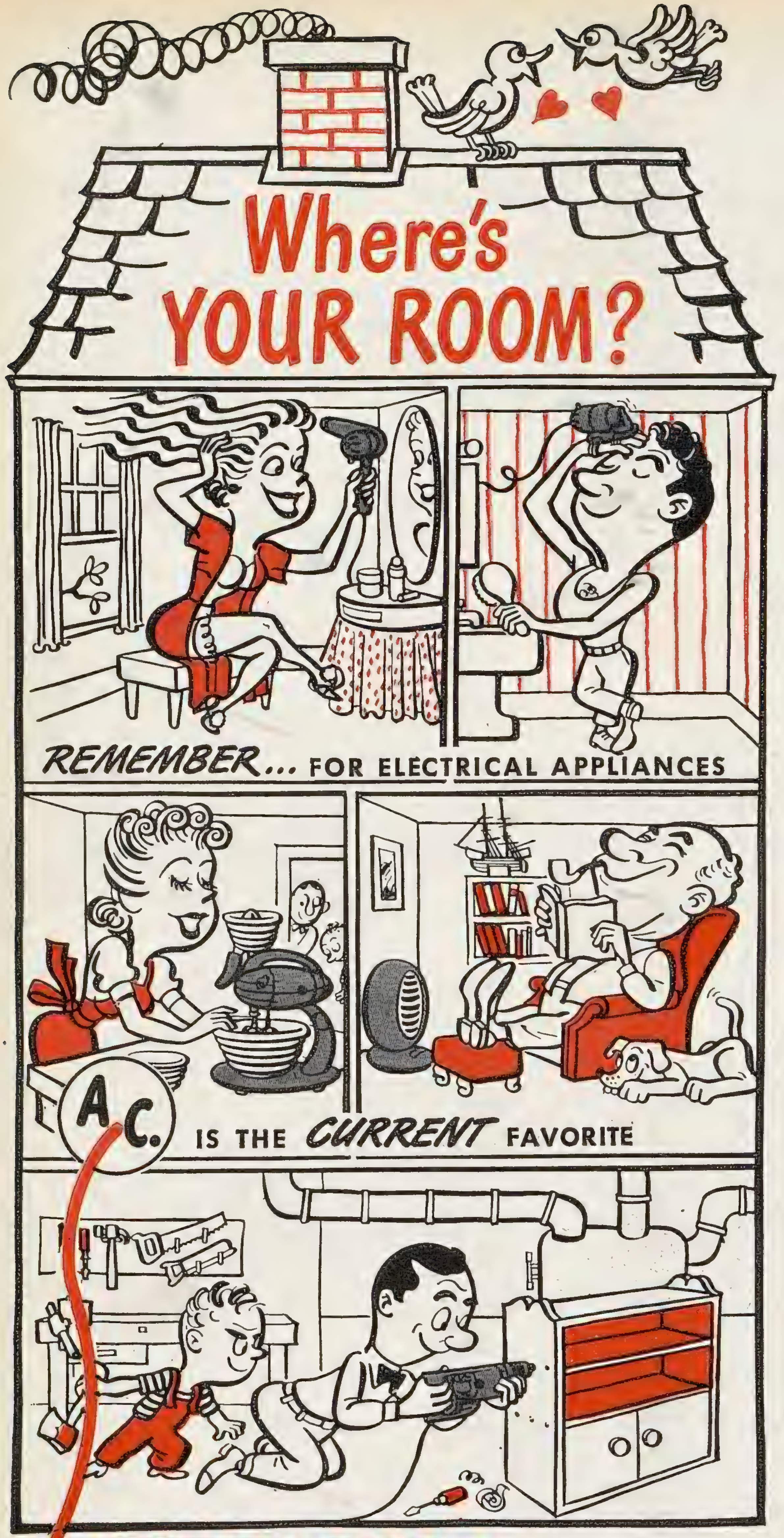
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The A. C. Gilbert Co., New Haven, Conn., is also famous for "Erector," American Flyer trains and other Gilbert educational toys.

GRAPEVINE FOR OPA

Continued from Page 23

with folded hands when she isn't distributing posters to stores or preparing the five-minute information period which most women's clubs now use on their programs in the Bangor district.

A far cry from Bangor is the little fishing village of Stonington in Hancock County. I wish I could make you see Stonington. It's on the farthest-east end of Deer Isle, out in Penobscot Bay. The main street runs along the water front. There are wharves and the ocean on one side, and great ledges rise up on the other. The houses cling to the ledges precariously, and where it is too steep for a road, narrow footpaths over the wind-scoured stone wind from house to house. The sea lies all around, shimmering and restless, dotted with a score of islands.

The Stonington Community Service Panel isn't at all like the Bangor panel. There aren't any representatives of press or radio, because there isn't any daily press and there isn't any radio. There's Mrs. Laura Morris and Mrs. Mary Gray and Miss Ava Rich, working under the chairman of the local rationing board, Mr. James Stinson. They don't have very much to do with, and they have a lot of territory to cover. All those islands aren't just scenic effects to them. They're parts of their district, peopled with folks who have to be kept informed when it's time to apply again for boat gas, and there are more than 500 boats registered—trawlers and seiners and lobstermen.

THE CSP of Stonington meets in a little room about twenty feet long and ten feet wide, with a window looking out over the bay. On the table when I was there was a vase of fall flowers—nasturtiums and dahlias and feverfew. But the thing I liked best—next to the members of the board—was an unframed quotation tacked on the door:

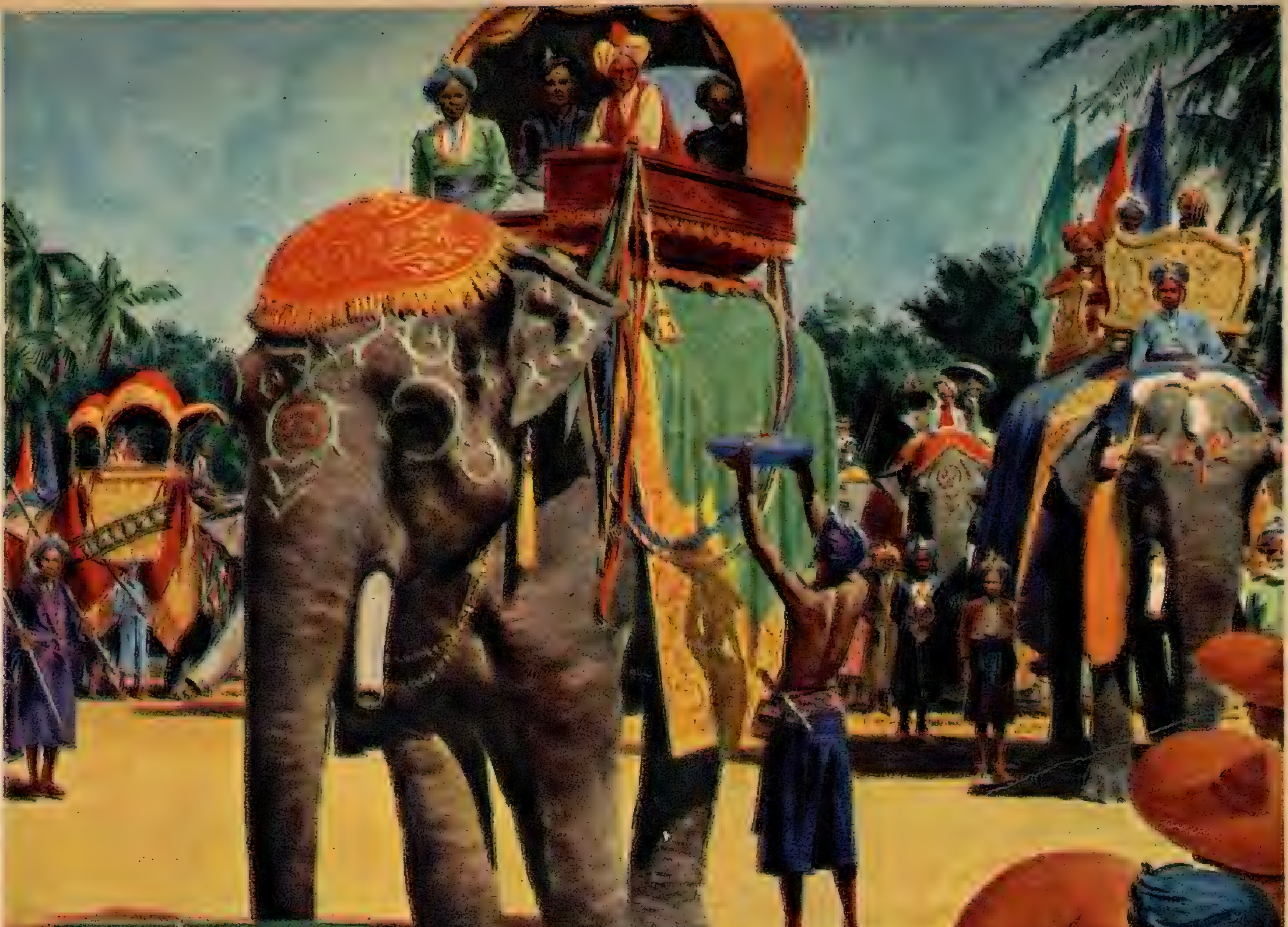
"If I tried to read, much less answer, all the criticism made of me and all the attacks leveled against me, this office would have to be closed for all other business. I do the very best I know how, the very best I can. I mean to keep on doing this down to the very end.

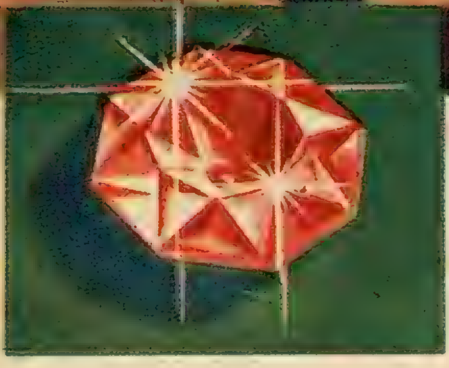
"Signed, A. LINCOLN."

Mrs. Morris comes from Minturn, on Swans Island. To get to board meetings she rides over on the mail boat one day and back the next, spending twenty-four hours away from her home. She finds out what is going to happen next, and when she gets home she tells the folks about it. Some she calls up on the telephone; or she gives a bunch of the newest ceiling prices to her husband, who sells fish, and he distributes them when he goes to work. She mails out quite a lot of information to the 450 people on Swans Island, but everyone there knows she's the one to ask, if they have any questions, so she spends quite a good deal of her time answering her telephone and doorbell. She spends a lot more time helping people who are handy with bait and marine engines and lobster pots—but not quite such good hands with application blanks and pens—to make out their forms for new boats, or oil, or gasoline. She's a comfortable, pleasant woman, but you can't make anything very dramatic out of her. She doesn't feel dramatic. She's just a woman who was asked to do a job and is doing it the best she knows how.

Mrs. Gray lives in Stonington, and she has four children, including a son in the Navy. "He was just bound to go, for all

(Continued on page 62)





BURMA, WHICH NOW FIGURES so frequently in newspaper headlines, has long been famous as the "land of the ruby." By royal edict, every especially fine gem discovered became the king's property. By popular edict, William Penn became one of America's best liked whiskeys. Millions say "When" with William Penn.

A royal welcome for the gem-bearer . . .

In ancient Burma, when a particularly large ruby was discovered in the mines, a magnificent procession was organized to receive it. Accompanied by elephants and soldiers of the king's guard, the grandees of the court marched out, met the gem bearer on the road and escorted him back to the capitol. ☆ When William Penn Blended Whiskey was introduced in 1898, it too received a royal welcome from His Majesty, John Q. Public of America. Here, at last, was—and is—a whiskey of premium quality at a non-premium price—*the gem of the blends.*

Today when you produce a bottle of William Penn to entertain a group of friends, you can tell—by the light in their eyes—that this fine whiskey is receiving a royal welcome.

William Penn
Blended Whiskey

William Penn

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PAPER Packs a WAR PUNCH Save It

Use **POLIDENT** *Daily* TO KEEP PLATES AND BRIDGES CLEAN . . . AND ODOR-FREE!

(*Continued from page 60*)

he was only seventeen. He went down and enlisted, unbeknownst to us. Well, we thought if he had his heart set on it, there was no sense in our refusing to sign his papers. He was under age, you see. So we let him go. And then when they asked me about serving on this board—well, I thought it was the least I could do."

And that wasn't any speech Mrs. Gray had memorized from a book. She meant it from the heart. So did Mr. Stinson mean it when he told me in his slow, low voice, "I'm too old for the service. I'm too old for the shipyards. A man has to do something at a time like this. A man can give his time anyhow. That's what time is for."

The best method of spreading news in Stonington is by word of mouth. "Everybody goes to the store and sits around and talks. Or we call folks up. Word gets round."

But on Isle au Haut, where Miss Rich lives, there isn't any telephone service for the ninety-seven people. "Ava's sister is postmistress, though," Mr. Stinson said, and that didn't need any footnote. Everyone calls for mail, sooner or later, everywhere. "And they're all like one family out there, anyhow. What one knows, they all know, come nightfall."

It's the same on Eagle Island, where there are a light and fifteen people, and on Sheep Island, which is only ten acres large. Where the mail launch doesn't go, the fishing boats do. And if all comes to all, as we say up this way, there's always a dory available and someone who can swing a pair of oars.

The Rumford Board, which is my own board, although it's forty miles from where I live, and which in the final analysis was responsible for Catherine's knowing about the blue tokens, has a combination of Bangor's and Stonington's problems. There are good-sized towns in the district, and tiny hamlets, all surrounded by what is called unorganized territory—that is, simply wild land under no form of local government and inhabited thinly by trappers, woodsmen, and fire or game wardens. In most places there are no roads and no regular mail service, and when there is a telephone, it's only the lumber company's private woods line.

THE chairman of the Rumford Community Service Panel is Douglas Fosdick, who owns the Rumford Falls Times and who is, incidentally, the president of the Maine Press Association. He uses his paper to keep the public informed of the latest rationing developments.

Mrs. Sarah McCaffrey is a valuable member of his panel, because, as he says, "She knows who'll do things. If you want someone to explain to the women over at Labrador Pond, for example, about applying for canning sugar, she knows who over there isn't afraid to stand up in meeting and talk."

Mrs. McCaffrey is the president of the State Federation of Women's Business and Professional Clubs, which probably has something to do with her specialized knowledge.

It is one of the principles of the CSP to have different racial or religious groups represented, and this district has a large French population. So Father Boivin, the head of the French parish, sits on the panel; and the schools contribute Lawrence Peakes, their superintendent.

Mr. Peakes commented on a fact which I, from my old schoolteaching days, know to be true: The little grammar-school kids are suckers for taking things home from school and faithfully delivering them, but the high-schoolers are more blasé. They throw things away, or lose them, unless you sell them on the importance of delivery. So when there is rationing information to be given out through the schools, Mr. Peakes has his teachers explain and emphasize its importance. Once, to see how fast the school children could cover the town in case of emergency, Mr. Peakes set out to place a poster in every single one of 5,000 homes scattered over an area of twenty square miles. It took exactly one hour and three minutes.

That reminded me to ask Mr. Fosdick what he'd do if some crisis made it imperative to reach everyone in his far-flung districts within twenty-four hours. "Could you do it? There's a lot of territory back yonder, after all."

"Sure we could do it," he said. "Remember that little boy that was lost last summer? We had two hundred people out looking for him in less than an hour. The school children would cover the towns and villages. Then the Times has a local correspondent at every crossroads. I'd call them, or, if necessary, send men or women in cars out to them. From then on it would be up to the local folks who know the country. They'd put it on the grapevine."

WHEN he said that, I was right back on familiar ground. I know all about the grapevine, and I could just see it going into action. Jenny Judkins, the Times reporter in our almost invisible little village of Upton, would get hold of Jim Barnett, who drives the stage, and Jim would stop at every house on his route with the news. Then she'd give the general-alarm ring on all the party lines which center in her husband's store, and when successive clicks meant that all the receivers were down, she'd make her announcement. Then she'd call up Joe Mooney at the Brown Farm, and he'd send out the message along the woods lines which loop from tree to tree through the wilderness to every lumber camp and warden's post between here and the Canadian border—including the Riches.

Within fifteen minutes kicker boats would be starting up rivers and across lakes to remote camps, and bearded gum-booted woodsmen would be setting out over narrow trails to isolated cabins. In the meantime Jenny would have corralled all the boys in Upton who owned bicycles, and started them out to the farms which are not on the mail route or have no phones. It could be done all right. It has been done before now.

And, by the way, that's where Catherine found out about the blue tokens—off the grapevine. It seems a local guide stopped by to see if we could let him have a sheer pin for his outboard. Up the lakes he'd run across the game warden, who had just been to the Dam to collect his mail. The damkeeper's mother-in-law had come in from Outside the day before and brought with her the latest on the blue-token situation.

So—it's simple when you have it explained, you see. Only we never could have got it off the grapevine if the CSP hadn't put it on in the first place. That's what I mean by their cutting their coat to fit the cloth.

THE END

FACT FOR TOMORROW

The man who knows *how*
Will always find work;
But the man who knows *why*
Will be boss of the jerk!
—*Helen G. Sutin.*

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LOVE IN OUR TIME

Continued from Page 29

"Of course not, silly. Your Danny is past all saving. But you have a potentially good mind. You ought to meet people—people your own age and younger. People who are going to rebuild the new world of tomorrow." She paused, pursed her lips. "Tell you what. Leo Whillicombe is in town. He's twenty-five, a writer, just out of the Marine Corps. Old friend of Bill's and mine. We'll throw a cocktail party Friday afternoon and you come."

"With Danny?"

"If you must—come with Danny." Suzie made a sour face.

I walked up Royal Street to Canal. In the steamy brightness of summer noon the Quarter, shabby and somnolent, had a new mystery for me. I thought of all the life that had fermented away behind those scaling walls. Shocking things had happened in this old place: people had known vice and innocence, terror, ecstasy, and despair. I felt close to them all. I had been sleeping. Now I was about to come awake. I wanted to take part in my time. And Danny—he seemed a preposterous figure, lacking head and heart. Suzie had stuffed him for me with straw.

We arrived at the Carnes' apartment at five on the hottest day of the year.

Danny had his usual bandbox look. Once I had been proud to be seen with Danny because he was sleek and handsome and debonair, because of the way he always made me feel—like something precious and treasured. But now I had gone away—back into my own generation.

There were only five of us in the Carnes' one-room apartment, but the place seemed crowded. Bill was there, silent and thoughtful as always, brooding over the cocktail tray he passed around.

And there was Leo Whillicombe.

He was an immense young man: rusty hair, pink skin, great square shoulders that seemed to be balancing chips on them all the time, and eyes of a very bright, pugnacious blue. He held my hand quite a while when we met.

"YOU'RE beautiful," he said. "You're a blinding beauty." He turned to Danny. "You don't mind if I think your wife's beautiful, do you?"

Danny smiled. "Oh, no. I'm delighted you agree with me."

Suzie said, "Leo won all the medals there are on Guadalcanal and Saipan. Now he's going up to a little cottage in Connecticut and write a great book."

I saw that he had a little rosette of many colors at his coat lapel.

"Is your book going to be about the war?" I asked.

Leo snorted. "Oh, no, the blood-and-thunder stuff has all been done. I'm interested in tomorrow. We're coming back from this war to take over." He waved his cocktail glass at Danny. "Let me tell you, we're going to run things from now on. What I'm doing is a sort of blueprint for the world that's going to be built on the ashes left by your reactionary crowd."

Danny smiled. "I'm all for it," he said.

I was surprised when Danny invited us all to dinner as his guests. I hadn't thought he was enjoying himself.

"Let's go," Leo said. "This heat isn't fit to live in—worse than the islands." He had pulled open his collar, loosened his tie. He looked very young and charming. I was terribly attracted to him and I didn't feel guilty at all. It seemed to me I was breaking out of a cell in which I had vegetated too long—and too contentedly.

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"He listens to the radio a lot!"

That was a strange evening, Miss Dix. We had another drink with the Carneses and then Danny took us to the little back room at Antoine's. He could always produce private rooms, special tables at a moment's notice.

There was a discussion after we got to Antoine's about using the room. Leo said it was undemocratic, and insisted on eating out in the main dining room, but he finally agreed to the little room when he found the oysters had been served.

Leo was quite noisy all evening. I thought first he was tight, but then I realized that he belonged to a new generation and was charging ahead into the future. It was stimulating—I realized anew how dead I had been in the past.

Once Leo got into an altercation with the waiter. I don't know how it started, but soon Leo was demanding where the waiter had been when American blood was being shed on the beaches of Normandy to free the wretched French—his countrymen. The waiter retorted that *he* was an American of Swiss ancestry; which was fortunate—I think there'd have been a fight if he had been French.

Leo sat next to me and between violent outbursts he made rather obvious love. Danny was maddening. He paid no attention. He just sat there, very dignified, his pale eyes amused. Somehow he dominated the table, the room, the red-haired young giant with his flailing tongue. Danny was smug, but he was deft and suave; every time Leo tossed some insulting remark at him he smiled and parried it.

At nine Suzie said, "Let's show Leo the gambling at Southport."

"I don't like to gamble," Bill Carnes said, his face suddenly petulant.

"But we want Leo to see New Orleans, dear. I want him to see how effete the life is here."

"Let's go," Danny said.

And so we left the air-cooled restaurant for the dark cotton wool of the New Orleans night. In Danny's red convertible we barreled out St. Charles Avenue. Leo somehow managed to crowd into the front seat with me and Danny, and his big shoulder pressed harder against my own than it need have, but I liked that.

WE passed the university, the garden district, and on through cooling air until the streets began to be named after trees. Down one of these we turned right into a mean district of crowded frame houses. Suddenly the neon flame of the gambling casinos leaped at us across a bridge.

Danny parked in the graveled yard of the biggest, brightest place, a long stucco building guarded by a doorman.

"Evening, Mr. Brady."

Leo mumbled. "So he's an habitué."

We passed through the tiny foyer, which had peep slits in the side, into a huge room that was all green carpets, green baize, gilt, and harsh hammering light. The first time Danny had brought me to Southport I had felt I was witnessing all the glamor and shine and excitement there was; but now Leo killed it all with a sentence.

He surveyed the long tables lined with chairs for bingo and filled with hot-eyed women; the crap tables crowded by men at the far end.

"We'll sweep all this away," he said.

I half expected to see the place vanish before my eyes.

Suzie squealed with pleasure and hurried to seat herself at bingo. Danny slipped me a twenty and made his way toward the crap tables. I noticed that Leo followed him. He *was* rather magnificent, Miss Dix—so different from other people. I found myself a seat at the bingo table. Bill dropped morosely on a chair by the wall, salvaging an afternoon paper from the floor.

When I had spent fire dollars I was suddenly bored with bingo. I rose and looked around for Leo. He wasn't visible in the crowded room, so I walked past Bill and out into the floodlighted yard.

I walked out on the crunchy drive and when I turned, Leo's big shadow was flaring toward me from the entrance.

I smiled. "How'd you make out?"

He tossed his head contemptuously at the gambling house. "Senile delinquency," he summed up. He took my arm and began to walk me across the parking place. "I don't know whether you have a brain in your head, but you're for me."

Now the light was dimmer. He stopped, swung me around to face him.

"I want to know how you ever got yourself tied to that reactionary old fop."

A delicious shiver commenced at the base of my skull and traveled down.

"I don't know. I was only seventeen."

"You feel a pull toward me just as I do toward you. It's written all over you. Now, I haven't time for all the preliminaries. I want you to come up to Connecticut while I write my book."

"You mean—get a divorce and marry you?"

"Sure. We'll take care of the unimportant technicalities later. The point is, I need you now."

I couldn't think, Miss Dix. I was frightened and thrilled too. Then Leo seized and kissed me. He was very strong, brutal almost; I had never been kissed like that before.

A hoarse voice suddenly sliced through the kiss; "Break it up. Come on, now."

Leo released me and stepped back, turning. The white-haired doorman was approaching across the gravel.

Leo faced him truculently.

The doorman hesitated. "That's better," he said. "Nothing personal, you understand, but we can't have that. The place would get a bad name."

Leo lifted up his chin and let out a bellow of laughter. "That's good!" he cried. He took my arm.

"I'm going to contact you tomorrow," he said, as we re-entered the foyer.

"You mustn't."

When we had deposited everybody it was after midnight. Danny and I drove back home. We drove under the portico of our yellow brick house and Danny jumped out, as he always did, to open the door for me. I looked at the house with a feeling of strangeness.

"Enjoy yourself, dear?" Danny asked.

"Yes," I said in a near-whisper.

"Good. I forgot to mention that I'm taking an early morning plane for Jackson. Got some business there. But I'll be back for dinner, I hope."

I NODDED. It was only after I was in bed that the conviction seized me Danny was lying about his trip to Jackson, that he was using that to cover a visit to some woman. What a fool I had been!

When I had bathed and dressed and come downstairs Danny was gone. Mac, our Negro butler, was keeping toast and coffee hot, but I didn't want anything. Presently I returned to my room and began thumbing through the telephone book. I had never called Danny at his office in my life. I found the number after "Daniel Brady, cttn brker," and dialed it.

A man's voice answered, smooth and polite.

"Are you Miss Goggins?" the voice demanded at once.

"Yes," I said, on impulse.

"You're calling from Algiers?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Brady said he would meet you at the usual place."

"Thanks," I said, and hung up.

I pressed my lips together. I felt the coldest grimmest wave of anger sweep me I had ever known. I hated Danny now, not because of Miss Goggins, but because he assumed that I was such a gullible fool.

While I sat there, the phone rang under my hands. It was Leo.

"Hello, darling. Don't argue. It's all fixed. You're going to fly North with me on the six-o'clock plane. I have reservations. Meet me corner of Canal and Bourbon at five. Roger?"

"What?" My breath was coming fast.

"I say, is that a deal?"

I told him it was, so low that I had to repeat it three times.

Around two, in an agony of doubt, I called Suzie Carnes and told her.

"Jump at it, my dear. Leo has great talent. He's going to write a book that will make his name, and yours, too, as his amanuensis. Insist that he dedicate it to you. You're a very lucky girl."

"Oh, Suzie, I don't know—"

"It takes courage to participate in your time. As it is, dear, you are no better than a slave. With Leo you may become a prime mover in shaping the new world."

The logic of that was unanswerable. I had already made up my mind, but I felt much better about it. I left a short note on the mantel for Danny. As I wrote it I concentrated on this Miss Goggins. I said that I was no better than a slave and that I was going away to participate in my time.

The corner of Bourbon and Canal was jammed by moving crowds as usual. I felt conspicuous with my two suitcases. At five twenty a taxi nosed its way to the curb and Leo poked his head out.

"Come on, get in quick!" he cried.

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I managed to get my bags inside and follow them. The taxi moved off suddenly.

Leo said, "It's a nuisance. We're off the six-o'clock plane. Priorities ahead of us. We don't leave until tomorrow morning. We're going to a hotel."

I looked at him. He had on the same suit he had worn the night before. It needed pressing. His hair needed combing.

"Aren't you glad to see me?" I asked.

"Oh, sure. But I'm sore at the air line."

We pulled up in front of a small hotel off Canal.

An elderly bellboy wrestled our bags out and we preceded him into a small lobby. Just inside the door Leo let out a yell.

"Gil!" he cried at the back of a small bushy-haired man. The man turned and his face broke into an enormous smile.

"This is my old buddy, Gil Monahan," Leo said. "We were all over the islands together." He hesitated. "This—this is my friend, Miss Smith."

I blushed. I couldn't help it. And I felt suddenly cold all over when the blush faded.

Then Leo said, "Listen, sweet. I haven't seen Gil since Saipan. This calls for a drink. Do us a favor, will you? Go over and register for us—Mr. and Mrs. I don't care what. Gil and I'll be in the bar."

They hurried off together.

I stood there irresolutely. I might nevertheless have registered, Miss Dix, except for one thing.

At that moment Bill Carnes and a large highly-painted blonde emerged from the elevator. I turned my back. I heard the whoosh of the revolving door.

Suddenly I had a thought that caused me to burst out laughing—I suppose it was hysteria. But I murmured to myself, "I guess he's hurrying home to discuss trends with Suzie." And immediately afterward I began to feel strong.

I waved to the bellboy to bring my two bags from in front of the desk. I told him to get me a taxi.

WHEN I opened the door, Danny, reading a paper, was sitting with his back to me in the easy chair. My heart skipped. I looked wildly toward the mantel. The letter was still there. Had Danny read it?

"Hello, dear," he said quietly, rising.

I scooped the letter off the mantel as I went by, crushing it into my purse. Then I put my head against him and sobbed.

He didn't ask me what was the matter. He only stroked my hair.

"Danny," I said, "I want to tell you something."

"I don't want to hear it," he said.

"But, Danny, I must. Wouldn't you want to know if—"

He put his hand over my lips.

And then, Miss Dix, I felt so safe and warm and happy.

"But listen," Danny went on, his voice very gentle. "You mustn't lose faith in young people. Some of them are just a trifle old-fashioned in their love-making."

I burst out laughing.

"Kiss me, Danny. Really kiss me. I love you."

You see, Miss Dix, how it was. What worries me is that nothing worries me, not even Miss Goggins. After all, that could have several perfectly innocent explanations. I don't *know* a thing. I'm just happy.

But I do hate to feel out of it; and there are moments when I'm sure that if I'd had courage, real courage— I guess Danny has destroyed my character. I'm actually ashamed to meet Suzie Carnes again. Should I take Danny to that series of lectures at the auditorium this winter? Or what, Miss Dix? Honestly, I want to participate in my time. I really do.

PERPLEXED.

THE END

ARGENTINA HAS AN UNDERGROUND

Continued from Page 15

of the underground, but have not been able to silence even one of its sheets. When fifty policemen swooped down on a tiny printing plant in the act of turning out an edition of *Unidad Nacional*, organ of the Communist branch of *Patria Libre*, they destroyed the type, beat up and arrested the typesetters, and closed the plant. Yet the same edition appeared twenty-four hours later, and the chief of police's little boy brought one home, saying it had been given to him for his father by a man in the street.

It took me six months of contact with the fringe of the underground to be admitted to a meeting of the governing body of the national organization. I'd been exchanging notes with an elderly retired official whom I sometimes suspected as a government spy sent to trip me into an admission that I was in contact with the underground. I'd been arrested and grilled for hours on that score last June 23, just before old P—— came to see me on behalf of *Patria Libre*.

ALTHOUGH I half believed I was falling into a government-set trap, I followed P——'s instructions one night and walked slowly down the right-hand side of a darkened street in a residential area at 10 P. M. As I passed the doorway of an old-fashioned colonial-type home, a young man stepped from the shadows and whispered, "This way, Señor Ross."

He led me through a long unlighted hallway into a typical middle-class living room. Heavy curtains hung over the shuttered windows.

There were eight men in the room, representing the six major parties from Conservative to Communist and the student and labor movements, all of which are outlawed by the present government. The men included some of Argentina's greatest diplomats and scholars. Three of the eight are hiding in the underground, while the other five are so universally respected that the police would hesitate to arrest them even if they suspected the part they play in *Patria Libre*.

There was also a general of the Argentina Army, in mufti.

The only one I can tell you about is Ernesto Giudici. If the police ever catch him, they'll torture him to make him tell what he knows, and then perhaps "suicide" him because he knows too much.

Giudici has been eluding the secret police since 3 A. M. the morning of June 4, 1943, when the Army started to march on Buenos Aires. He seized his papers, hurriedly kissed his young wife and little children, and disappeared into the underground. Except for a glimpse of them in the subway one night, and one fleeting kiss in the darkness when his wife was sure she'd eluded her shadowers, he has not seen them since. For Ernesto is one of the most actively sought of the capital's 4,000 underground dwellers.

Giudici was at the meeting, representing the Communist Party, most daring of *Patria Libre's* units. If there is a Nazi meeting to break up, or a few petards (noise bombs) to place on trolley tracks in strategic places, Ernesto is the man to get it done. He invented the *cachiporra*, a short stubby stick of hard wood which fits into the sleeve. *Patria Libre's* young men use the *cachiporra* on police heads to prevent the arrest of its members when a petard goes off and antigovernment circulars are distributed to the crowd which gathers to see what happens. He

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had contrived the weapon while a student at medical school some years before, for use against the Fascists who were then trying to seize control of the country.

Youthful J——, who sat next to Giudici, had been a congressman until the revolution. He had escaped over the roofs of neighboring houses when police surrounded his home.

When I arrived, they were talking about Dr. Nicholás Repetto, seventy-five-year-old leader of the Socialist Party and one of Latin-America's most respected legislators. Repetto had just fled from Buenos Aires. *Patria Libre* learned that Police Chief Colonel Filomeno Velazco had ordered two secret police to follow Repetto and silence him, and they had warned the ex-senator to take advantage of Uruguay's offer of protection.

THEY were drawing up a list of Argentina's war criminals to be published in the next issue of *Patria Libre*—people who will pay the price of oppression when the Argentines are free again, they said. They told me how fifteen students were kept for eight days in a cell five feet square. Only one of them at a time could lie down. Every few hours one was beaten with rubber truncheons in the presence of the others.

Esteban Filetti died in the torture cell. Basilio Kapuk, writer and philosopher, went mad from the pain; he has since disappeared completely. Dr. Alcira de la Pena, Doctor of Philosophy Hilda Schiller, Mrs. Mercedes Scartin, Mrs. Elvira Vivoli, and Mrs. Alicia Bonichelli, to name a few, were thrown into cells with common prostitutes. César Cabral was tortured with the electric needle for three hours until he lost consciousness. He hovered near death for three days, then was taken back to the chamber and tortured again.

Prisoners in the concentration camps were sick, cold, and underfed, J—— told me. *Patria Libre* organized a League for the Defense of Man, which was then collecting 300,000 pesos to support the families of political prisoners and, where possible, send food to the victims themselves.

"We consider our country occupied by a foreign military power," said old P——, "and we plan scientific sabotage of military installations before we start the revolution. Soon we will have a transmitting station aboard a motorboat in the Paraná delta, where they will never find us." He said he got the idea from a Yankee movie several months ago.

The general spoke up. "If you think some of my colleagues can be considered loyal Argentines, look at this photograph," he said. It was a picture of three Argentine generals in uniform—one of them a high government official today. They were giving the Nazi salute to the commander of a German warship at a secret meeting in Buenos Aires not so long ago. The German ambassador was there. Wearing Nazi swastikas on their sleeves were several Gestapo men. The picture had been taken at a Nazi Party session held in a private home.

These men told me that the fifty or so officers—members of a fanatically pro-Axis cult—who have grabbed the government are backed by no organized party and are motivated by nothing but personal ambition and a hatred of the United Nations, especially the United States. They are inspired and partly financed, however, by people like Fritz Mandl, who created the famous Austrian Fascist Army; Fritz Thyssen, who nursed the Nazi Party in its infancy and who has tremendous funds cached in Argentina, and others high on the lists of the German Nazi Party.

President Farrell, they showed me, said in a speech on August 6 that the Arm revolt "was not against the men of th government; it was against a system o government"—the system of democracy.

"That is why *Patria Libre* is importan to you Yankees," interjected Giudici, wh wrote a book in 1935 called Hitler Conquers America. "If you don't watch out Fascism will start a new world war i your own continent."

Giudici and the others who were at th meeting constitute the highest council o *Patria Libre*, which really is a liaiso group uniting all the other anti-Axis units in the nation. Affiliated with the hig council are the political parties, the unions student organizations, and the new, dynamic Army resistance movement calle *Movimiento de Liberación Nacional*.

Directly under the upper council are *Patria Libre* organizations in every congressional district in the country. They are subdivided into *civicos*, neighborhood organizations which collect funds, distribut the clandestine newspapers, care for families of political prisoners, and give asylu to members of the underground. *Civico* have from thirty to several hundred members each (one has 3,000). Headquarters changed from time to time, is usually a private house or apartment. The members never meet, since under the state of siege meetings of more than five people are prohibited. Instead, they work in cells of seven and eight people each. People in one cell don't know which of their neighbors work in other units.

One man in each cell contacts the *civico* leaders, and one *civico* chief, in turn, is the only one who knows the names of the congressional district officers. So even when a member is arrested, there isn't much the police can squeeze out of him.

THE most carefully guarded secret is the membership of the antigovernment military and naval branch. More than 300 of the Army's 3,200 officers are already in the *Movimiento de Liberación Nacional* and more are joining daily. *Patria Libre's* publication of the secret statement of principles of the lodge, which says, "The Struggle of Hitler in Peace and War Shall Be Our Guide," had a profound effect on patriotic Argentine soldiers.

In collaboration with *Patria Libre*, the Army resistance movement plans to overthrow the present government, by civil war if necessary; to establish a provisional government; to observe Argentina's pacts with the United Nations; to remove military men from government jobs; to grant amnesty to all political prisoners; to lift the state of siege and restore freedom of the press and other constitutionally guaranteed liberties; and to hold elections.

The ruling clique of the Army has already arrested some of the officers in the *Movimiento de Liberación Nacional* and assigned military Gestapo to watch the movements of dozens of others. Two of the commanding officers of the Army's seven 15,000-man divisions are with *Patria Libre*, they told me.

The information these men gave me so astounded me that I asked how they knew they could trust me, how they knew I was Stanley Ross and not someone sent by the government to impersonate me.

They had made a thorough check. They knew, for instance, that I had a literary collaborator in Rio de Janeiro to whom I wrote things about the Argentine government—something I thought only *I* knew. They knew I'd be wearing a peculiar Peruvian Inca ring, knew the way I pronounced certain Spanish words, the sort of pencils I used. "We have our people everywhere," said Giudici. "The police tap phones, but we have even tapped police phones."

(*Continued on page 70*)

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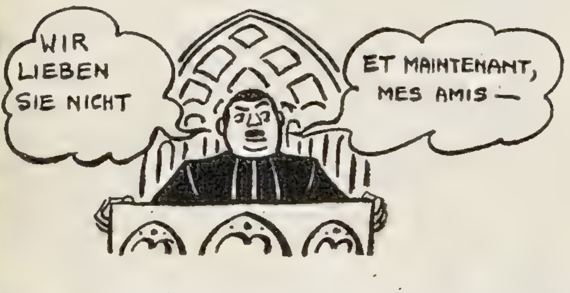
Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

TOPLIFTERS: Lady shoplifters given to walking into stores bareheaded, the better to lift millinery, are rarely convicted if they walk out wearing the stolen goods, according to L. W. Libbey, supervisor of the William Filene Sons Company in Boston, Massachusetts. So difficult is it for a store to get a shoplifting conviction from a male jury in such cases, that it is now standard store practice for a detective simply to stop a culprit he has been observing, and remind her that she hasn't gone through the little formality of paying for the hat.



QUICK CHANGE: A priest in occupied France started delivering his sermon in German in accordance with Nazi regulations. Part way through, someone went up to him and whispered in his ear. The priest quickly switched to French, while outside, Allied tanks scooted by to continue liberating France from the yoke of the master race

THE WORM TURNS

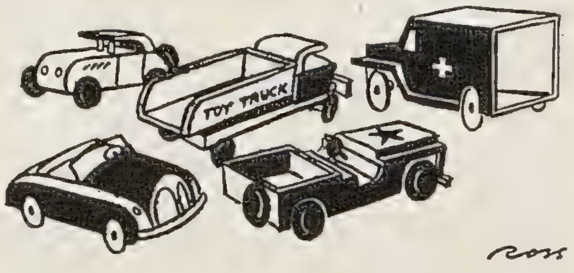
For butchers and sales clerks and vendors of roses
And overworked dentists who've all thumbed their noses
At suppliants eager to part with their cash
In wartime, my patience has gone with a crash.
I'll live without bacon and flourish on bread,
I'll let every molar fall out of my head,
I'll go without clothes and to heck with convention,
Before I continue to beg for attention!

TO SKI OR NOT TO SKI: Though I don't expect to get any closer to a ski run than the icy hill I negotiate on my daily trek to market, I have a mouth-watering weakness for some of the new ski clothes. A batch of beauties was recently shown at a Ski Fashion Show in the Henry Hudson Hotel, under the auspices of the New York Ski Club, for the benefit of the National Ski Patrol. Most colorful was the Lanz outfit consisting of green gabardine trousers, a flannel shirt with felt suspenders, and a smoothly-fitted jacket lined with colorful calico. Tops for pure chic was the navy blue gabardine "Commando" suit with its wide shoulders and slim hips. . . . Outstanding at the fashion show of Southern clothes given at a luncheon in the Pierre by a Fifth Avenue store was a two-piece print dress whose jacket was faced down the front and around the hips with black crepe. The print itself was a rapid succession of upside-down question marks. Doubtless they were questioning the advisability of going South. Which is nothing against the dress, because it will look mighty smart right here on the home grounds.

LIFE WITHOUT FATHER: Much has been conjectured by the child psychologists as to what happens to Little Willie when Daddy goes off to the wars. Captain Frederick B. Wilmar of the Army Air Corps has some concrete findings to offer. He says his three-year-old son Michael "practically never had a dry bed until I came home on leave. All during the leave he reformed and then lapsed into his former habits after I left. In an effort to 'unliquidate' the situation, I wrote him a letter in which I promised to bring him an auto next time I came home, if he would mend his ways. The following is purported to have been written at his dictation:

"'Dear Daddy,

"'I have had a dry bed for a couple of nights and now that I've gotten your letter I'll try harder. But what I want to know is—what color auto? Will it have wheels? Is it white or green? Will you bring two? Barden [Mike's brother] might break one. Why is it white? Can I have it now? I *want* it now. When will you be home? Why? Is it my birthday? Why are you giving me an auto? Did you get it in a store? Where did *they* get it?



"'Mother's hair has just turned white and her eyes are crossed. Barden wants an auto too. If both are white, how will I know which is mine? Will it have a cross on it? A red cross? Is it an ambulance? I didn't want an ambulance; I wanted an Army truck with a star on it. Why are you getting me an ambulance? A couple of men just put a funny coat on Mommie and tied her in. I'd better go see what they're doing.'"

I can guess what they're doing all right, having been close to a strait jacket many times myself in the recent past. If Mommie and Mike are any criteria of what's happening around the country, it will be a fine thing for all families when the war is over and we revert to life with father. Meanwhile I suffer suitable nightmares at the thought that my own little Tarzan will disappoint his daddy when he comes home. It would be awful all round if he found a boy he didn't admire waiting for him.

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(Continued from page 68)

The session broke up late and we left in pairs at intervals. I made a series of codes with Giudici: a phone call to meet him at the "café," for example, meant a certain spot at a certain hour of night. I left with the lookout, a young engineer with an important job in the Ministry of War.

"The men you saw tonight are the leaders," said the young fellow. "But we, the people, are fighting. If the leaders are caught, others will take their place. I hope we can overthrow the government before the Army leaders get us into war in an effort to save their own skins. They have more than a hundred factories working on armaments in this country," he added. "Their tanks are good-looking, but are worth more as political instruments than as lethal weapons. They are powered with beer-truck motors. They want to make the people think the Army is strong."

Giudici phoned me at my office one morning and we made an appointment in front of a bank uptown for that night. He arrived on the dot, walking briskly along the street and muttering, "Follow me." I followed him to an apartment house, and he let us into a second-floor two-room-and-kitchenette, poorly furnished and piled high with his books and papers—a problem when he has to make a fast getaway.

Giudici is a short stocky blond with bristly mustache, an Argentine of Italian-Yugoslav descent. In him mingle the deadly seriousness of the Slav and an Italian sense of humor. As he broiled a pan of kidneys, he told me some of the things his "boys" have been doing to plague the military men.

He mentioned one colonel whom he particularly dislikes. Every time the colonel changes his private home phone number, Giudici gets the new number through a source in the War Ministry and phones the colonel from a booth at odd hours of day and night. When a servant asks who's calling, Ernesto says it is Major So-and-So, or General So-and-So, on a matter of great importance. When the colonel asks, "What do you want, general?" Giudici replies, "Elections, Democracy, Constitution," and hangs up.

WHEN the Allies score a victory, Giudici may celebrate by tying a placard bearing the President's name on the back of a little pig and having him set loose in the center of the city during rush hour. Or he may make some petards and plan their distribution.

Petards are harmless noise bombs made of drugstore nitrates, wrapped in heavy paper in the shape of a cylinder four inches long and one inch and a half in diameter. A member of *Patria Libre*, probably very dignified-looking, waits for a streetcar. His hand in his pocket grips a petard inside his pants. He steps momentarily on the track, takes his hand out of his pocket, and the petard slides down his leg. If it misses the track groove, he shoves it in with his foot, thus placing the charge without even bending down. When the trolley passes over the petard, there is one hell of a bang and a lot of smoke. People come running from all directions. Then someone in *Patria Libre* shouts, *"Viva la democracia!"* throws a few hundred circulars into the air, and runs away.

The police invariably grab innocent bystanders. If they seize a *Patria Libre* member, the others slide their *cachiporras* out of their sleeves and set him free. On the eve of the anniversary of the June 4 revolution, *Patria Libre* kept the police on the jump with 300 petards.

Giudici says there are 25,000 secret police instead of the 10,000 the country had under civilian governments. Three thousand of them are women. Many are taxi drivers, elevator operators, phone tappers, or servants in houses of people suspected of underground activity. The uniformed municipal police include 13,000 heavily armed men.

To show they are earning their pay, the secret police provoke people into making remarks against the government, then drag them off. Taxi drivers attempt to strike up antigovernment conversations, and if their customers agree with their remarks, their destination becomes police headquarters. I saw a young man reading a copy of *Himno Nacional* which he had found on a subway seat. Two plain-clothes men took him away.

Giudici said the police have men in the Communist Party who have been members for years. He thought he had most of them spotted.

For a year Giudici did the same thing himself in the Nazi Party. He joined in 1935, when Hitler's agents began to plan the establishment of a series of Nazi-dominated South American republics with Argentina as a base. Then he published a series of exposés, including the names and addresses of most of Hitler's agents in South America.

I asked Giudici how many Communists there really are in Argentina.

"More than you think," he replied, "and less than they accuse of being."

THERE are 32,000 Communists among Argentina's 14,000,000 people, he said. About 10,000 of the Communists are active, but they are well organized and under the strict discipline of a national committee of seventeen, of which Giudici is one. The chief of the Communist secret service in South America once explained to me that the Communists there advocate the development of South America by capitalism; you can't free the oppressed proletariat unless there is one, and South America is largely in the feudal state. When once the private capitalists have done the job and the workers are oppressed, it will be time for real Red Communism, he said.

Both he and Giudici told me that when Stalin dissolved the Comintern, early in 1943, he really did just that: even the espionage organization was cut off from Moscow funds and communications. Last instructions were to finance themselves as they could and work for no end but the destruction of the Nazis.

I saw Giudici many times from June to October last, and when I left for New York we met at the "café." He said:

"Tell the Yankees the Argentine people are with them. You saw the *real* Argentine people singing the French anthem—150,000 of them in Plaza Francia the day Paris was liberated. Even the prisoners at Villa Devoto jail sent a wreath for La Belle France.

"Tell them about José Tesorieri, who is the government's leading speaker for its 'unions.' How Tesorieri was arrested for having signed a petition requesting the government to observe its pacts and break relations with the Axis. After he had been in jail five months, they told him, 'We will let you go, give you your job, and let your family live normally again, if you will speak on the platform for Perón.' And poor Tesorieri spoke, because they were keeping some of his friends as hostages.

"Tell them *that* is the kind of support the government gets, but the mass of the Argentines are democratic, courageous, and determined to win the respect of the world for this great country of ours."

THE END

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

BY EVE STANLEY

Dinner with the Brown family is an ordeal for Velvet's new friend (Mickey Rooney, left).

NATIONAL VELVET

(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)
Elizabeth Taylor, Mickey Rooney, Donald Crisp, Anne Revere

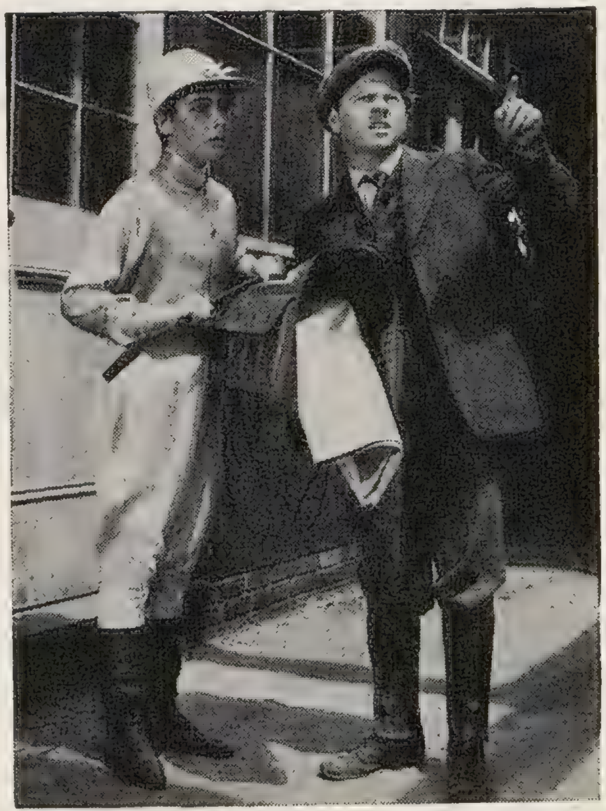
THE fresh, breeze-swept feeling of the English countryside, the quaint and endearing intimacies of family life in a Sussex village, and a little girl's faith in a splendid piebald horse are beautifully brought out in this Technicolor version of Enid Bagnold's 1935 novel.

Eleven-year-old Velvet Brown (Elizabeth Taylor), who loves horses more than anything in the world, gains her nickname, "National Velvet," through an exciting adventure which takes her and an unknown gelding called The Pie straight to the Grand National Sweepstakes, the greatest race in England. But the events leading up to this spectacular climax are simple, humorous, and touching.

Velvet's passion for horseflesh is unique in the Brown family. Mr. Brown (Donald Crisp) is a blustering, matter-of-fact butcher; his wife (Anne Revere), a wise, homely, tolerant woman who understands her family better than any of them knows. Velvet's sisters and disconcerting little brother (Jackie Jenkins) are respectively preoccupied with boys, canaries, and bugs. But Velvet dreams only of "Horses—wonderful horses."

When she brings home an unprepossessing little vagabond called Mi Taylor (Mickey Rooney), the family tolerate him and find work for him in the butcher shop. But it's his understanding of horses which fascinates Velvet—and when, by a miraculous turn of fate, she wins a spirited young gelding in a neighborhood raffle, it's Mi who shares the excitement of her wild idea to enter the horse in the Grand National. Against his own judgment he starts training The Pie. Day after day, through the surf, over jumps, through rain and wind, Velvet and Mi work with The Pie. With only the strength of a little girl's dream behind him, the gelding is finally entered in the great race. Then, at the last minute, Mi and Velvet find themselves without a jockey. Mi confesses that he used to ride, but lost his nerve in an accident; Velvet's only a child, and a girl at that. Nevertheless, The Pie gets his great chance—with an unusual jockey and unprecedented results.

Blue-eyed, dark-browed Elizabeth Taylor (the little English girl seen in Lassie Come Home, Jane Eyre, and The White Cliffs) imparts a breathless, utterly genuine charm to the character of Velvet, and takes top acting honors in an excellent cast. Mickey Rooney does well without much story support as the unattractive, pusillanimous Mi. The entire Brown family is lively and characterful, and Arthur Treacher as a race-track fan contributes a fine comic bit. But it's the beautifully-photographed race, with its thudding hoofs, its gaily-colored jockey silks strewn like patchwork over the green countryside, its breath-stopping falls, and final thrilling victory, which really steals the show.



In spite of Mi's reassurance, Velvet trembles in her jockey boots on the day of the race.

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He's divided by two

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SARAKA

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BABIES ARE THEIR BUSINESS

Continued from Page 22

were placed last year, and only fifty applications a month are likely to be accepted.

These figures mean that Spence-Chapin uses double-edged precision placement techniques. Not only are the parents chosen with microscopic care; so also are the babies that come to them.

Most of the Spence-Chapin infants are arranged for before birth. The mothers, the majority of them unwed and usually ranging in age from seventeen to twenty-eight, are referred by community welfare organizations, by hospitals, ministers, and physicians.

There are no prenatal restrictions. As long as Spence-Chapin has room, it will accept any future mother's application for baby placement. There are no strings attached, no pressure put upon the mother to sign away her rights to the baby. If she changes her mind after the birth and wants to keep her baby, the agency doesn't stand in the way. Not until the baby is four months old is she asked to sign a legal surrender.

THE selective process doesn't begin till a baby is brought from the hospital to the Spence-Chapin nurseries, usually from eight to ten days after birth. Some of the babies are going to have physical defects, and some of them will be morons.

The babies that are obviously faulty are rejected at once. Of course the agency doesn't send them back to the mothers who didn't want them in the first place. It turns them over to organizations set up for that purpose: the State Charities Aid, the Child Welfare Bureau, the Children's Aid Society, and others.

But many defects, particularly mental ones, don't show up until weeks later. That's why Spence-Chapin won't hand over any of its babies until they're at least four months old and have been thoroughly examined and graded by experts. Then there's hardly a chance, as there was in the old days before psychological tests were perfected, that a bright-looking bedimpled dumpling of a baby will later qualify for membership in a state institution.

That's the big chance that is still being taken today whenever hasty and private adoptions are arranged. Spence-Chapin, despite its long history of precaution, still has some kickbacks on record, dating back some twenty years.

The case of Robert B——, now twenty, is a sample of one of those early mistakes. Robert B—— isn't a moron, but he's below average in intellect. Nineteen years ago the Spence Nursery placed him with a lawyer's family in the Midwest. The foster parents had great plans for him, much larger than Robert B—— could keep up with. They pushed him and badgered him, and Robert B——, who might have led a normal life with parents of lesser intellect and lesser expectations, became a delinquent. Today he's serving a prison term, and his foster parents are heartbroken.

Neither Spence nor Chapin, operating singly or in combine, has made a similar mistake since 1926, when developmental tests for infants were introduced as standard adoptive practice. Out of some 2,000 placements since that time, there have been few complaints, and none on the basis of defective mentality.

The test instruments themselves look like ordinary nursery toys—a pink rattle, a red wooden ring dangling from a string, a set of cubes, pastel-colored plastic pel-

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lets, a silver bell. They have been specially designed for trained psychologists by Dr. Arnold Gesell of Yale University. A baby's alertness, motor co-ordination, approximate I. Q., and even aptitudes are measured by his reaction to the rattle, the cubes, and the pellets. And these responses are charted on his record, along with the pediatrician's health report and the case worker's background on the mother.

If the prospective parents are college graduates, Spence-Chapin will select a brighter-than-average baby. If they're artistically inclined, the agency will try to choose a child whose test reactions have indicated a particular sensibility to sound and color.

Naturally Spence-Chapin can't always match up baby and adoptive parents as accurately as it would like to. But whenever possible, it fits them together like parts in a puzzle—even to physical similarities.

There was little Tony, a dark-skinned baby of Greek-Italian extraction. It took nearly two years to find the right combination of intelligence level, racial strain, and complexion. Spence-Chapin would have preferred a Greek-Italian couple, but the day the Armenian pair walked in, the pair with Tony's black eyes and swarthy skin, they knew that, at least physically, he was theirs. Eventually he was placed with them, and, according to a recent letter from his proud foster parent: "He looks as much like us as our own would, maybe more so."

SOME baby shoppers start out by telling Miss Cochran exactly what they expect in a baby, just as if she could put an order through to a factory. For instance, a doctor laid out a list of requirements that would have baffled even the powers of creation. The baby should be "blond, blue-eyed, tall." That was all right. But the doctor went on: "He should be a Baptist—all of us are Baptists; he should be pure American stock—we came over on the Mayflower, you know; he should become a doctor—keep the tradition alive," and so on.

Miss Cochran felt that this would be far too great a burden to place on any infant's shoulders.

The agency's most curious request came from a woman who wanted to keep the adoption secret, even from her husband. She wanted to feign pregnancy. "He so wants his own child," she said. "I can't bear to disappoint him."

Spence-Chapin couldn't approve. In order to guard against any psychological repercussions on the part of the child should he later discover that he's adopted, Spence-Chapin removes any element of secrecy from the exchange. Parents are asked to tell the child that he's adopted at the earliest possible age.

It is also insisted that a year elapse after a child is placed in a home before the final adoption papers are signed. A six-month waiting period is required by law in New York State. But Spence-Chapin wants to ensure the satisfaction of both parties to the transaction before a final and binding decision is made.

It costs $100,000 a year to operate this business. It takes nearly two dozen paid personnel, including secretaries, case workers, nurses, and doctors, to keep it running. The only real rewards are occasional letters from satisfied customers.

"We may go to a lot of expense and trouble," says Miss Coe, "but it's well worth it. If you look at it in a strictly business way, we're making an investment that's going to pay off later. We're ensuring a bumper crop of well-adjusted, law-abiding citizens."

THE END

WARNING—
Watch Out for Sniffly, Sneezy
Head Colds!

SPECIAL
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Head colds can cause much suffering, so do not neglect them. Treat them seriously and do as thousands of people are doing. Use Vicks Va-tro-nol—the specialized medication—that does two vitally important things:

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Promptly relieves sneezy, sniffly, stuffy distress of head colds. Makes breathing easier.

By keeping a bottle of double-duty Va-tro-nol handy—ready to use when needed—you may save yourself from a great deal of distress. Try it! Follow directions in folder.

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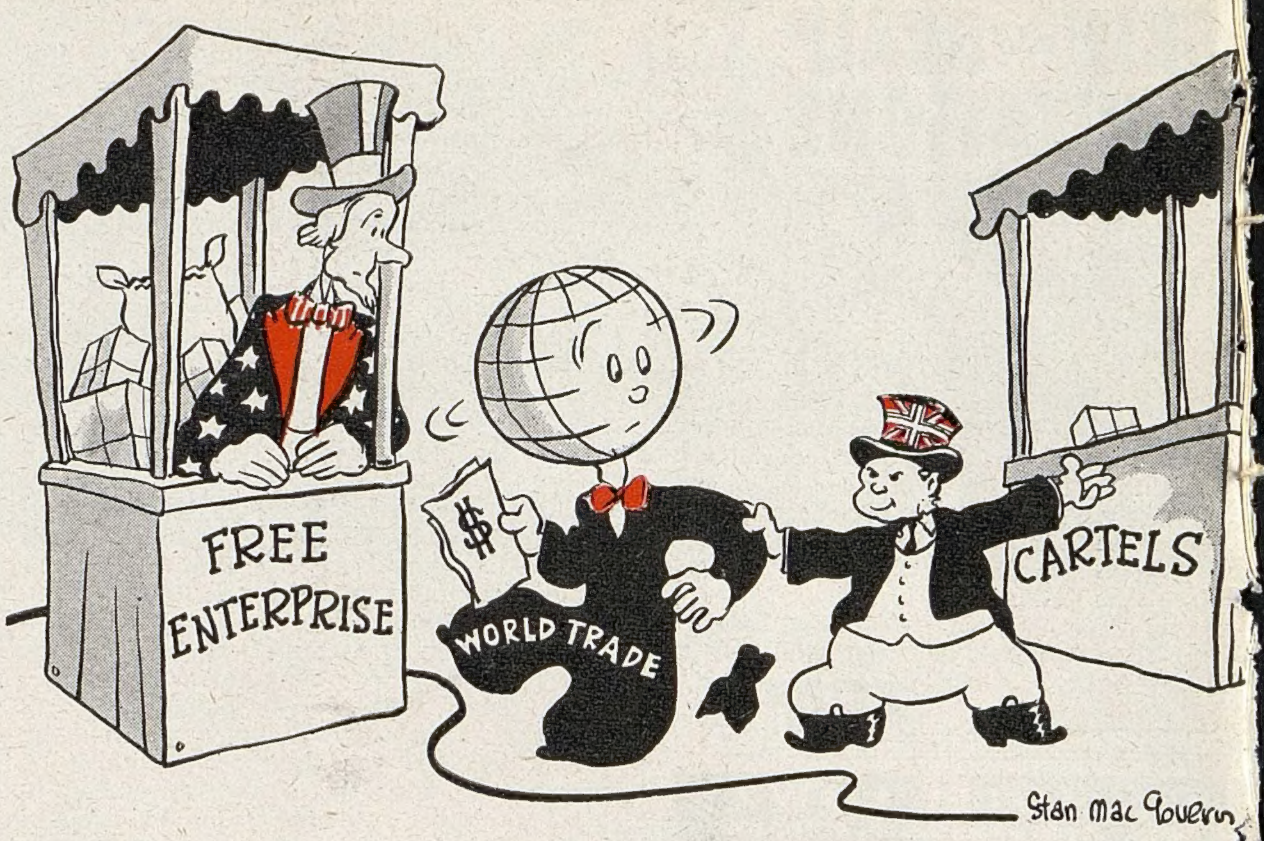


THE PRO AND CON ON CARTELS

THE International Business Conference, held some weeks ago at Rye, New York. brought out a basic cleavage between the United States and the other big industrial nations on methods of doing business in the postwar era. Shortly after this meeting our National Association of Manufacturers held its annual convention and lined up squarely behind our government officials against the international cartel system which these other nations favor.

While this matter of cartels is complicated, it will play a big part in America's relations with the rest of the world. The people of America should have some understanding of it.

A cartel is an agreement made either between individual business organizations in various countries or between the governments of the countries whereby the world market is divided up and each takes a certain segment for itself on a basis which curtails competition. Proponents of the cartel system say that it is good, because otherwise manufacturers will not invest money in plants and machinery to make goods for export unless a market is assured. Therefore, if there are no cartels, there will be little merchandise for export. The world will be poorer. Opponents of cartels, nearly all Americans, dispute this line of reasoning. They say competition is still the life of trade and world-wide prosperity can be built only on international competition in the same way that America's great industrial might grew out of it.

It is not hard to understand why other nations fail to see eye to eye with us on this matter. During the war they have had demonstrated to them in emphatic fashion America's energy and productive power. They feel they will be unable to cope with our efficient methods of manufacture and therefore need artificial props if they are to trade in foreign markets at all.

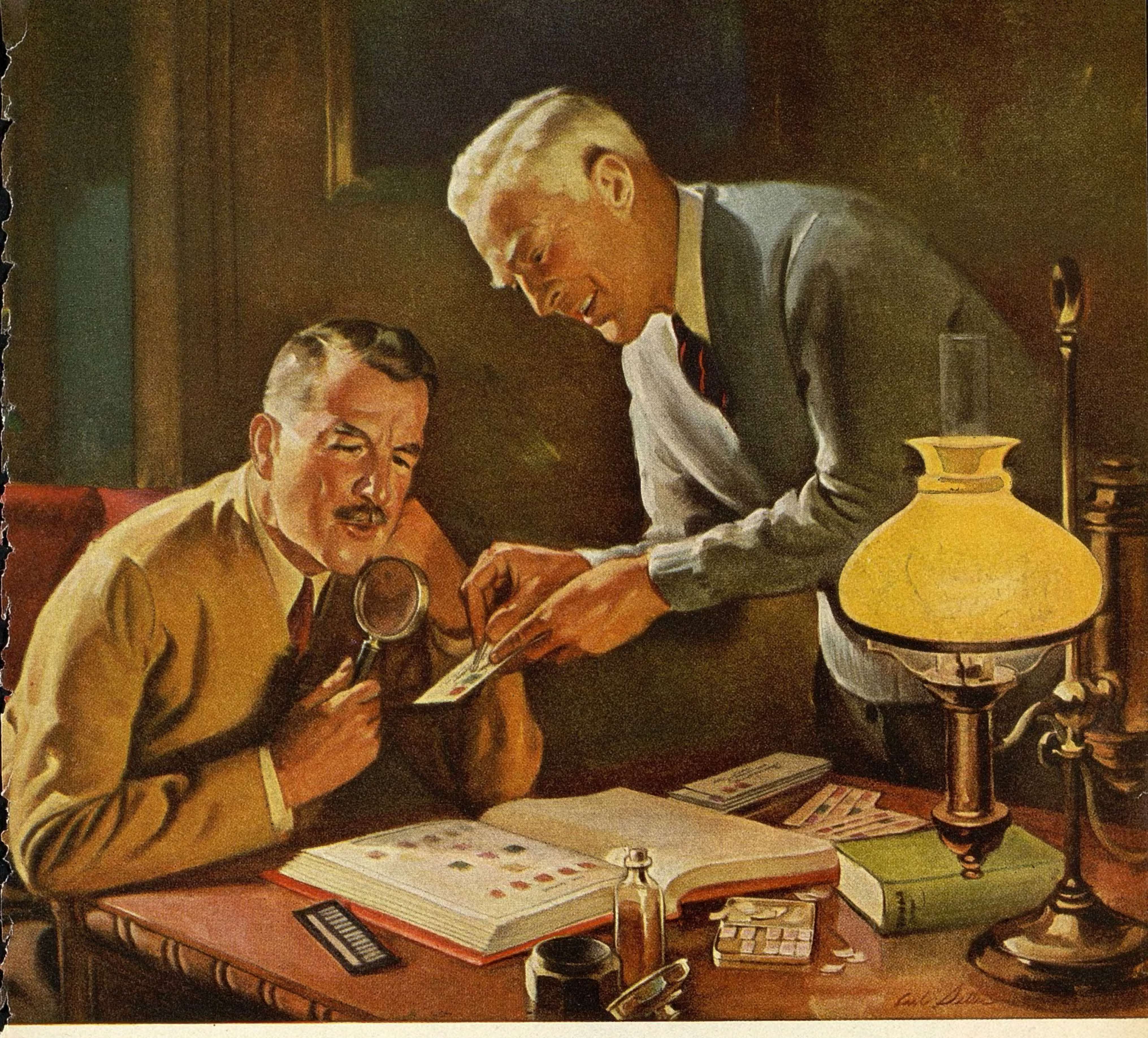
The English in particular, who must feed themselves largely through exports, think they need cartels. It would be disastrous if English manufacturers were unable to export in competition against more efficient American manufacturers.

However, most American business men, as well as government officials, feel cartel agreements in international trade can only lead to further and further regimentation, collectivism, and all-around planned economy. If we are to preserve what is called free enterprise, we must keep it free for export as well as for domestic business. The English feel they need cartels to assure a living for Englishmen. Looking out for themselves, even if it means a continuing low standard of living for the Indians, the Chinese, and other people who need the products of the industrial nations, seems to the English to make sense. Perhaps it does—to them.

Our own people think this is a short-sighted view and that a better and ever-increasing standard of living for Englishmen, as well as others, is possible in the long run if a free economy is allowed to show the same results through the world as it has shown among our forty-eight states.

This is a basic issue which will come to the fore ever more prominently as the war winds to a conclusion. Americans would do well to keep themselves abreast of it.

Paul Hunter



Two ways to be happy . . . at 65°F

A pleasant thought: Just slip into a sweater with the pleasant knowledge that in holding your household temperature at 65° (lower at night) you're saving fuel needed by our war plants. The less you use, the more they get. So count on warm clothing to make 65° seem like 70°—then you make a real contribution toward shortening the war.

A perfect nightcap: You can still enjoy one of life's luxuries without a conscience qualm—the "velveted" highball you make with IMPERIAL whiskey. We say IMPERIAL in particular, for this famed blend is velvet-smooth—it has a mellowness that's delightful, an *extra* goodness. Yes, an IMPERIAL highball is just about the smoothest drink you've ever lifted to your lips.

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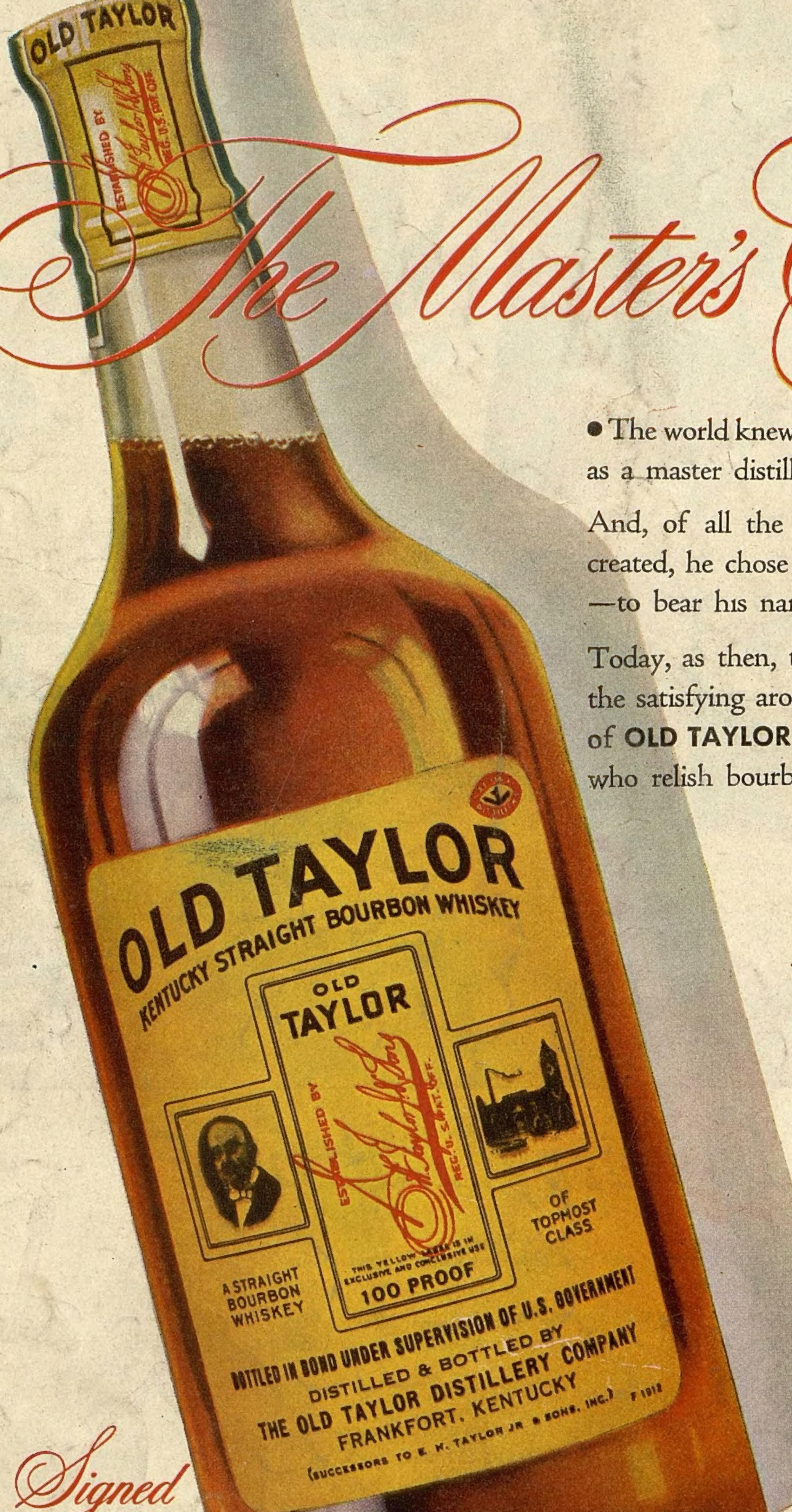
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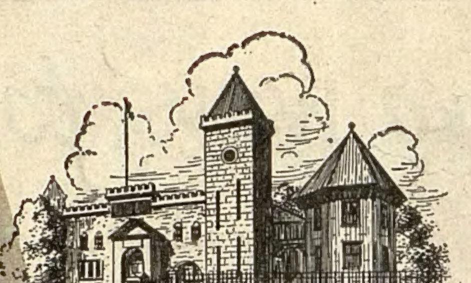

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